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# New Movie

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Plastic Mask of  
JEAN HARLOW  
by Rosalie Rush



PICTURES NEED SEVEN KINDS OF LOVE



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BEAUTY AIDS  
FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

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**"I want my sleep to be  
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cosmetics choke my pores all night"**



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Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have made *their* beauty care.





# new movie

VOL. XII No. 2 • • • AUGUST 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Verne Noll, Art Director • Amy Vanderbilt, Director of Home Service

## A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

THE movie year is closing as this is being written. Nearly all of the studios shut down during the Summer. It has been an unusual year for the producers and, in a way, a most significant one.

Grand opera, for instance, which everyone thought would be "too highbrow" for the fans, was introduced through the combined efforts of the Cohn Brothers of Columbia Pictures and Miss Grace Moore. And this subject, which many producers shied away from, became an outstanding success of the movie season. It seems to show there isn't anything too lofty for the fans. If the producers will only take the chance, and give a sincere and capably-wrought test to any subject now being held back for this reason, they may find themselves pleasantly surprised.

AND this is just what Pioneer Pictures, under the aegis of John Hay Whitney, is doing. Soon, to your local screen, will come a picture entitled "Becky Sharp," which will be presented to you in color—not the kind of color you have previously seen on the screen, but a vastly improved, three-color process film which will enable you to catch practically every tint of the color chart. (The old method could reproduce, perfectly, only green and a particularly garish shade of red.) Miss Miriam Hopkins will play the leading role. Experts say she is the star most likely to stay in pictures if the color revolution proves as sweeping as in some quarters it is expected to prove—this, because of the especially satisfactory bony construction and complexion-tints of her face. And the entire picture, as far as color arrangements and color lighting-effects go, was directed by Robert Edmond Jones, noted stage designer and color expert, whose work on the New York stage has won him international notice.

THESE two outstanding steps, into new realms, were part of last year's program.

THIS year, you may be sure, new steps will be taken into unknown fields, and many producers will follow the lead of these pioneering producers. This means we can expect more pictures along operatic lines. In fact, Miss Moore has already completed one. And upon the success or failure of "Becky Sharp" will depend just how many more color pictures will be made, in this year's offerings to you.

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YOU may be sure, also, that films will become more and more artistic and entertaining as the months of the new season pass. There are several reasons for this. First, a number of independent producers have now stepped into the picture-making business, not to turn out hundreds of films a year but to make a few, and make those few good! They are not hampered by traditions of the past, nor by the tremendous overhead of a large, established studio. Such pictures as "The Informer," "Les Miserables," "The Scoundrel" and others were made in this new way, and the success they have achieved is bound to bring about many more changes in this direction.

No longer can the producers "get away" with inferior films. There will be too many competent men and women engaged in making good films to take a chance on poor ones. In other words, pictures will not be made just to fill the required running-time for the theaters, but they will have to stand on their own merits as entertainment.

THIS brings us to a second reason: the success which is attending pictures being brought into America from other countries, especially England. "Henry the Eighth," with Charles Laughton, "The Iron Duke," with George Arliss, and "Escape Me Never" and "Catherine the Great," both with Elisabeth Bergner, pointed out the significant fact that good pictures can be made elsewhere than in our much-vaunted Hollywood. And you may rest assured the Hollywood producers are not going to let any other country get far ahead of them, if they can help it. It means they are going to make even greater efforts to keep pictures, especially the finest pictures, an American achievement.

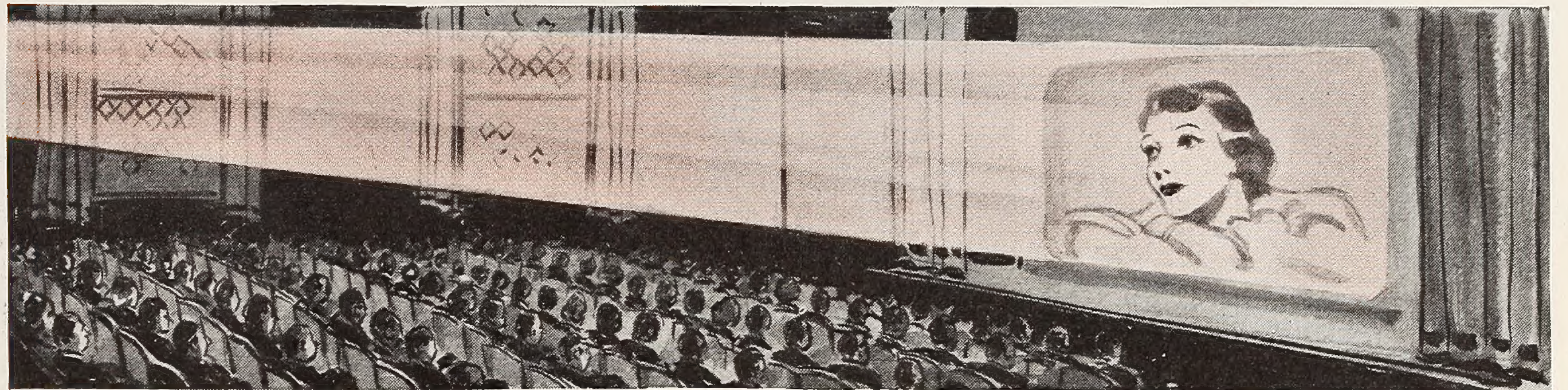
AND so you can promise yourself that you will see, during the rest of 1935, the finest pictures you have ever seen. Even as this is being written, the great majority of the producers with their assistants and advisors are planning what those pictures will be. And when the new season's product begins to come out, within these next few weeks, you will be able to go to your neighborhood theater and see for yourself how much finer and better pictures are being made.



# Discovered

IN A  
HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!

Together,  
A GREAT  
STAR and a  
NEW STAR!



The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper... the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody knew that a great new star had been born—**LUISE RAINER**—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", **WILLIAM POWELL**'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great picture catapults a player to stardom.

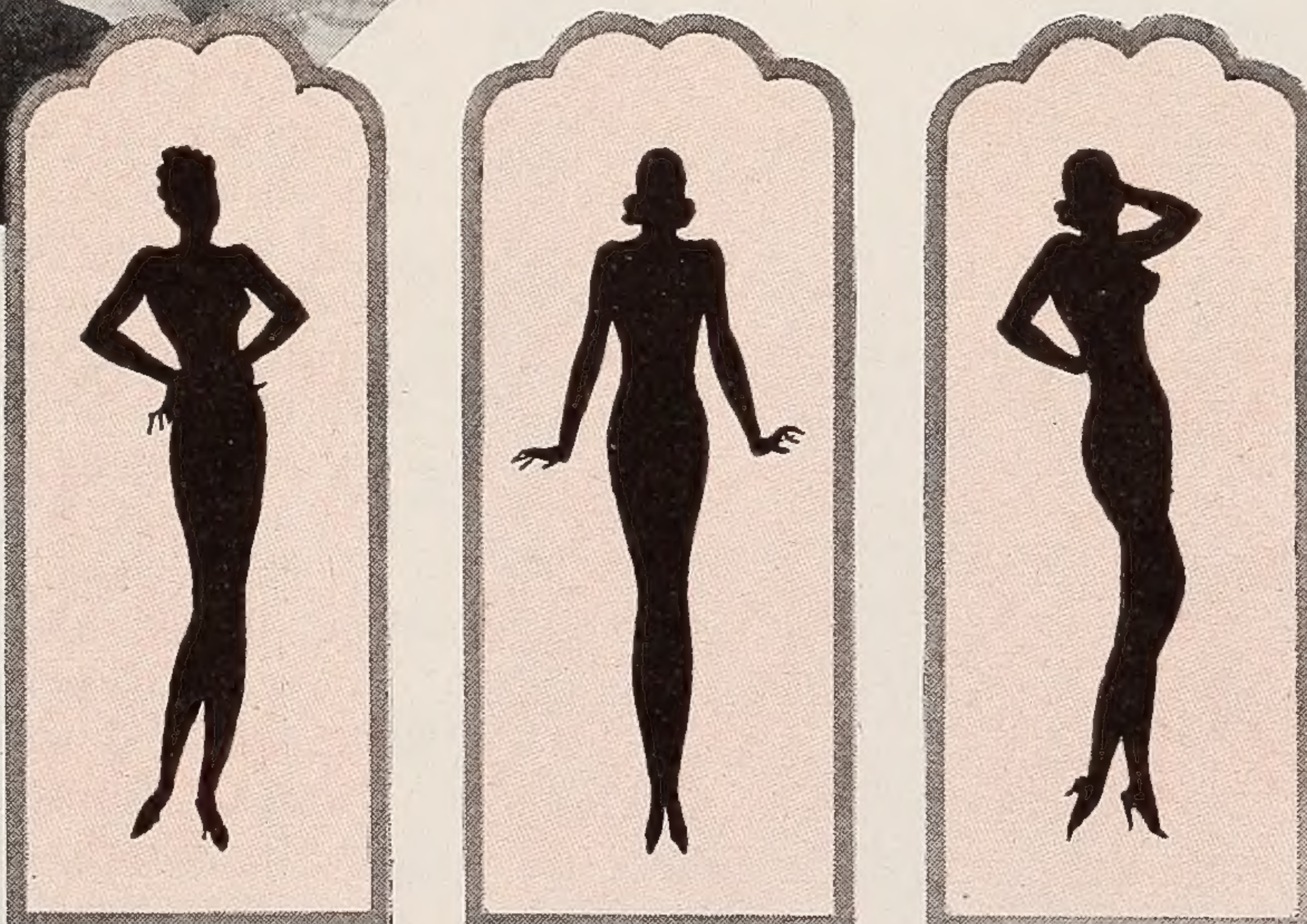


## WILLIAM POWELL <sup>in</sup> *Escapade*

with  
**LUISE RAINER**

FRANK MORGAN  
VIRGINIA BRUCE  
REGINALD OWEN  
MADY CHRISTIANS  
A Robert Z. Leonard Production  
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes... and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!



Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it... sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints... and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!





# SCOUTING for New Stars

**New Movie brings you information straight from the men who know. Here you learn what those talent scouts look for, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK, Producer, and Vice-President of Twentieth Century Pictures**



Clark Gable, winner of the 1935 Motion Picture Academy Award, has perseverance as well as personality.

**H**OLLYWOOD must have new stars—and Hollywood, acutely conscious of its need, is constantly combing the earth to find them.

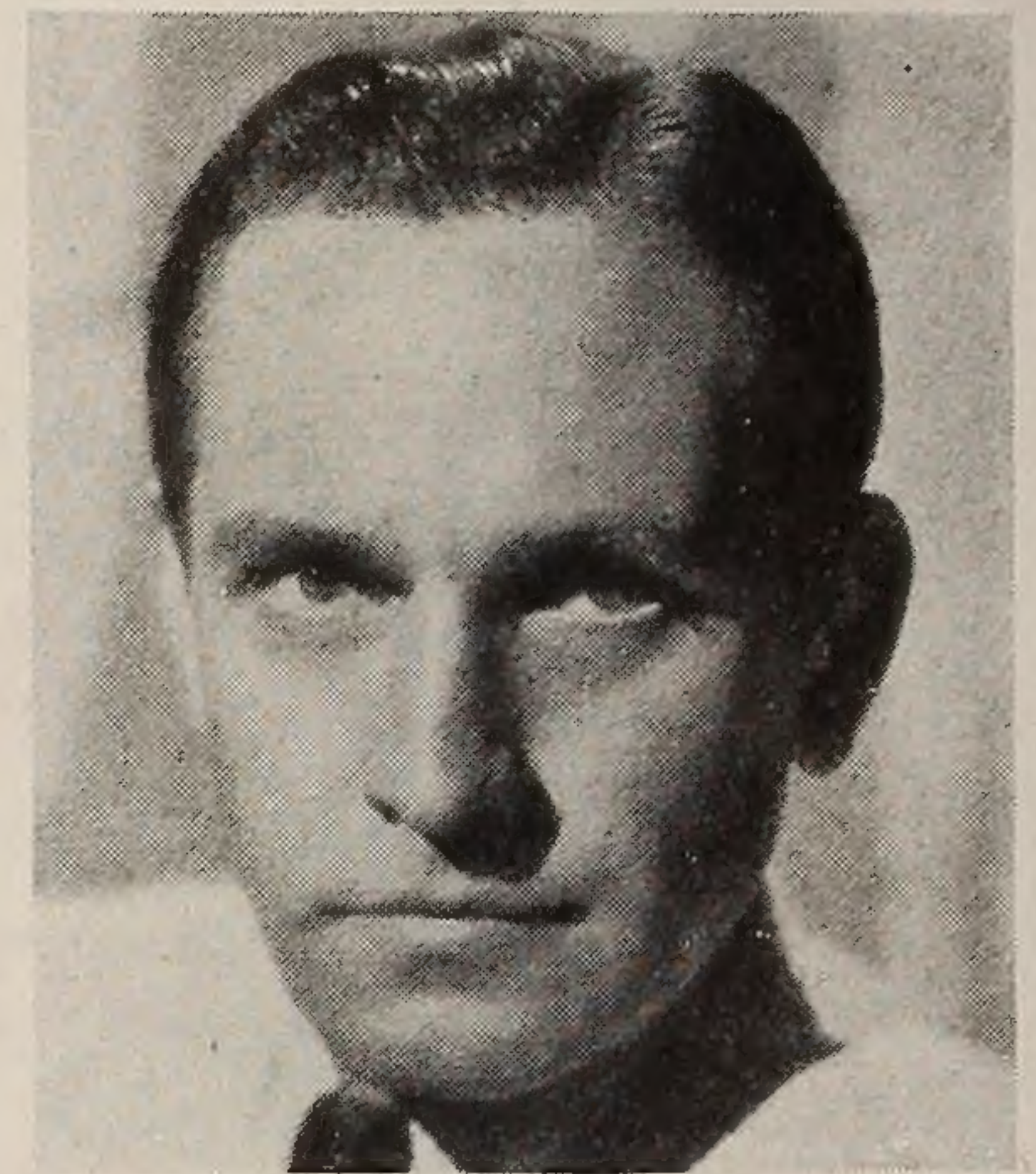
Every major studio spends a small fortune each year to maintain its staff of "talent scouts," men who are trained to seek and recognize those qualities which set certain personalities apart as likely material for stardom.

Year by year, since the arrival of "talkies," scouting has become more intense and the need for new stars greater—yet, ironically, with each successive year, it has become more difficult to find personalities which offer definite promise of developing into first class stars.

The reason for this dearth of material is, I believe, that too many of the screen's younger players—as well as the majority of the screen's would-be players—are trying to ape the already established stars. By so doing, they inevitably destroy the most important of those qualities which, properly developed, might raise them to stardom.

**J**UST what are the qualities which Hollywood values most highly in a new prospect—just which qualities would I consider of paramount importance if I were a talent scout?

I have been asked that question, in one form or another, at least a thousand times. Every producer, in a sense, is a talent



Does Hollywood want "copies" of Mary Pickford and Fredric March? No, no, no!

scout, for it is up to him to make the final decision on each new prospect unearthed by his scouts. Furthermore, he is the final judge who must determine from time to time whether or not his contract players have earned promotion to stardom.

If I were starting out to scout for new stars, I should list the qualifications of each new prospect under these headings: 1. Personality. 2. Talent. 3. Character. 4. Intelligence. 5. Appearance. 6. Determination. 7. Training. 8. Adaptability. 9. Age. 10. Background.

**B**EFORE attempting to evaluate those qualities, I want to state that only one of them definitely determines the applicant's chances for stardom. Personality is all-important. It is a composite quality, which includes and is influenced by all of the other nine on my list. In the career of a capable actor personality is the magic ingredient which determines whether he shall continue to be merely a fine craftsman or become a great star.

Personality is more than the sum total of my other determining qualifications. It also is *individuality*! And I underscore that statement because not one would-be star in a thousand seems to grasp the fact that individuality is an absolute prerequisite to the "personality" which they claim!

It is no wonder that producers decry the growing tendency of young players to ape established stars. That imitation is robbing the picture business of its life blood. Knowing that we must find new stars, we are spending millions on the search—and what is the usual, disappointing result? A steady flow of girls whose appearance, voice and mannerisms have been carefully tailored to resemble Garbo's . . . or Crawford's . . . or Shearer's . . . or Harlow's. A steady stream of boys who have tried to make themselves carbon copies of Gable . . . or March . . . or Cagney.

It can't be done! Personality is the expression of one's innate qualities. It is the result of the cultivation and development of one's true self. There is no such thing as a synthetic personality. The imitation of others is the very opposite of the expression of individuality.

Were I a talent scout, I should immediately eliminate from consideration anyone who was not natural—no matter how superlative that person's other qualifications might be. Hollywood does not want "another Garbo" or "another Pickford." Hollywood knows from bitter experience that Mr. and Mrs. Public will not accept carbon copies. We want new personalities, as individual as Garbo and Pickford, who will have as (*Please turn to page 66*)



Personality determines whether Helen Hayes shall be merely a fine artist, or a great star.



# Tintex

## Brings Color Magic to Your Summer Wardrobe



**Tintex—brings Color Magic to Afternoon Frocks, Evening Dresses, Evening Wraps, and Scarfs**



**Tintex—brings Color Magic to Sportswear, Sweaters, Sports Scarfs and Handkerchiefs**



**Faded Fabrics Become Gaily New With These Easy Tints and Dyes**



**Tintex—brings Color Magic to Summer Curtains and Drapes—Slip Covers and all Home Decorations**



**Tintex—brings Color Magic to Underthings and Lingerie—Lace-trimmed Negligees—Stockings**

SUMMER sun and frequent launderings will fade the beautiful colors in your apparel . . . and in your home decorations, too. But never mind. Just do as millions of other smart women . . . use Tintex! In a jiffy . . . and without muss or fuss . . . these famous Tints and Dyes will restore the original color, or give a new color if you wish, to every washable fabric.

There's color-magic and economy in every package of Tintex. And *perfect* results, too! That's why women who know always *insist* on Tintex. 38 brilliant long-lasting colors from which to choose.

**Avoid Substitutes . . .**

Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results every time. That's why millions of women

**INSIST ON TINTEX**

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



# Tintex

*World's Largest Selling*  
**TINTS AND DYES**

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS



# "The TITLE has been Changed—"

Why does a story called "How to Feed Goldfish" reach the screen as "Penthouse Love"? If title changes make you mad, read this story!

By LOWELL BRENTANO



A pat on the back and a raise in pay go to the lads who think up "hit" titles. They grind out titles all day long—and you see them on the theater marquee.

**A** ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet? Oh, no, it wouldn't—not in pictures. Call a good film by the wrong name, and see what happens—particularly to the box office. On the other hand, give a mediocre story with a mediocre cast a fast and snappy title, one that provokes the imagination, and watch the shekels roll in.

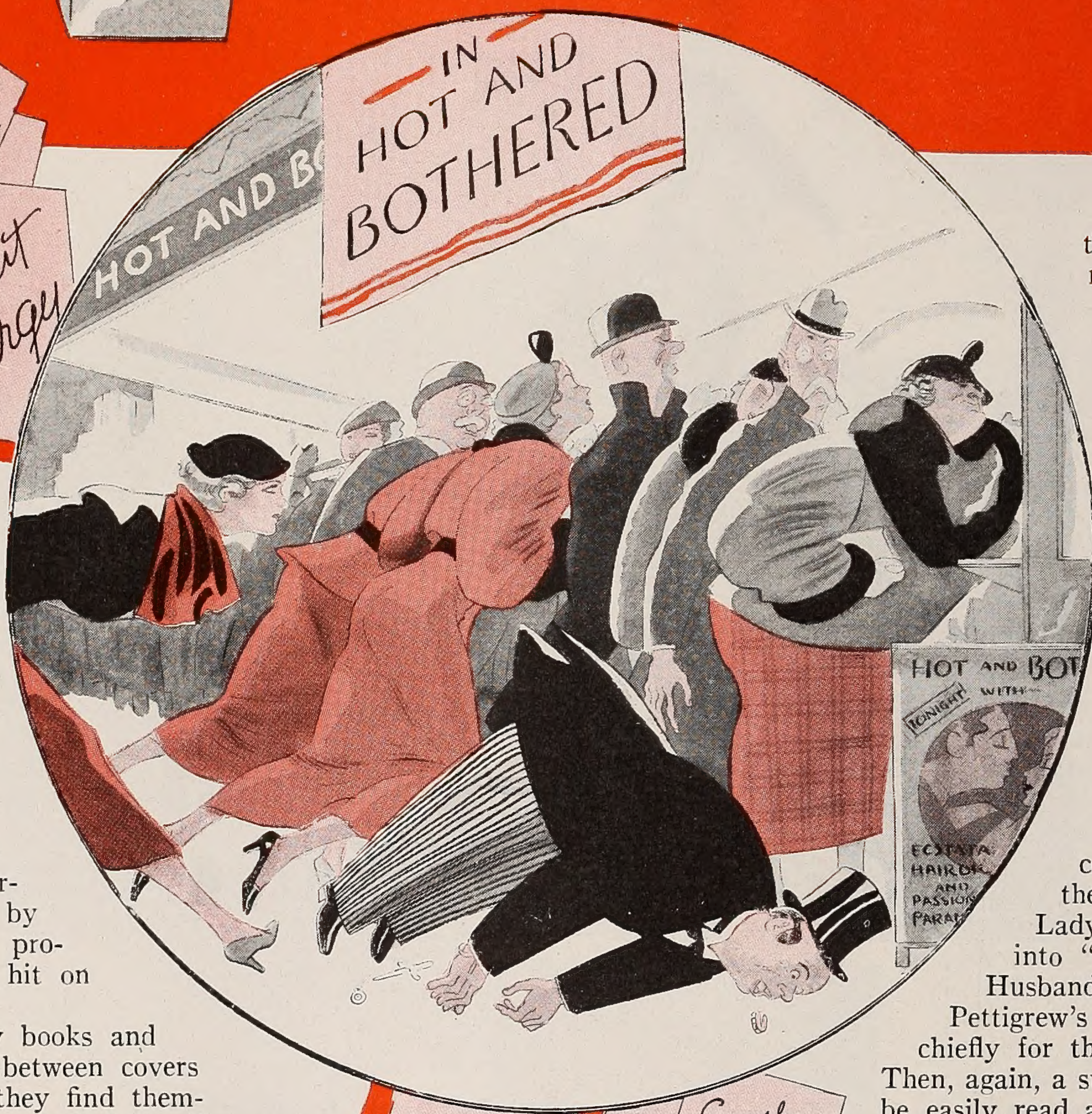
That's the reason why "title conferences" in Hollywood are so important—why a picture may be called by twenty different names before its producers are satisfied that they have hit on the right one.

That's the reason, too, why many books and plays which have already appeared between covers or on the stage are renamed when they find themselves on the screen. They may have called "read me, see me!" loud and profitably on book jackets or theater programs, but they may fail in the judgment of The All Highest in Hollywood to provide that little filip, that "wonder what it's all about" reaction in the minds of the movie-minded, which keeps the industry going, and going strong.

They know all too well, these screen magnates, that the title is the public's first introduction to a picture, and that the appeal of an intriguing name is one of the most powerful persuasions to the pocket-book. And since pictures are made not for the pleasure of it, but for the profit of it in dollars and cents, it is vitally important that they greet the public under the sweetest-smelling name, to return to the rose, that can be devised.

All right then—since we've all nodded our heads in answer to the question, "Is the title for a picture as important as the story?" how do pictures ever get named? And why are they named as they are, and why do moving picture producers sometimes throw away what looks like a perfectly good moniker and select something which (to the naked eye) seems more far-fetched than the original?

First of all, a movie title should be short, and to the point. So that it will stick in our minds, and so



that it will fit on the marquees of the many moving picture theaters throughout the country. Incidentally the average marquee has room for only about twenty letters.

And also incidentally, what electricians can do to a title on a marquee is heart-breaking and scandalous. There was the time the light behind the first "D" went out for "Devil Dogs of the Air," and that other awful night when something happened and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" became "Wives of a Bengal Dancer."

But to go on—titles must also be easy to spot on billboards, posters and in newspapers and so put together that they will fit into costly advertising space neatly and compactly. They aren't so dumb, these movie press agents.

"The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" was turned into "Seven Days' Leave," "The Queen's Husband" to "The Royal Bed," "Private Pettigrew's Girl" to "Shopworn Angel"—all chiefly for the sake of brevity.

Then, again, a successful title must be one which can be easily read and easily understood—which means something to Grandma, and little Bobbie, aged twelve, as well as to the college professor, and Yetta Svenson, who hasn't been in this country very long. Take the Anna Sten picture, "We Live Again." As most of us know who have seen it, it is a film adaptation of Tolstoy's "Resurrection." But try and bill a picture as "Resurrection." An earful of the title conference on that picture probably sounded something like this—"There must be at least ninety million clucks in this country who don't know what 'Resurrection' means, and another ten million who'd think a picture called 'Resurrection' was all about religion. The other twenty million" (there are supposed to be one hundred and thirty million of us rolling about in this fair land of ours) "are either in baby carriages, confined to the home by extreme old age, or don't like the movies, so where are you?" The smart producer at once will answer, "In the red."

Or look at "The Prizefighter and the Lady"—a grand picture, which deserved to win approval on all sides. But what happened? Half of the women who asked their husbands "What's at the movies tonight?" said, "Oh—a picture about prize-fighting—then let's not go," when they were offered a jaunt to the picture house on the corner. The title department at M-G-M forgot to think of (Please turn to page 57)

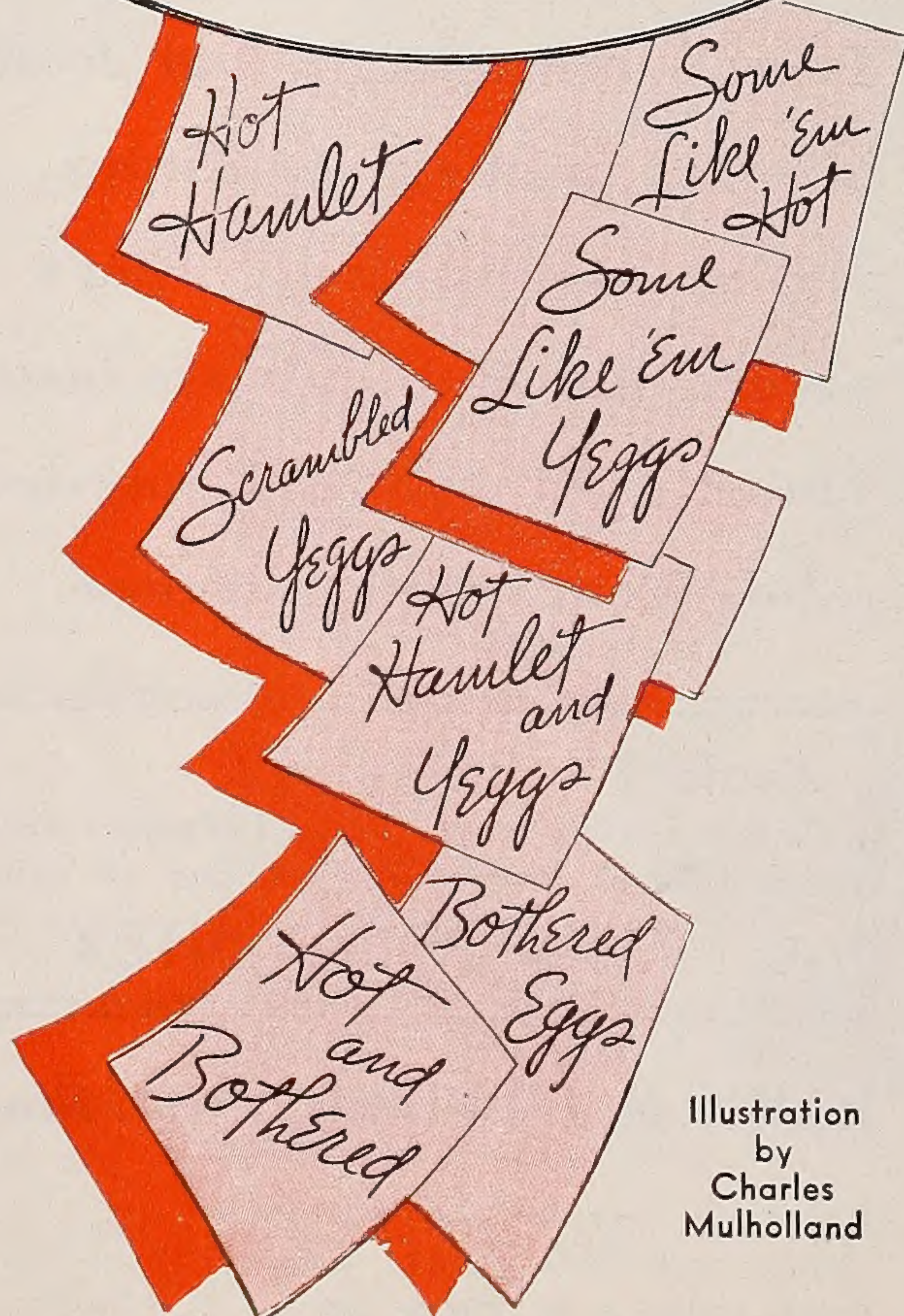


Illustration by Charles Mulholland





A romantic leading man with his romantic leading woman. Do you remember "Bright Eyes" as fondly as we do? Now Jimmy Dunn is making "Welcome Home" and Shirley Temple is in "Curly Top." How long shall we have to wait before we'll see them together again?





Edna Purviance, Mildred Harris, Lita Grey, Paulette Goddard — two have been his wives, all he has loved.

# LOVE LAUGHS AT the LITTLE CLOWN

**Charlie Chaplin seeks, in women, a heart-breaking dream that is lost and gone, never to be recaptured**

**O**NE evening at Hollywood's famed Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel Charlie Chaplin was accompanied by a girl he had been with almost daily for a fortnight. It was, Hollywood felt sure, a budding romance. Perhaps this one . . .

Chaplin said something to her and she laughed; a high, shrill, metallic laugh. His smile disappeared and he stared at her across the table as though seeing her for the first time. Surprise and wonderment were upon his face. He might well have said aloud, "Who is this girl? What is she doing here with me? What am I doing here with her?" He was never seen with her again.

The first time Charlie Chaplin really looks at a girl he is through with her.

That is a hard statement to make of any man. It indicates a shallow, callous, selfish nature. It has been true of Charlie Chaplin. Yet those close to him know he is not shallow, not callous, not selfish; they know instead the depth of his feeling and compassion is such that, as I saw one day on the beach at Santa Monica, tears well into his eyes at the sight of a hurt bird.

The ladies and loves Charlie Chaplin has known through the years have been many. Edna Purviance, smiling, carefree daughter of the Golden West, his first leading lady; blonde and ringleted Mildred Harris; exotic and foreign Pola Negri—and her counterpart, Sari Maritza; May Collins, Georgia Hale, Merna Kennedy; swarthy Lita Grey; young Virginia Cherrill; the semi-mysterious "Mary" Reeves of Europe. Others who touched his life so fleetingly failed to leave their imprint upon the memories of his most intimate friends.

We can conjure in our minds a parade of beauty which suggests his heart is the surface of a pond rippled by every passing breeze. Only—Chaplin's breezes have always been quickly forming tempests of the same furious, intense degree. They have lasted alike—until—he really looked at them. Then they have been swiftly dropped into the limbo of forgotten things.

So we start a story that in its entirety has never been told because where facts have been known reasons and effects have been hidden. It is the story of a boy-girl love that outlasted the years. A story that explains and gives rhyme to the conflicting, incongruous actions of a man who has puzzled Hollywood for years: Charles Spencer Chaplin, the ace of the world's comedians. I have known it for six years. It has not been told before because, well, we'll come to that.

Sid Grauman, great showman and theater owner, Charles Furthman, ace scenario writer, Harry Crocker, young California newspaper man then living with Chaplin, the comedian himself and I dropped into the Cocoanut Grove one night after witnessing some boxing bouts. Chaplin was but recently divorced from Lita Grey—and there she was dancing on the floor before us.

Chaplin followed her with his eyes, but they seemed focused on something distant, as if he were seeing far into the past. Furthman, noting, grinned and said to him: (Please turn to page 62)

**But the girl who has been Charles Spencer Chaplin's ideal, his dream, whom he loved more than life, no one ever saw, and no one knew.**


**By DICK HYLAND**



*Enjoy  
Double Mint Gum  
daily for beauty  
of mouth and lips*







I'll never let you down  
I'm your best friend  
I am your *Lucky Strike*

For a friendly smoke—it's  
the tobacco that counts. I am  
made of fragrant, expensive  
center leaves only; the finest,  
most expensive Turkish and  
domestic tobaccos grown.

Copyright 1965  
The American Tobacco Company



*Try me  
I'll never  
let you  
down*





NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

# Gallery of Stars

We give the opening page of our gallery, this month, to a pair of stars you never expected to see together—Greta Garbo and little Freddie Bartholomew, as her son, in "Anna Karenina."

Grimes





**IF A KING CAN TAKE A WIFE.** King Richard the Lion-Hearted, Henry Wilcoxon, crowns Loretta Young his Queen. It happened way back in the 12th Century but you'll be seeing it happen again in Cecil B. DeMille's newest picture, "The Crusades." Admirers of DeMille will find all the pomp and glorious pageantry they love.





**—SO CAN A FARMER.** And in the picture called "The Farmer Takes a Wife," from the Broadway play of the same name, Janet Gaynor plays opposite a young man in whom we are all interested. He is Henry Fonda, and he comes to pictures from the stage with such a splendid reputation that his ears must tingle all the time.





# Our Family Album of Stars When



1- See those expressive hands



2- Those rosebud lips



3- Her eyes are still roquish



7- Tough guy and he-man



8- Maybe fans hadn't been invented then



9- What, no sweatshirt?



10- He liked cowboys



Do you know who they are? Read the clues, then



# They Were Just Beginning to Twinkle



4- She looks just the same



5- Adrian dresses her now



6- He parts his hair the same way



11- Biggest box-office name



13- Not a star. H---C-----



14- Always using the phone



12- In "The G-Men"



turn to page 50 and see how good you are.





# PICTURES NEED



Above left: Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," gave us true romance. Above right: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers quickened the rhythm of our souls with their singing and dancing. Below, left: Francis Lederer's "Romance in Manhattan" let us share a man's love for a woman. Below, right: "Broadway Bill" intensified our love and respect for animals.



**We all know there would be no movies without love, but have you ever stopped to wonder why? Not one, but seven kinds of love are necessary, says this author, DR. LOUIS E. BISCH, M.D., Ph.D**

**M**ANY reasons have been advanced why the movies are so popular, yet the deepest and most fundamental reason of all is always overlooked.

To be sure, pictures are inexpensive; most of us can afford such a show at least once a week. Secondly, the movies are entertaining, therefore also distracting, and heaven knows all kinds and conditions of mankind these days need to forget themselves now and then. Lastly, as a third outstanding reason for the screen's popularity, it may be pointed out that, since every individual is primarily a visualizer—that is, he uses his eyes more than his ears or his other senses in everyday relationships and, consequently, actually thinks in terms of visual images—the least possible strain is sustained by an audience from a medium that still is so distinctly visual in character.

**B**UT what about our love-lives? What about yours, mine, a child's and an adolescent's, as well as an adult's? Is anyone's love-life ever fully gratified in the world of reality as it actually exists?

Can anyone, man or woman, truthfully say that he or she could not deepen or extend his instinctive feelings? Do we ever get enough of love of any kind? Furthermore, is it not true that love is so thrilling and activating an emotion that without it life would probably deteriorate into little more than a vegetable existence?

**H**EREIN lies the real reason why we all crave pictures. The movies give us what we need; in short, they satisfy our love-life cravings by filling in the gaps left by our actual experiences. What we miss in real life we find in pictures. On the silver screen our ideals have a free fling; love in all its variety of manifestations is set before us to cater to our senses. Comfortably seated in an arm-chair we can run the gamut of our emotions and rid ourselves of the over-plus of feeling that may be nagging at our very souls. By means of pictures we can not only extend our emotional experiences—we can, as well, take up the emotional slack.

This explains why nerve specialists believe in pictures. Personally, in the conduct of my private

practice, I frequently recommend certain pictures for the good which I know they would do my patients. At the moment of writing I am telling my friends as well as my patients to see "Rugles of Red Gap" for its satirical humor and its insight into human nature; also "Roberta" because it is so genuinely diverting; and "The Scarlet Pimpernel" because it portrays the delights of old-fashioned romanticism.

Particular stress is being laid in this article, however, upon the personal needs of every individual as regards his love-life, the term love-life being used in its broadest sense to include not only love of woman for man and vice versa, but all other kinds of love in addition, the expression of which is equally important if one is to lead a well-rounded, adjusted and happy life.

**I** WONDER if you have ever analyzed your own love-life? That is, have you ever dissected it, so to speak, to see what its component parts consist of, what its various elements are? These, all bound together in a sort of composite way, constitute that



# SEVEN KINDS OF LOVE



Above: Music is always, as in "Naughty Marietta," a pure expression of emotion. It grants emotional release to many. Below: "Ruggles Of Red Gap," on the contrary, released our love for our fellow beings.



Above: Kay Francis and George Brent in "Living on Velvet." Although it was not a very good picture, it emphasized the love of a woman for a man and so gave solace to women unhappy in their own love-lives.



Left: "The Little Colonel," with Shirley Temple, Dr. Bisch recommended for all people suffering from a family complex. Through love, Shirley made her family just what she wanted it to be, in the film.



instinctive and compelling urge—love—than which no other is half as essential to your well-being nor half as nagging in its forcefulness to express itself.

As already indicated love is more than the feeling that binds members of the opposite sex together; it is more than romance, as such; it means more than sexual attraction. In fact, the love-life of any man or woman can be divided into seven major parts, with appropriate sub-divisions:

- (1) Family Love.
  - (a) Love for Mother and Father.
  - (b) Love for Grandfathers and Grandmothers.
  - (c) Love for Brothers and Sisters.
  - (d) Love for Aunts, Uncles, Cousins and other relatives.
  - (e) Love for children.
- (2) Sex and Romantic Love.
  - (a) Love of Woman for Man.
  - (b) Love of Man for Woman.
  - (c) Love for friends—the best friend urge.
- (3) Love for Animals.
  - (a) Animals that can be caressed, such as dogs, cats, etc.
  - (b) Animals that cannot be caressed, such as birds, gold fish, wild life, etc.
- (4) Love for Growing Things. Scenery, flowers, trees, etc.
- (5) Love for Inanimate Objects.
  - (a) House furnishings, pictures, a home as such, automobiles, luxuries, etc.
  - (b) Love for clothes to enhance beauty or personality.
- (6) Love as reflected in what might be called the "Spiritual Urge."
  - Love of God, patriotism, glory, (Please turn to page 53)





**CLIVE BROOK.** Quiet, unassuming, more like a matinee idol of the old days than a moving picture star, his popularity stays at a steady level year after year. The pictures he makes, good or bad, seem to have little to do with it. His newest is, "Loves of a Dictator," made in England for release in American theaters, too.



# WHO—ME?

**Pat O'Brien is one of the most popular men in the movies—but you could never get him to admit it**

By KATHERINE HARTLEY



You'll remember Pat in this pose from "Devil Dogs of the Air." His latest picture is "The Irish in Us," with his side-kick, James Cagney.

TOO often, in Hollywood, we who are close to the business are liable to overlook something that is right under our nose. And especially when that something is somebody's popularity. Surely we know that Clark Gable is the first male box-office draw, and that Mae West is first among the women. We even know who is second and third on those two lists. But we are usually so blinded by the records of those first few that we often forget the rest.

We really have to go outside of Hollywood to discover which other stars are also favorites. And when I did that recently, I made a discovery which rather startled me. Naturally a movie magazine writer can't go anywhere among non-movie people without being asked countless questions about Hollywood, about its people . . . and without being involved in discussions of "who is your favorite actor or actress." Usually those discussions turn into arguments, and seldom does anyone agree with anyone else. Except when a certain man's name is brought up—and I have never heard anyone say he didn't like him. Quite the contrary. Countless men have told me that he was their favorite actor. They even agreed with their wives when they said that he was also theirs. And as for the children . . . well, they think he's just about 100 per cent plus.

That man is Pat O'Brien.

NOW to be perfectly frank, I had never met Pat. I had never even thought of wanting to write a story about him. I had heard Jimmie Cagney say that he was one of the grandest guys that ever lived. I had listened to little Cora Sue Collins rave about the man that she so affectionately calls "Uncle Pat." I had heard no less than three very temperamental women stars say that he was one man they could work with without any trouble. I had seen and heard everyone on the Warner lot, from prop boys to producers, hail him with the most cordial greetings. I have always thought his performances on the screen were excellent. But beyond that I had no further interest or curiosity until I had heard so many movie fans say he was their favorite actor that—well, that something had to be done about it. That something started with lunch.

I hope I'm not disappointing you when I say that I was not "struck" by any particular quality or mannerisms at first. By that I mean I can't say that he breezed into the room like Lee Tracy, or that he was colorful like Lederer, or dynamic like Muni, or rip-roaring-amusing like Bob Montgomery, or elegant and charming like Herbert Marshall—or any of those things that one looks for and expects in a movie star. He was just a regular fellow like—yes, like Pat O'Brien.

I was a bit taken aback. I didn't know how to proceed. He was wearing a suede wind-breaker with the insignia of the marine air corps on it, and corduroy trousers. His hair was combed, but not too obviously so. He wore no make-up. He looked exactly like the part he played in "Devil Dogs of the Air." You wouldn't think of asking a navy pilot what his favorite colors or breakfast foods are, or about the big romance in his life. I couldn't think of asking Pat any of these things either. If he wanted to "give" and "tell all" that was all right. He'd have to begin. He was too normal and nice-looking for me to pry into.

He did begin. "You know, I was in the navy myself once, when I was seventeen. Spencer Tracy and I were kids together in Milwaukee, and we both ran away at the same time to join up. But do you know that all the time I was in the navy I never saw the ocean. I never even set foot on a battleship until we did 'Here Comes the Navy.' Can you tie that? Having to get into the movies to see what the navy was all about! It sure is a funny world. Spence and I didn't stay in the navy very long . . . we were too young . . . we were restless. We finally got out and went back to school. I went to Marquette University and Spence had to go somewhere else. But that didn't last very long either. You see the whole truth of the matter is that we were both stage-struck . . . had been ever since we were kids. Don't ask me why an Irishman like me who would have made a swell policeman should have been stage-struck, 'cause I don't know. I only know that the greatest day in the year to me was Saint Patrick's Day, (Please turn to page 46)



Artists say Dolores Del Rio has the most beautiful face in Hollywood. The gowns she wears in "In Caliente" add to her beauty, a pure, Grecian simplicity of line



HER

# four DEVILS

**Temperament, Vanity, Stubbornness  
and Selfishness. These are the four  
necessary evils of success**

By

**DOLORES DEL RIO**

**O**F course I have temperament. Of course I am vain. I am, at times, as set on having my own way as that well-known stubborn mule. And selfish! I am that too. And, strangely enough, these are all traits which one must have to be a success in my profession.

I admit I am guilty of these qualities, because, when they are properly handled, they can be *attractive qualities*. I have developed them all, purposely, since the time I was a small child. And before you say—Yes, an actress can get away with that sort of thing . . . but an ordinary woman, never!—let me tell you that every woman can and should develop a little of these qualities if she wants to become the adored, beloved, spoiled object of some man's affection—as they say in that funny song!

Yes, a woman who is always sweet, always modest, always agreeable and always generous is like too much ripe fruit. You can stand only a taste. Or, another way of saying it, is that a little bitter with the sweet is always appetizing.

Temperament! All actresses have temperament, I am sure, or else they would not be actresses. A few women I know who started out in the theatrical world without temperament, soon found that the theatrical world was not particularly enthusiastic about them. They lacked something, their producers said. They lacked fire. *Because they lacked the ability to stir themselves emotionally*, they lacked the ability to stir others.

I am afraid there is a general misunderstanding about the word *temperament*. Some years ago someone made the rather witty, but incorrect statement that temperament was just plain "temper" without the last syllable. And people began to look upon it as such. When they heard of an actress flaring up on the set and creating an angry, noisy scene, they said, "Ah, temperament!" But it did not occur to them that when that same actress performed a beautiful, sad scene—tender and tearful—that she was also, at that time, too, displaying temperament.

**T**EMPERAMENT is the blend of many emotional qualities . . . temperament is the thing that enables one to respond, with the same emotional elasticity, to beauty, to ugliness, to depression, to great joy. Just as steel is "tempered," so is a personality made pliable by temperament—both words (*Please turn to page 52*)



JOAN, the youngest of the beautiful Bennett sisters, got off to a slow start in the "Success Sweepstakes." In fact, she refused to run. More lovely to look at than the dynamic Constance or the now sophisticated Barbara, Joan balked at the barrier of opportunity. The race for fame in which all three Bennett Babies were natural entries due to breeding did not interest Baby Joan. She went cantering off into the field of matrimony long before she had finished her schooling. She won the highest honor to be won in that barb-wired field. She had a baby all her own before she was eighteen. I say all her own advisedly because, when she emerged from her experience as a school-girl bride, sadder, wiser, but not complaining, Joan had her little girl baby with her. She had kept her close through struggles and the usual "in-law" arguments which invariably follow youthful mismarriages.

Joan's devotion to her child probably was a handicap many times but it's all forgotten now. We see the lovely "dark horse" coming down the stretch in full stride. From now on watch Joan Bennett. It's not very hard on the eyes. It's a great kick for me to write about this youngest Bennett whom I used to see toddling along beside her proud papa, Richard Bennett—I had a terrific crush on Dick when I was about seventeen. A crush that I shared with practically every girl who saw him on the stage in those days. I remember Constance and Barbara well also, but it is the tiny blonde one who looms most clearly through my screen of retrospection. I can see her now. So small, so exquisite and possessing a real manner.

Last week I was quite worried over whom to write about next for NEW MOVIE when suddenly out of the blue in a transcontinental plane Joan Bennett arrived. Cheers! Then action on my part. I had to do a bit of sleuthing to find her, but knowing that if there are two Bennetts in town they will be together (scrapping perhaps, but together) I had my "lead" as we sleuths say. Sister Barbara, as you probably know, is married to Morton Downey, radio ace. I called his secretary, told her of the designs I had upon her boss's sister-in-law. She kindly gave me the lowdown on Joan's hideout, which happened to be high up in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. No difficulty in contacting the Baby Bennett. We argued a little about who would lunch with whom.

"Where do you want to lunch?" Joan said briskly. She sounded very peppy. Ah, ha! "On the loose," away from babies, husband and work.

"I'll come to your hotel and we will decide," I said, beginning to feel slightly "on the loosey" myself. We set the day for lunch. The night before its arrival I received a message. Would I please meet Miss Bennett at the Colony Restaurant next day at one? Of course I told the maid I would, but to myself I said, "Darn it! She is probably going to ask others to join us and why the Colony? The smartest place in town



# THE Dark Horse is a Blonde

**Joan Bennett has let Constance outshine her  
because she's more interested in her family.**

**But, from now on, watch out!**

**So says New Movie's ELSIE JANIS**



and I haven't even taken time to buy that new suit.

Well, I brushed off the favorite little black and white checked number, and dashed to the Colony at the hour appointed and right into about the most enjoyable, amusing and enlightening tete-a-tete I've ever seen. It must be admitted that the element of surprise played a large part in my joy. Surprise at finding her alone. Surprise at finding myself with her in the type of restaurant I used to haunt when in the public eye and now rarely enter. Surprise at seeing the same old crowd of celebrity chasers still going strong. Their surprise at seeing me when they stopped to greet Joan. Surprise at seeing her charmingly and coolly scrutinize the "table traffic jammers" through those bone rimmed specs that she needs for perfect seeing and in which she manages to look not only pretty, but very intriguing.

And best of all, verification of my suspicion that Joan Bennett is a most unusual combination—beauty, brains, humor and heart. That she has beauty I don't think anyone will deny, even though her blondly delicate type may not appeal to all. Brains she must have, being the daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison. Humor, I take the liberty of using my own judgment and saying that she has it—and plenty. Heart, just how expansive it is toward the world in general I don't know, but certainly for those she loves, her family and friends, it is seemingly large and talkative.

We lunched from one until after three and outside of a few little snacks of gossip our conversation was entirely about those whom she loves. One in particular, her husband, Gene Markey. My friend of many years standing, sitting, loitering and collaborating on short stories. It was when they married that I became suspicious of the Baby Bennett having a lot of what it takes to charm and fascinate, because Gene was probably the busiest bachelor who ever ducked a marriage license. If I gave a list of the fascinating gals with whom Mr. Markey used to be seen about, in New York, London, Paris, his home town, Chicago, and Hollywood—yes, decidedly Hollywood—you would suspect me of quoting from "Who's Who" in charm.

It was one of many old friends who smiled tolerantly when he married and said "Joan Bennett! Yes, she's very sweet, but for Gene? He's so smart, so clever, such a brilliant writer, I don't see how"—Of course we couldn't see that if he were all of those things he might have sense enough to find the right girl, but he fooled us. Now he is "Daddy" Markey and unless Joan was kidding me she is going to be "Mama" Markey for a long time. I wouldn't even mind if she was kidding me, because it was so pleasant. I'll give you the dialogue, see what you think:

Janis—Are you having fun here?

Joan—It's marvelous! I haven't stopped a minute since I got here.

(Please turn to page 47)





McNulty

# YOU'LL

**FRANCHOT TONE.** "Reckless" wasn't so good, but it gave Franchot another boost—and "No More Ladies" seems to be giving him still another one.

McNulty



**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN.** How far this little lady has come from the yo-delling Tarzan's mate! Her next: "Anna Karenina."

Hurrell

**VIRGINIA BRUCE.** We have not forgotten Virginia's tragedy, and we are happy to see her forge ahead in "Escapade."

Bull





# NOTICE

Bull

**JAMES CAGNEY.** In "G-Men" they re-discovered the rat-a-tat-tat tempo that made Jimmy popular.

We wish him luck for "The Irish In Us."



**MYRNA LOY.** Myrna returns from a sojourn in Europe to discuss plans for new pictures. We promise to keep you informed about her.

Fryer

**ROSALIND RUSSELL.** A pretty Connecticut Yankee in "The Casino Murder Case" and "China Seas," she's coming along fast.

Bull





# Tower

Gladys George, lovely blonde, and Fay Wray, vivid brunette, choose these featherweight typecast fashions to pull you gaily through the hottest month

By KATHERINE KAREY

*Left, above:* Gladys George, M-G-M luminary, turns the trick neatly with a one-piece dress with short cape sleeves and a separate, single-breasted jacket that makes it look exactly like a suit. The buttons are bone and the little tie, contrasting grosgrain ribbon. Washes, and is guaranteed sun-fast. *Left:* Fay Wray, Gaumont-British star, is fetching in this en-







# STAR Fashions

semble of washable pastel crepe with a contrasting linen jacket cut on bias swagger lines with a new pointed, peaked collar and wide sleeves. The dress beneath has a softly gathered back and bosom, a new yolk and capelet sleeves. The jacket worn separately makes an extra summer coat.

*Sketched left, above:* This is Fay Wray's new spectator sports dress, another soap and water fashion of sun-fast pure silk. Its two-tone check, Peter Pan collar and pleating-edged pockets and neckline are all very youthful. And it goes to town without embarrassment.

*Above:* Gladys George includes in her August wardrobe this air-conditioned sheer for travel. The dress is slim and double-breasted with self-covered buttons. And isn't the saw-tooth piqué trim pretty and fresh-

looking? *Next:* A really charming summer evening dress for Fay Wray's dancing evenings. The cape, of course, is its dramatic touch, and it's lined with lily white. The sheath-like dress is a smoothtone silk with a halter top and a very flattering shirred bodice. In delicate flower colors that bring out the clinging vine in you.

*Right, above:* And here is Gladys George again wearing a crisp taffeta evening gown with a beautiful décolleté back and a shirred halter neck. The knife-pleated frills that form the peplum and trim the V-back are in a contrasting pastel and the crystal-buckled girdle is of soft, matching velvet. The skirt, below the peplum is cut on a full, shirred, bias. It really rustles most romantically. And a very nice thing about all these Tower Star Fashions is that none of them will put even a small dent in a modest clothes budget.





# A Page of Pictures for Your Album



BETTY FURNESS, as pretty as she is talented, is coming along fast as a featured player. She will be in "Shadow of Doubt," with Ricardo Cortez and in "Calm Yourself," with Bob Young.



FRANK MORGAN pays the penalty for being one of our finest character actors—they gave him so many beards that half the time you can't recognize him. Here: In "Gentlemen Never Tell."



ELEANOR POWELL deserves mention because she is supposed to be just about the greatest living tap dancer. You'll be seeing her in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Broadway Melody of 1936" quite soon.



GORDON JONES, a college football and track star in Los Angeles, never saw the inside of a motion picture studio until a screen test landed him in "Let 'Em Have It." You'll see more of him.



BILL BENEDICT, 17, and looking younger, got a job by telephoning to a casting director from Oklahoma. His splendid work in "Ten Dollar Raise" has won him a part in Will Rogers' next picture.



WILLIAM AUSTIN you've been seeing for years in those amusing "Silly Awss" Englishman parts—so many that he certainly deserves mention on this page for his fine part in "Redheads on Parade."



KETTI GALLIAN is another foreign importation, and we're getting a bit leary of foreign importations, but after you see her in "Under the Pampas Moon" you'll decide what her fate will be.



EDWARD BROPHY. You must have wondered who he was a great many times. With his whining voice and his dumb mugg impersonations, Ed certainly merits a prominent place in your album.



DIXIE LEE isn't just the wife of Bing Crosby, you know. She's a singing, dancing little tornado, and we're delighted to say that you'll be seeing her next in "Redheads on Parade," too.





At Edmund Lowe's garden party there was gathered such an array of stars as would make any photographer swoon for joy. Among them were Bruce Cabot, Adrienne Ames, Victor McLaglen, Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Eddie, Sally Blane, Marian Marsh, Virginia Shields and Richard Barthelmess.

# SUMMER FOR SOCIETY

**With the summer season in full swing, the Hollywood parties move out into the open air. By our society reporter, GRACE KINGSLEY**

**I**F you ever had doubts about the off-screen friendship of those perennial screen rivals, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, you should cast your eye upon them at a social event.

When Eddie entertained at a garden soiree in honor of his popular house guest, the Countess of Warwick, Vic seemed to be every place at once, dancing attendance on the other guests.

Eddie, in his corner, was painting a graphic picture of the daring tricks Vic's Lighthorse Brigade had recently added to its repertoire while Lionel Barrymore and Peggy Fears just listened. The instant Eddie was through with his story that enthusiastic amateur gardener, Barrymore, was down on his knees examining one of the rare plants flourishing there. Lionel can even tell you the technical names of most California plants.

Of course Eddie served that famous champagne punch of his, the recipe for which he received from Rene Adoree many years ago. He has never given anyone else directions for the delicious concoction, and says Eddie: "It's my one secret from Hollywood."

One thing Eddie hasn't been able to keep a secret from Hollywood is the fact that he is very fond of blond little Marian Marsh. She was there looking very demure in a pale blue blister crepe dinner dress with a filmy ruff collar discussing picture-making in England with Rowland Brown, the director, since they were working abroad at the same time.

**"GOOD Pull Up"** . . . "Teas—One to Six" . . . "It's the English in us," said Jimmy Gleason in an affected Irish brogue when the placards bearing such quaint legends as those were sighted about the spacious lawn of his home by the guests bidden to his house. The signs, which are similar to those to be seen on London cafes, were placed there to make Michael (Mickey) Balcon feel at home. Balcon came to Hollywood from England to sign some of our very best talent for British pictures and the party was given in his honor.

The guests gathered on a bonny Sunday morning for breakfast on the Gleason lawn, but sunny California reneged and went into a rain. "Good pull up" accordingly became the order of the day, and the guests, placards and food went trailing into the house.

What with Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, in the crowd a new Hollywood game was born—making sentences from a single word. When Dorothy presented one that couldn't possibly be topped, Pat O'Brien, assigned the word "iconoclast," in surrender offered, "*I cawn no class myself with you.*"

**"W**HEN we come in from an afternoon of riding or tennis and it's too early for dinner," explained Binnie Barnes, "in England we simply have what we call 'high tea.' It's more food and a little more elegant than just tea."

Strangely enough no one in Hollywood ever thought of giving a high tea before, so Binnie's was a special sort of thrill. Only the town's best equestrians, such as Bruce Cabot, John (Please turn to page 67)



Directly above: William Getz and Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M see Michael Balcon, British movie producer, off for his native England.



Little Cora Sue Collins celebrated her seventh birthday on the same day May Robson celebrated her seventieth, so she brought Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper to May's party at the studio.



Wallace Ford and Charles Starrett can always be counted on to give a good time to their youngsters—Wally's daughter Patricia Ann and Charles' two boys, Charles Junior and David.



# HOLLYWOOD

## DAY BY DAY

Invisible as the proverbial black cat at midnight, Nemo prowls Hollywood and brings you news

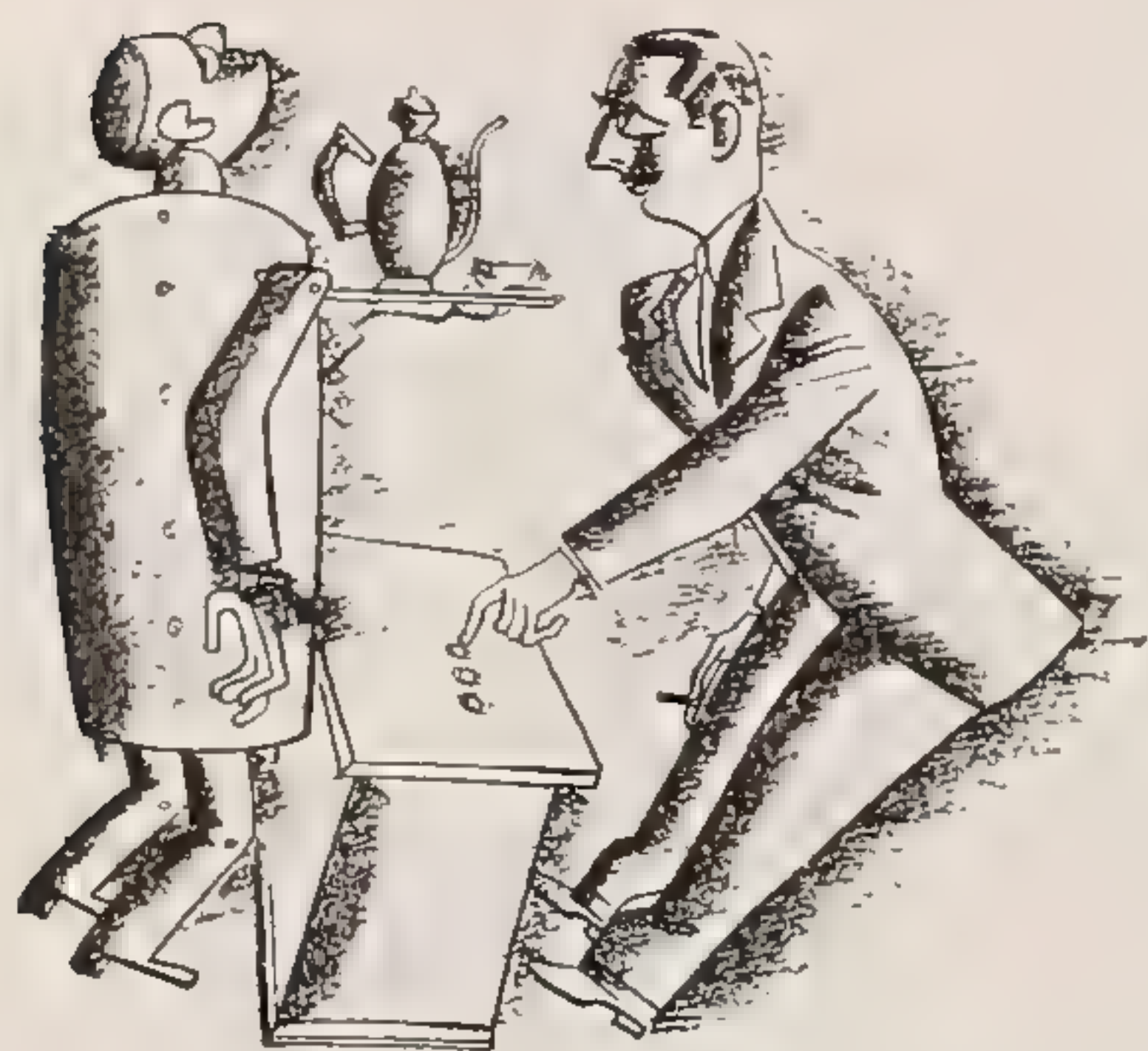


Jeanette MacDonald spent her vacation in Hawaii riding the waves in those fast outrigger canoes.



Helene Costello went to the Domino Club party with sister Dolores and clowning a bit for the camera.

**B**ILL POWELL has the craziest home in town! Everything is run by electricity. The doors are knobless, and if you want to get into any place in the house all you have to do is find the button! We don't know for sure, but they do say as how Bill has a robot in the kitchen. And if you want a double order of ham and eggs, push the right button and—there you are!



**M**ERLE OBERON admits that she is "terribly interested" in David Niven, scion of Scottish nobility and recently signed to a long-term contract with the Goldwyn studio. There are those who say that Miss Oberon was directly responsible for getting Niven signed to play a part in "The Dark Angel," the new Goldwyn opus, featuring Fredric March, Herbert Marshall and, of

course, the gorgeous Merle herself.

Mister Niven says: "Jolly place, this Hollywood. If a chap takes a lady to luncheon, it seems to be a public sign of betrothal. If he takes her to dinner, it is as good as announcing that wedding bells will toll at once! What would people think if a man invited a lady to have breakfast with him?"

If you could find one up in time for breakfast, Niven, old truffle, people would think you were a magician!

**Y**OU should have seen Mae West practicing rope-twirling in the wide-open spaces of the Paramount lot!

"It's a good idea," murmured the hair-patting, hip-swinging blonde. "I've never had much trouble roping in my men, but this ought to make it even easier!"

**A**FTER weeks of heart-breaking work, day and night, on his latest (but swell!) picture, "G-Men," Jimmy Cagney finally went on a one-man strike and stayed home in bed for a straight twenty-four hours.

Now we catch up with a strong rumor that Warner Brothers are out to sue their most popular star for holding up production. Which is a



pretty mean trick, any way you look at it, on account of Jimmy has always given till it hurt without stopping until reaching the point where it is physically and mentally impossible.

However, after previewing "G-Men," we've a sneaking hunch that the brothers Warner will have relented and called off their bloodhounds.



**I**S Mister Ripley in the house?

Bill Robinson, that super-hot colored tap dancer, has a pair of dancing shoes that are more than 33 years old and have just been re-soled for the first time!

"I bought 'em in Chicago," says Bill, "and paid seven dollars for 'em. They wasn't dancin' shoes then. But, by puttin' wooden soles on an' changin' the heels, so the right heel was on the left shoe and vice

versa, I got me a pair of dancin' slippahs that knows all the steps I know!"

"Why, sometimes at night," he continued with a grin, "I looks ovah the side of the bed an' sees 'em doin' a little jig of their own!"

"Hey—" Will Rogers put in, "you'll be tellin' us next that you have to set traps for 'em so you can find 'em in the morning!"

**U**NLESS they build a bridge across the Atlantic, the Three Stooges are declining any and all offers to appear in London!

Larry Fine hates the sea and can't be coaxed or cajoled aboard a boat; Curly Howard doesn't mind flying so long as he can keep one foot on the ground; and, while Moe Howard doesn't object to flying or sailing, he's only one-third of the trio, after all, and what good is a stooge without a couple of assistant stooges??

Of course, you can't speak of the stooges without recalling Ted Healy, the lad who (as far as we're concerned) originated the silly idea.

"What is it—rubber?" says Ted, nonchalantly picking up Nat Pendleton's pet bull snake.

It took four of us fifteen minutes to get Ted back into Nat's house!



Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stone also attended the Domino Club's dance.



Jack Holt, Fred Stone, Wendy Barrie, Buster Collier, Clark Gable and Jimmy Gleason, skeet shooting at the Santa Monica Gun Club.



On location for "The Arizonian" Director Charles Vidor took personal movies of Richard Dix and Margot Grahame.





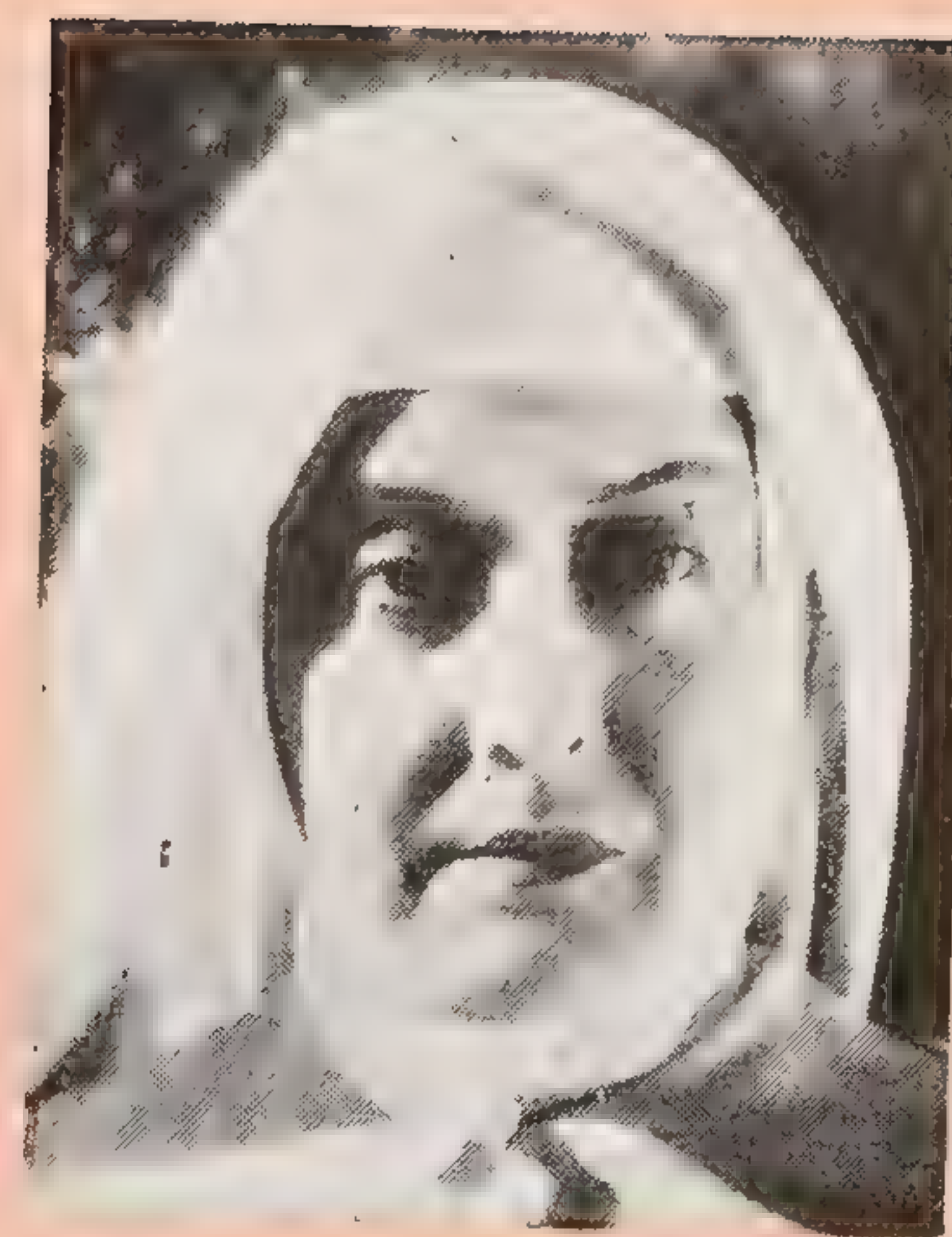
Isabel Jewell with her scientist father, blind from years of research.



Ann Dvorak has taught her two cocker spaniels to dive into the swimming pool at her ranch.



Guy Kibbee and Jolly Oliver Hardy sneak away every chance they get to go fishing.



Clara Kimball Young, once a star, now an extra in "The Crusades."

**HENRY HULL** tells a funny one on himself. It was the opening night of "Tobacco Road," in New York, and the scenario called for Henry, as Jeeter Lester, to chew tobacco and let it dribble nonchalantly through his crepe whiskers.

Well, to Hull chewing tobacco was chewing tobacco and NOT a substitute, so, biting off a big piece from the plug, he walked onto the stage, chewing away enthusiastically.

Five minutes later he was the sickest man on Broadway. But—the show must go on!

"I'll never know how I survived until the first curtain," he confided. "But, after that, my 'chaw' was pure licorice, and nothing else!"

Incidentally, Hull admits he's 44 years old and proud of it!

He says: "When a matinee idol gets bald, he has a reason to worry about his age. But a character actor can go on indefinitely, because the public doesn't give a hoot what the man behind the make-up looks like!"

And let that be a lesson to you, Elmer!



**WALLACE BEERY** is having more fun these days playing (of all things!) "burro polo"!

"I almost scored a goal in my first chukker," he told us, "but the burro I was on decided to quit me cold—lay right down under me and refused to budge!"

But it's all in fun and Wally looks for the fad to have the same run that donkey baseball enjoyed a year ago.

Wally's adoration for his little daughter, Carol Ann, increases daily. It's got to the point where Wally gave up his lunch hour (and there's a man who appreciates food, too) to rush into Hollywood to do some shopping for Carol Ann, because she wanted a hat "like Cora Sue Collins wears"!



**W**ITH an afternoon off, while on location, Fred MacMurray set out to do the nearby golf course. The course must have been a tough one, because: "I started out with five balls," Fred said, "found four more and then had to quit on the fourteenth hole because I'd lost all of 'em!"

Or, maybe it was Fred's game?



**PHILBERT** again comes to the fore with a flash to the effect that he saw Johnny Weissmuller washing out his leopard-skin drawers on the back lot at M-G-M the other day. So they must be getting ready to go into another "Tarzan" epic?

**K**NOWING Clark Gable's taste for good food—good, plain food—the studio chef concocted a dish and submitted it to the star for his judgment.

Clark sampled it. "Um-mm-m . . ." he said, "that's good stuff. But, so help me, it tastes just exactly like beef stew!"

The chef stared. "Well, I didn't think you knew your onions," he exclaimed, "but beef stew it is!"

So Clark can have his beef stew, but (Please turn to page 70)



**Nemo** in pursuit of the wagon. We came back proudly clutching a handful of the stuff. Not that we're gullible, understand? But just to see if there is anything in the old superstition. We'll let you know about it one way or the other next month.



Alan Hale's little daughter, Karen, broke her back in a serious fall down a flight of stairs, and must lie quiet for weeks in a plaster cast.



Gruff George Barbier celebrates his twenty-fifty wedding anniversary.

REPORTED BY  
**NEMO**





# Two STAR-TLING VIEWS

**"Hollywood," says James Cagney, "is a hick town with Broadway running through it." And Diana Wynyard adds, "Its marital changes are pathetic."**

By BARBARA ROBBINS

**W**E were talking about Hollywood—who isn't? —when James Cagney hit it off with: "Hollywood is a hick town with Broadway running through it."

Ever perplexing, it was over there on the other side of the mountain as we stood in front of a smothering First National stage out of which the violently active Jimmy had just popped.

In the circumstances it seemed that nothing could be better, at any rate, for Cagney than a turn about the green, shady lot of the Warner Brothers studio in Burbank. Of the same fresh-aired mind, he gave himself his walking papers.

"And what else is Hollywood?"

"It's an obsession," he snapped. "It 'gets' you if you don't get out of it every time you have the chance. That's what I do. But you can't really know it, understand it at all, unless you go far away and stay away for a month or two. Here you're too close to it to know what it's all about. But with the freedom of distance and the sanity of detachment you may be able to figure out its many bewildering angles."

Through his eyes I began to see it as a thicket of cross-purposes, a tangle of ambitions, a web of rivalries, a snarl of jealousies.

"Most of all," he hurried on, kicking a pebble out of his path, "it's the tension here that's felt. It never lets up. There's always the awful, sickening uncertainty of not knowing what tomorrow's going to bring, whether you'll be in or out. People who have made their mark in pictures get to feel they are definitely set, only to find themselves on the train going back home."

"What one thing, more than any other, typifies Hollywood?"

"Fear," he answered, with something more than a shrug and something less than a shudder.

For, you may be sure, there's no lack of courage in the Jimmy Cagney who was yanked up by his bootstraps on New York's scrappy East Side. He had to fight for everything he got.

"Get that education!" he now told me, was his importunate mother's way of getting him out of bed of a morning. And get it he did by working at one thing and another and paying his way through school and college. Among other things, he went in for high finance above the ground level of the Broad Street curb market. As he put it, bringing his lightning fingers into telegraphic play: (Please turn to page 56)

By CHARLES DARNTON

**W**HEN even we in this land of the free-for-all matrimonial stakes lift an occasional eyebrow at Hollywood's never-ending entries in such sportive events as airplane elopements, midnight marriages, noonday divorces, and weddings on the rebound, it is not surprising that the English attitude should be one of wide-eyed amazement.

"Its rapid marital changes are pathetic, hysterical, beyond belief," declared Diana Wynyard.

It was clear the British film star did not use the word "pathetic" in a slighting sense, that it came from her sympathetic understanding, her broad intelligence.

"I should greatly regret to be misunderstood," added Miss Wynyard. "But to me the whole matter is pathetic because of the injustice it works. It is hysterical for the reason it grows out of a highly nervous state of affairs. It is beyond belief in the seeming composure with which it is accepted."

Our talk took place at a time when newspapers were ringing with Hollywood excitements in which divorce was the hammer that clanged the bell.

"It isn't that I disapprove of divorce," explained Miss Wynyard, "though I should be glad to see less of it. Nor is there anything shocking about marrying again. It's only that I don't believe in marrying casually. What (Please turn to page 56)





By REGINALD TAVINER

IT'S all very well for Hollywood to re-christen its latest picture-thief and heart-throb as Walter King, but as Walter Woolf he's been at Hollywood's door for some time now and dear, dumb old Hollywood wouldn't let him in.

When they did let him in with a part in "One More Spring" he just naturally gobbled up the picture from nobody less than Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter. And even Hollywood is willing to admit that anybody who can rise up and outshine that pair is something to get excited about.

Now Hollywood, having belatedly discovered that he isn't a big, bad Woolf at all but a romantic young King, has elaborate plans for him.

Walter King's story is just another version of that oft-told Hollywood tale; Hollywood was looking for him in Europe and found him in its own back yard. As a matter of fact, Winnie Sheehan was searching frantically all over England, Germany, France, Spain and where have you for a particular type to play the young violinist in the Gaynor-Baxter film—and so the Fox casting director found Walter Woolf playing a minor part in a quickie programmer right on Winnie's own home lot.

Walter was wearing whiskers at the time—he was doing a Russian prince bit in "Lottery Lover." He scarcely looked romantic or soulful just then, but he (*Please turn to page 50*)

## Two STAR-TLING PEOPLE



**A big bad Woolf who had to change his name to Walter King before he got a movie job. And a Virginia Briggs who changed hers to Virginia Bruce.**

By LEON SURMELIAN

I HAVE never seen, on or off the screen, a lovelier vision than Virginia Bruce as Jenny Lind, the glorious Swedish Nightingale, in "The Mighty Barnum." Those magnificent close-ups showing her ethereal beauty had a double effect on me because I know that in real life Virginia is not only a real eyeful, with the finest school-girl complexion this side of heaven, but she also swells the heart with the glowing warmth of her humanity. And it is to that quality of hers that I want to pay tribute most of all. There is still hope for mankind as long as there are girls like her.

I met her first at a cocktail party given in honor of Max Reinhardt when he came to Hollywood. It seemed to be an affair for the cinematic blue bloods. Under the Japanese lamps festooned across the patio of a Spanish mansion in Beverly Hills, it was not the passionate pallor of the gaunt Dietrich, nor the luscious stolidity of Anna Sten from the land of Ukrainia, or the wistful gaze of the lovely Loretta Young that intrigued me most, but the noble carriage of a cool, languorous, slinky blonde whom I recognized as Virginia Bruce.

There was something in the way she held up her head, something fine and heroic, that stamped her in my mind as one of those rare souls that belong to the aristocracy of the spirit.

The present interview began in her dressing-room at the M-G-M studio. She was taking her midday rest. The small room seemed to be illuminated with the quiet gleam of her eyes—eyes of sky blue—as she lay on her couch, her feet wrapped up in a blanket. For in spite of the brilliant sunshine, the day was rather chilly. She flashed two pretty rows of milk-white teeth as she smiled a gracious greeting.

As usual, I started with trivialities, my *modus operandi* before launching on the more serious business of interviewing.

"Is it true," I asked her, "that for the past twenty-three days you have ordered from the studio commissary nothing but lamb chops and baked potatoes for lunch?"

"Yes," she chuckled. "I can eat lamb chops and baked potatoes for 365 days a year."

"So can I," I said, and a bond of affinity was established between us. We belonged to the same gastronomic tribe. Now we could talk like friends.

I asked her to recount the main events of her life.

"There is nothing exciting (*Please turn to page 49*)





# GAIL PATRICK

## FOR GOVERNOR



**Young, radiantly beautiful, a scholar with university degrees, a movie star, Gail's ultimate ambition is to govern her native state, Alabama.**

**I**T'S not just a whim—it's the truth! I've wanted to be the first lady Governor of Alabama ever since I can remember. That's why I studied law and have made every possible preparation for admission to the bar in my home state. That's really why I've done everything I ever have done in my life. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I've decided on everything in the light of how it would affect a possible future career in politics.

I'm not quite sure, but I believe I was about six when I first saw a lady's picture in the paper under that time-worn heading of "The First Lady." It made a very deep impression on me even then. My father asked me what I wanted to be first lady of and my answer was, quite naturally, Alabama. Alabama was the biggest thing I could think of—and it still looms pretty big in my mind.

When I got here, I was met by a very nonchalant and sophisticated press agent who had handled a lot of contest winners, but had never had an experience with one whose entrance in and winning of the contest was entirely accidental.

He started right in asking me a lot of extremely personal questions—all the way from breakfast-food preference to the status of my heart. I did my best to squelch him without being offensive, but, I found out later, he just thought I was being high-hat.

"What," he asked me, "do you intend to do now that you're out here, Miss Patrick?"

"Go back in six weeks, when my return trip ticket expires."

"Well, why, I mean, why did you come out here at all if you don't want to go into pictures?"

"I just felt like a vacation and I got a free one so I came for the trip."

I could see that he didn't believe me. He very obviously thought that this was just another carefully hatched bid for publicity—an act.

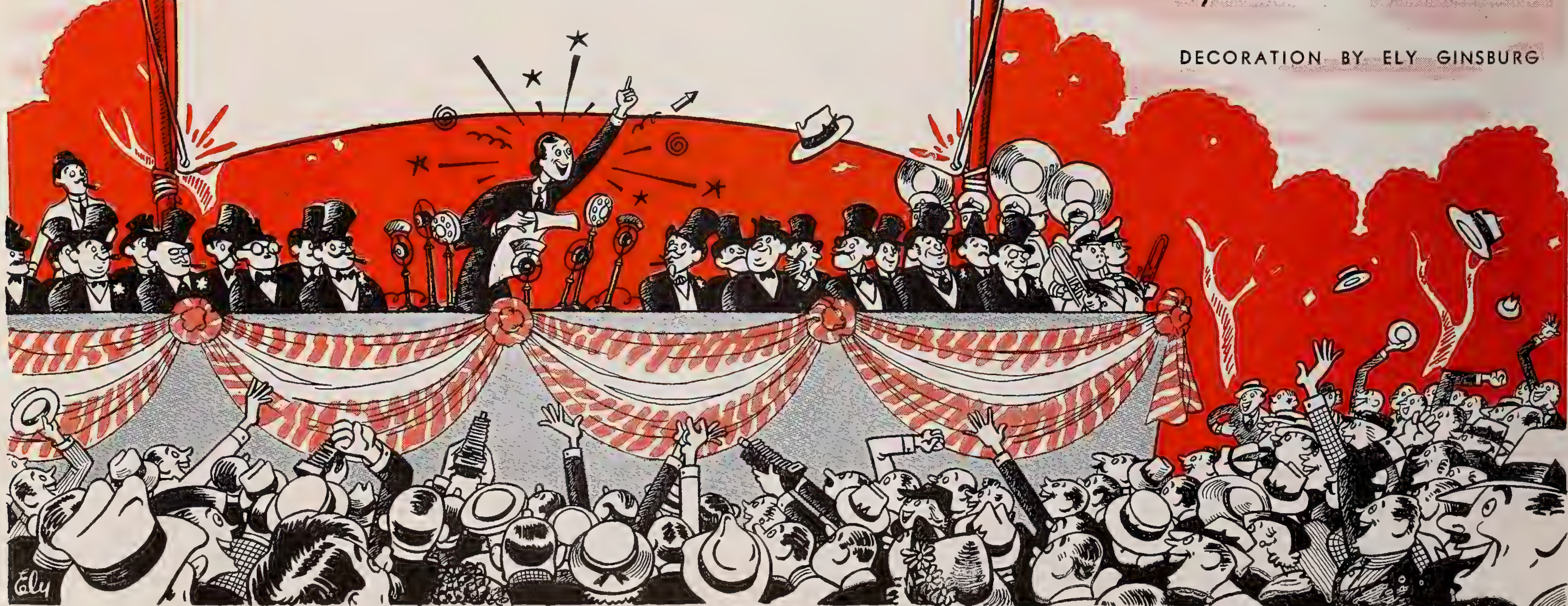
"Is that so? Well, what is your great ambition? The legitimate stage, I suppose?" Frankly, I could have kicked him in the shins. He was almost sneering at me!

"No. I've never even considered acting. I intend to enter the practice of law and go into politics."

"Yeah?" *(Please turn to page 51)*

**By GAIL PATRICK**

DECORATION BY ELY GINSBURG







# Hollywood's GONE HOBO

The old-fashioned picnic is all done up these days with new fangled trimmings. Hollywood takes gaily to the hills to "wrassle" its own dinners

By *Rebe Brown*

**E**VERY man is a hobo at heart—every woman a nymph. I know. I just trekked from Hollywood to New York.

The whole country has begun to realize that the universe of outdoors is a giant dynamo—yours to tap for vital elemental forces which can only creep in on the installment plan through the chinks and keyholes of a house.

All along the Pacific Coast, the picnic is no longer a ceremony reserved for Sunday. The solid mahogany dining-room table has been relegated to the attic and Poppa and Momma and the whole darn family join the nightly procession of four and fourteen cylinder cars on their way down to the sea.

Some come with plump hampers bulging with devilled egg, ham and liverwurst sandwiches, stuffed tomatoes protected by celophane wrappers, cold, fried chicken to be eaten with fingers for forks, olives, pickles, and coffee kept piping hot or freezing cold by that old reliable—the vacuum jug. You don't have to guess twice at what's in the fat glass jar. No seashore spree is a success without mother's home-made potato salad.

The old-fashioned picnic that came in a cardboard carton tied with a love-knot of pink string and containing the proverbial cake, sandwich, pickle, egg, napkin and Monday morning indigestion, has been laid away in camphor by modern youth. At Santa Monica, Venice and Malibu, the modernistic arrive equipped for cooking outdoors and fully armed with a grate for roasting, a skillet for frying, a popper for the pop-corn, a percolator

for the coffee—and a harmonica for harmony. The ocean wind can blow itself blue in the nose because the new fangled grate boasts a windshield, and the flame, once lighted, remains a joyous rainbow until the steak announces that it is medium rare. Free driftwood lies close at hand, and those too lazy to beach-comb can buy a big armful for ten cents.

Epicureans who desire "that certain flavor" in tender porterhouse, build a deep nest of stones and make the fire of charcoal. But even an old skillet—if it is good and hot—will respond with "french fries," brown onion rings and delectable chops.

Still more informal is the "weenie roast." Frankfurters are easy to cook and simple to serve. There's nothing to it. The weenies are spread on sharp sticks, held over the fire until they pop open with a juicy chuckle, swabbed with mustard, dressed in rolls, and washed down with pop. Another dish that is tugging the Coast by its coat-tails had its birth in Mexico and is known as "size with showers." A generous portion of hamburger is showered with beans and a cup of chopped onions. This concoction is drowned in catsup and consumed with gusto and a wooden spoon.

Night drops down. Darkness falls equally upon the porterhouse party and the weenie roast. More wood is piled upon the bonfires. Slim sticks appear like wands, and the marshmallow toast is on. For miles all along the coast, the rim of sea is made magic by the flare of beacon lights. Song drifts up toward the dunes—and no man is poor.

Even the cinema stars have joined the army of those who rebel at formality and four walls. What do you think draws the crowd to John Gilbert's swimming pool parties? The big attraction is the open-air barbecue that adjoins the pool. Small steaks are carelessly tossed on the open grill while the fancy divers jack-knife and work up a ravenous appetite.

Claudette Colbert built her house to sit on the top of the tallest mountain in Hollywood in order that she might breakfast outdoors before a magnificent panorama. Let loose the four winds! Eggs served in pottery keep hot for hours.

Spanish patios, so typical of California, now have a new purpose in being. Sunday evenings, at Marion Davies' just before dusk, bridge tables are dropped like confetti any and everywhere, and lackeys in royal purple, parade toward the buffet table under the hollyhocks bearing solid silver platters piled hill-high with joints of roast turkey and southern fried chicken—lobster salad and chicken salad lying in twin sunbursts of lacy fern leaves—giant baked hams—aspic loaf, a dozen varieties of cheese and hors d'oeuvres eloquently saying, "Help yourself." Each guest shoulders a tray and is his own best waiter. The Japanese lanterns are lighted and a Spanish singer in a black mantilla strums a soft harp from a drooping balcony.

The West Coast, however, has no option on all the romance of the world. There's Arizona—justly famous for its dude ranches.

Have you ever taken a horse into a canyon and eaten a supper broiled beside a mountain creek?

You ride for hours with the desert wind before you in the saddle, and descend hungry as a bear into a sheltered canyon. There is a stream at the bottom, purling and cold. Above hangs a velvet sky with the stars so low you can almost pluck them. Now for some grub. Once you've eaten beans baked in the oven of Mother (*Please turn to page 55*)



Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, happy and frolicsome film colony Mr. and Mrs., go on one of those Hollywood picnics and gather some snapshots.

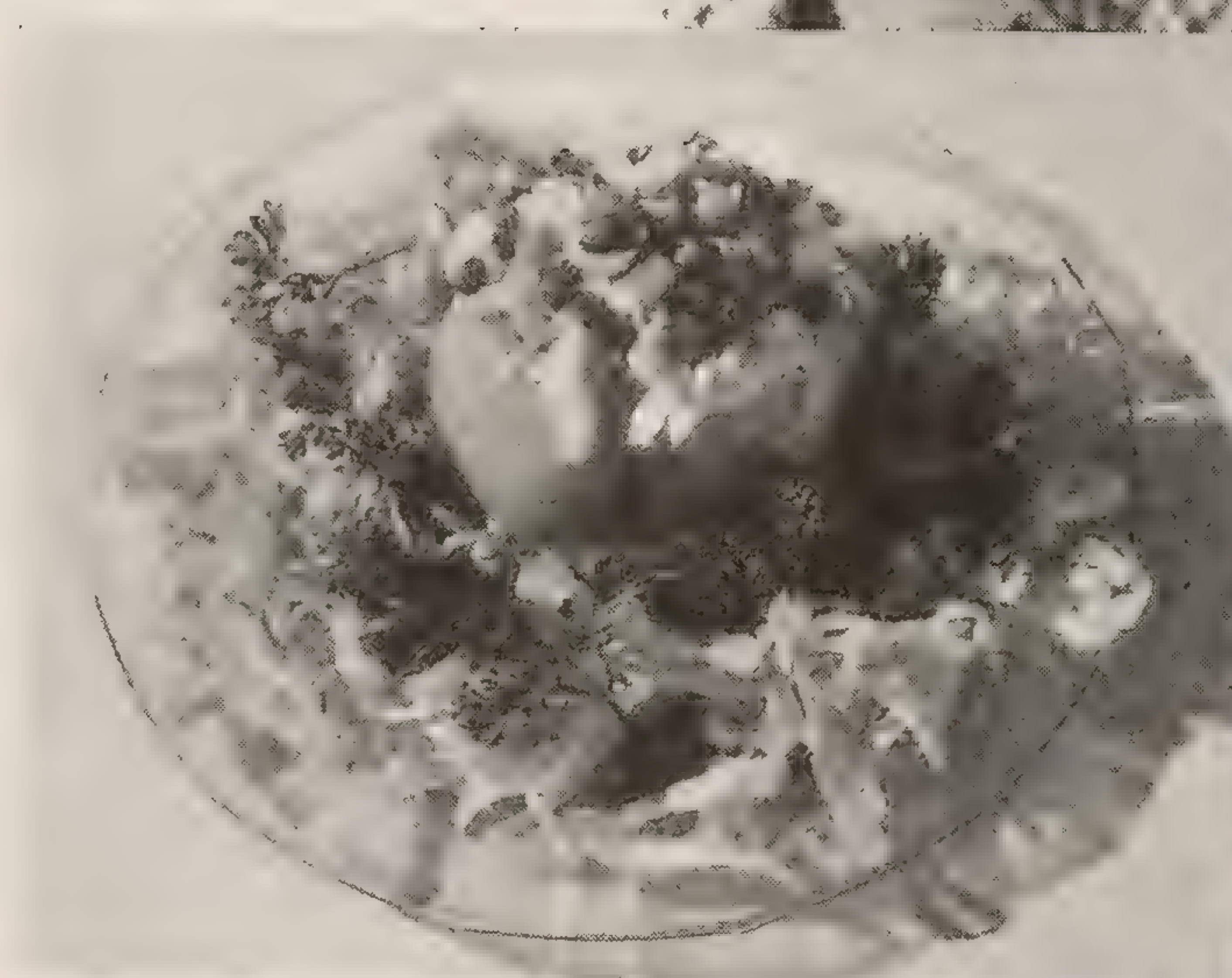
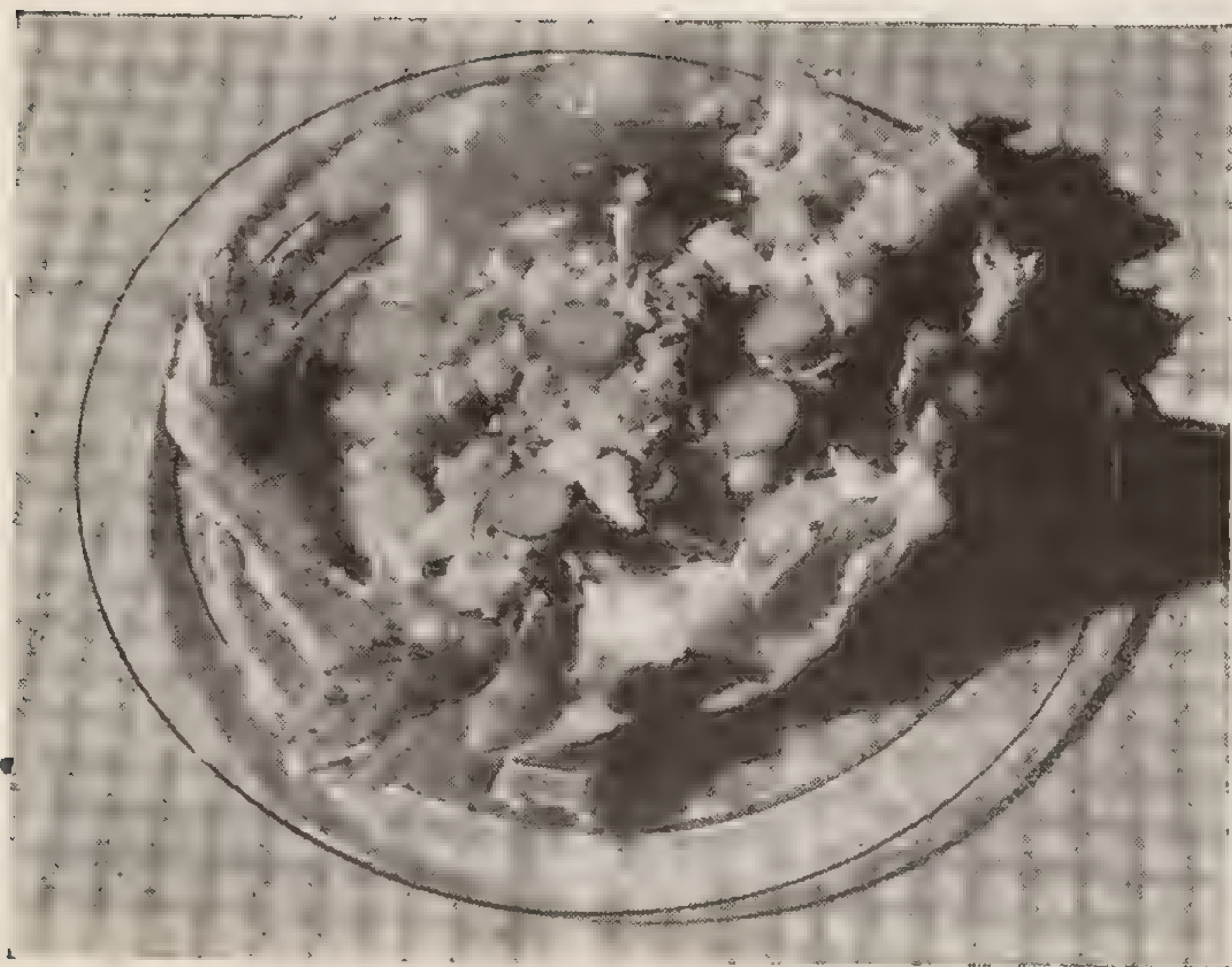
Wide World  
Photos



# "..AND WE'LL JUST HAVE A SALAD"

Betty Grable, RKO player, says that when the Hollywood stars get together for lunch, salad is the main attraction

By MARY MARTIN



A trio of different and really delectable salads, special favorites of Betty Grable.

For the very warm days Miss Grable suggests one of the old reliables with a brand new flavor.

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped English walnuts  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped green olives  
Medium-sized tomatoes

Plunge the ripe tomatoes into hot water for a moment, then remove the skins. Chill, and remove the pulp. Mix the canned tuna with the nut meats, chopped eggs, celery and olives. Use either oil or mayonnaise dressing as you prefer. Fill the tomato cups with the tuna mixture. Sprinkle the top of each cup with capers. Decorate with sprigs of parsley and serve on watercress or shredded lettuce. Instead of the tomato cups, this filling may be served in a tomato aspic ring.

## Sweetbread Salad

Cook a pair of sweetbreads twenty minutes and blanch in cold water. Fill scooped out tomatoes with the sweetbreads diced, and an equal amount of cucumbers mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Set in refrigerator until very cold and serve on white lettuce leaves.

## Stuffed Apricot Salad

Fruit salads may be easily varied by stuffing halves of various fruits with a soft cheese mixture. It is interesting to use a fruit less frequently chosen, such as apricots, but I think you will find this filling delicious for almost any fruit.

1 package cream cheese  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely chopped dates  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts Walnut halves

And for a truly different salad, try a combination of sliced avocados, bits of candied ginger and

sprays of watercress, with French dressing, or try:

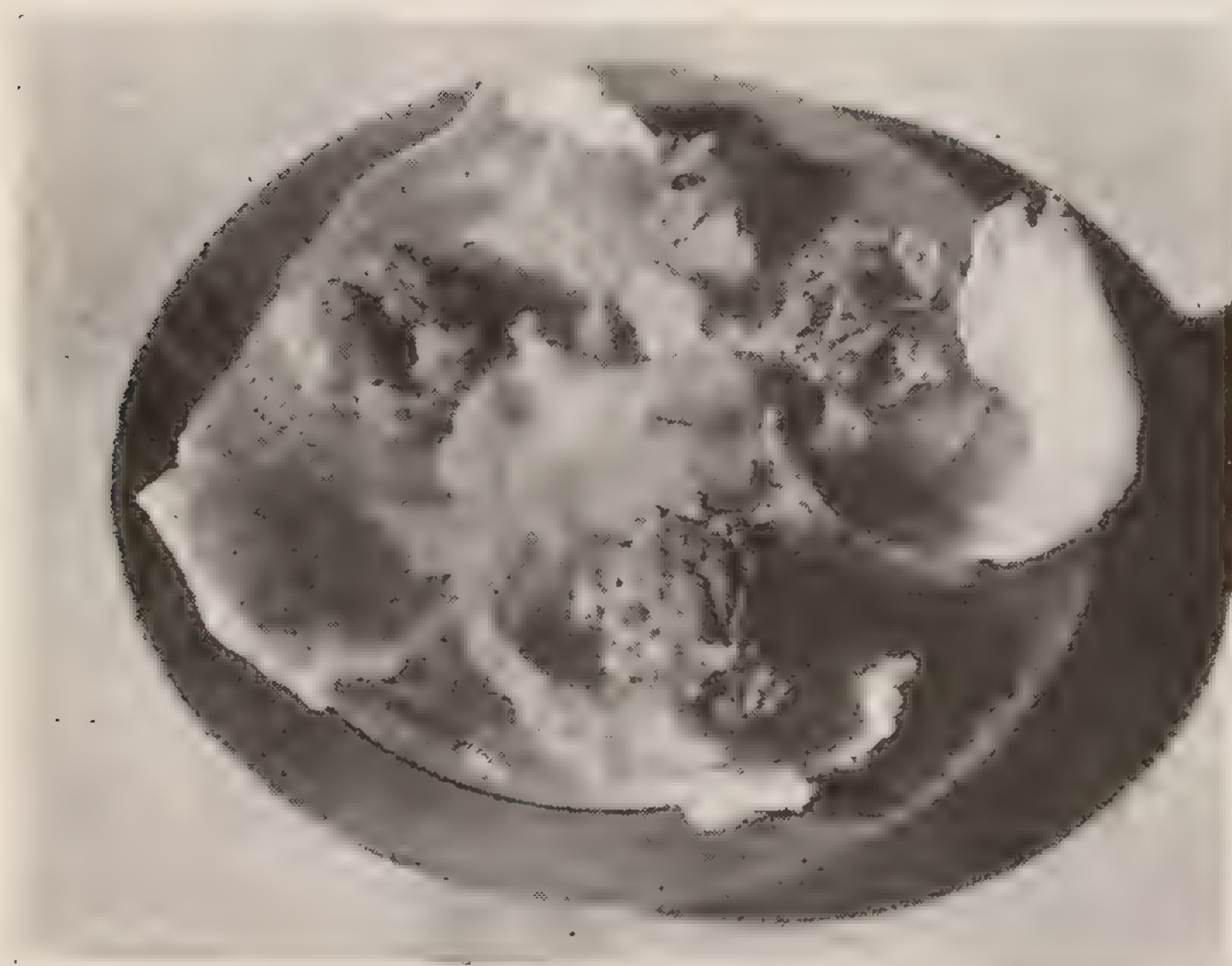
## Potpourri Salad

1 cup ham  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup sweet pickle  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peas Radishes to garnish  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raw carrots Grated onion to taste  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup green pepper 1 egg, hard boiled  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup celery Salt and pepper to taste

The ham—cold boiled—should be diced, and all the vegetables cut fine before measuring. Toss these ingredients together lightly with the seasoning and mayonnaise. Serve cold on lettuce leaves. Garnish with thin slices of radishes and the white of the egg which has been chopped fine. Sprinkle the top with the egg yolk, grated. French dressing may be used if preferred.

For the very warm days that good old reliable salad made from a head of lettuce, sliced tomatoes with chopped ripe olives is good, while chopped capers or shredded almonds add a piquant flavor. Thinly sliced cucumbers soaked a short time in salty water, covered with mayonnaise to which a teaspoonful of onion juice has been added and served on shredded lettuce make a refreshing salad.

The combination of prunes and pineapple is grand too, I think. On finely shredded lettuce place six large well cooked prunes with the stones removed, for each serving. Cover with one-half cup of mayonnaise dressing to which has been added one-half cup whipped cream and one-half cup crushed pineapple, well drained.



"CAN'T you come for lunch? Oh, no, darling, honestly we won't have a lot of food—we'll just have a salad. That's about the way most Hollywood luncheon invitations sound," Betty Grable, lovely RKO player, said, her bright brown eyes twinkling at me. Everyone's watching her figure, as you know, so we lure them with promises of nothing but a salad, but actually, we usually start off with a cold consomme. I buy mine canned and have it in the ice box ready to serve in two jiffies or less. Then after the salad I'm quite apt to err on the side of bounty with an ice, fruit or crackers and cheese. Here are some of my salads. I toss the dressing over them just before serving.

## Tuna Fish Cup

1 medium-sized can white tuna 2 eggs, hard boiled  
1 cup chopped celery



# ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

A page that will help you pick that movie you want to see

By BARBARA BARRY

IF we hadn't seen Louie B. Mayer steaming down the Boulevard, we'd be convinced that the business had moved to Florida, after all, production is that low this month!

## DIAMOND JIM UNIVERSAL

THOSE who knew "Diamond Jim" Brady in his hey-day, declare that Edward Arnold, who plays the title role, might be a reincarnation of the jewel-encrusted playboy of the Gay Nineties, so striking is the resemblance!

Make-up plays an important part in the startling illusion, and Arnold, with jowls pushed out by high, confining collars, is not exactly comfortable. Although he admitted that he is enjoying this role more than any other he has played.

For obvious reasons, Parker Morell's classic novel is not being filmed, verbatim, but we've a bonafide hunch that you're going to enjoy Director Eddie Sutherland's interpretation of the story a whole lot.

"To make money, you gotta look like money." That is Brady's creed, and by that creed he lives, from the day he borrowed twenty dollars from a friend in order to rent a silk hat, cut-away coat, striped trousers and diamonds from a pawnbroker, to the day he died, personally owning all that and much more.

In a southern railroad town, Brady falls in love with Jean Arthur, daughter of wealthy and respected parents. It is the one real love of his life but, before he can promote his honest intentions, Jean's papa and mama have talked her into an engagement with a local blue-blood. And that is Brady's cue for a heart-broken exit (girls not having an ounce of gumption in those days!)

All through his glamorous career, "Diamond Jim" treasures the memory of his one love and, while suffering a synthetic emotion for Lillian Russell (Binnie Barnes), he meets up with a gal who so closely resembles his original romance that he goes completely haywire and asks her to marry him!

So Brady is in love with Jean, and Binnie nurses a terrific yen for Cesar Romero. But when Jim and Binnie find that Jean and Cesar are doing a bit of hectic hand-holding, on the side, Jim offers Binnie a cool million if she'll marry him, r-r-r-right now!

Recognizing the broken heart at the bottom of the wood-pile, Binnie gently refuses to take the long trek down the aisle, million or no million. And Jim, because the doctor has said, "Ah, ah—mustn't touch!", orders two dozen oysters and a tureen of mulligatawny, and proceeds to eat himself out of the picture!

Between shots, Director Sutherland ordered ice cream cones all around and then proceeded to tell us of the joke he had pulled on Binnie that morning.

Binnie is very near-sighted. So much so that many of her dearest friends thought she was deliberately snubbing them before



DIAMOND JIM  
Universal

A character study of Diamond Jim Brady, interesting for Edward Arnold's performance and the atmosphere of New York in the Nineties.

TOP HAT  
RKO

Neither better nor worse than most musicals, this holds up well for lovers of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire and their gay, captivating dancing.



FRONT PAGE WOMAN  
Warners

George Brent and Bette Davis are rival newspaper reporters. Of course they're in love. Good if you like newspaper pictures.



PAGE MISS GLORY  
Warners

Marion Davies as a small town ugly duckling who comes to the big city and wins a beauty contest. Old hokum, but amusing.



ACCENT ON YOUTH  
Paramount

From the stage play. Herbert Marshall and Sylvia Sidney as lovers who will suit sophisticates and romantics equally well.



MEN WITHOUT NAMES  
Paramount

"G-Men" started something. Fred MacMurray and Madge Evans in a gunfire thriller you'll like if you liked "G-Men."



they found out about her affliction. They had been looking over some strips of film, cut from the rushes, and as Binnie held each strip close before her eyes, Eddie suddenly got the rare idea!

Looking around, he picked up a narrow strip of galvanized tin and very nonchalantly handed it to the intrigued Binnie.

"Here's a shot that ought to be the highlight of the entire picture," he said innocently.

Binnie held it up to the light. "M-mm-m," she murmured, "that is—well, I mean . . ." and while she held it closer and closer, Eddie and the entire crew went into hysterics!

Binnie's a grand scout, though, and laughed as hard as anyone when she finally found out she'd been trying to be polite about looking through a piece of tin.

Eddie recounts an interesting incident in connection with his direction of the "Diamond Jim" epic.

At the age of thirteen, Eddie stood in the Grand Central Station, in New York, waiting for the train that would return him to the Hudson River Military Academy.

A heavy-set gentleman approached him and said: "Pardon me, son, but aren't you Al Sutherland's kid?"

When Eddie admitted the charge, the h.s.g. chuckled: "I thought so! Why, I'd know Al's boy anywhere. Next time you see your dad, tell him that Jim Brady said 'Hello!'"

## TOP HAT RKO

THIS isn't a mystery story, but we've had less trouble figuring out who killed cock robin than unraveling the romantic complications in this singee-dancee opus, by Alexander Farrow and Aladar Laszlo.

In the first place, Ginger Rogers falls for Fred Astaire when he lulls her to sleep with a sand dance (a soft routine with sand on the floor).

Through a series of complications, Ginger is led to believe that Fred is the husband of a good friend of hers, who is really married to Edward Everett Horton, producer of the show in which Fred does his stuff, terpsichorically speaking.

So, in a fit of pique, Ginger ups and marries Erik Rhodes and, when they go to retire, Astaire keeps them awake by inducing Horton to tap dance until Rhodes is so annoyed that he leaves his bride to dash upstairs and inquire what the ding-ding. Or something. (Please turn to page 59)

## BEST BETS

DIAMOND JIM, with Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes.

TOP HAT, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

PAGE MISS GLORY, with Marion Davies and Dick Powell.

THE ARIZONIAN, with Richard Dix and Margot Grahame.

ESCAPADE, with William Powell and Virginia Bruce.

ACCENT ON YOUTH, with Sylvia Sidney and Herbert Marshall.





Daughter Lois and Stan Laurel



Daughter Shirley Ann and Guy Kibbee



Daughter Patsy and Bert Wheeler



Skeets Gallagher and the young Skeets-es.



Stu Erwin with Stu Junior. Right, Eddie Cantor displays a family that is a family. Count 'em.

# Comedians Make the Best Fathers

Their own children say so—and the kids ought to know. Maybe it's that comedians are just big kids themselves, dressed up in long pants

**D**O comedians really make better fathers than other actors? And if so, why?

Judging from what I've observed, I think they do. And there are lots of reasons why they should.

For one thing, something of the mellowing influence of comedy oozes over into the home life of the comedian and is felt by his youngsters. And there is certainly always a childlike quality in a comedian that helps to make him a great pal to his kid. Joe E. Brown, Harold Lloyd, Will Rogers, Bert Wheeler, Eddie Cantor, Stan Laurel, Wallace Beery, Stuart Erwin, Slim Summerville, Frank McHugh and probably others I have forgotten to mention, all are idols of their children and at the same time are the little ones' pals.

Even the most Bohemian of them all, Charlie Chaplin, temperamental, hectic and irresponsible as he is, reserves a spot in his heart where only his children come. He grinned with happy pride the day he showed me the place on his estate which is reserved for the two boys, and where we found games, playthings, little chairs, tables, swings, all the elaborate paraphernalia of a child's playground.

Charlie never misses taking his children to the circus when the circus and the boys are in town at the same time.

And little Sid loves puzzles, just as Charlie does; so the two sit on the ground together for hours sometimes, working out some particularly teasing puzzle.

Very indulgent are these comedian dads.

Joe E. Brown had a soda-fountain put into his home for his children! Of course Don and Joe, Jr., quarrelled at first as to who should be soda jerker, and even

By GRACE KINGSLEY

now Don slings a mean cherry sundae; but the fountain has lost its novelty, coming into play only

when there is a party at the Brown home, when the boys take turns showing what mixers they are, in the vanilla-or-strawberry sense.

And Joe is always buying mechanical toys for his children. But there's a catch to that. For Joe himself loves these toys, and it is a joke in the family that when a new toy is put on the market the boys lure him to the shop where it is being sold, and get a great kick out of watching their dad's delight in working it.

The little girls, Mary Elizabeth Ann and Katharine Frances, have all the mechanical dolls that come on the market. Joe shows no partiality in the matter of gifts or affection, but little Mary Elizabeth Ann, being the older, is the one naturally who takes his hat and puts it away for him when he comes home at night.

**W**HETHER Eddie Cantor is working or not, those five daughters of his all demand that he take them and their mother to the movies in the evening; or, leaving Mama at home, he takes the girls down to Venice and Ocean Park, where they ride on the roller-coasters, shoot in the shooting galleries, gaze at their reflections in the merry mirrors, and do all the other mad things one finds to do in the topsyturvy land of the Midway. The only complaint Eddie has ever been known to utter was the wish that his daughters wouldn't roller-coaster quite so much!

We asked Eddie what he talked about with his family around the dinner table.

"Oh, everything," he answered. "We discuss everything with our children. I'd rather they learned about life from us than somewhere else. Sometimes (*Please turn to page 54*)



The Joe E. Brown family. Joe Junior and Don are the boys; and the little girls are named Mary Elizabeth Ann and Katharine Frances.





# "Dinner's Ready"

YOU can tell by the tone of her voice, it's a good dinner. It's not only tempting but nourishing. She knows the big part that food plays in keeping her family in vigorous health.

It is no easy task, year in and year out, to plan meals for the family. The more limited the food budget, the more necessary it is to know what to buy—and why—for better health. Expensive foods may be far less nourishing than those which cost less.

Food for the family must meet a variety of needs. It must contain the elements necessary

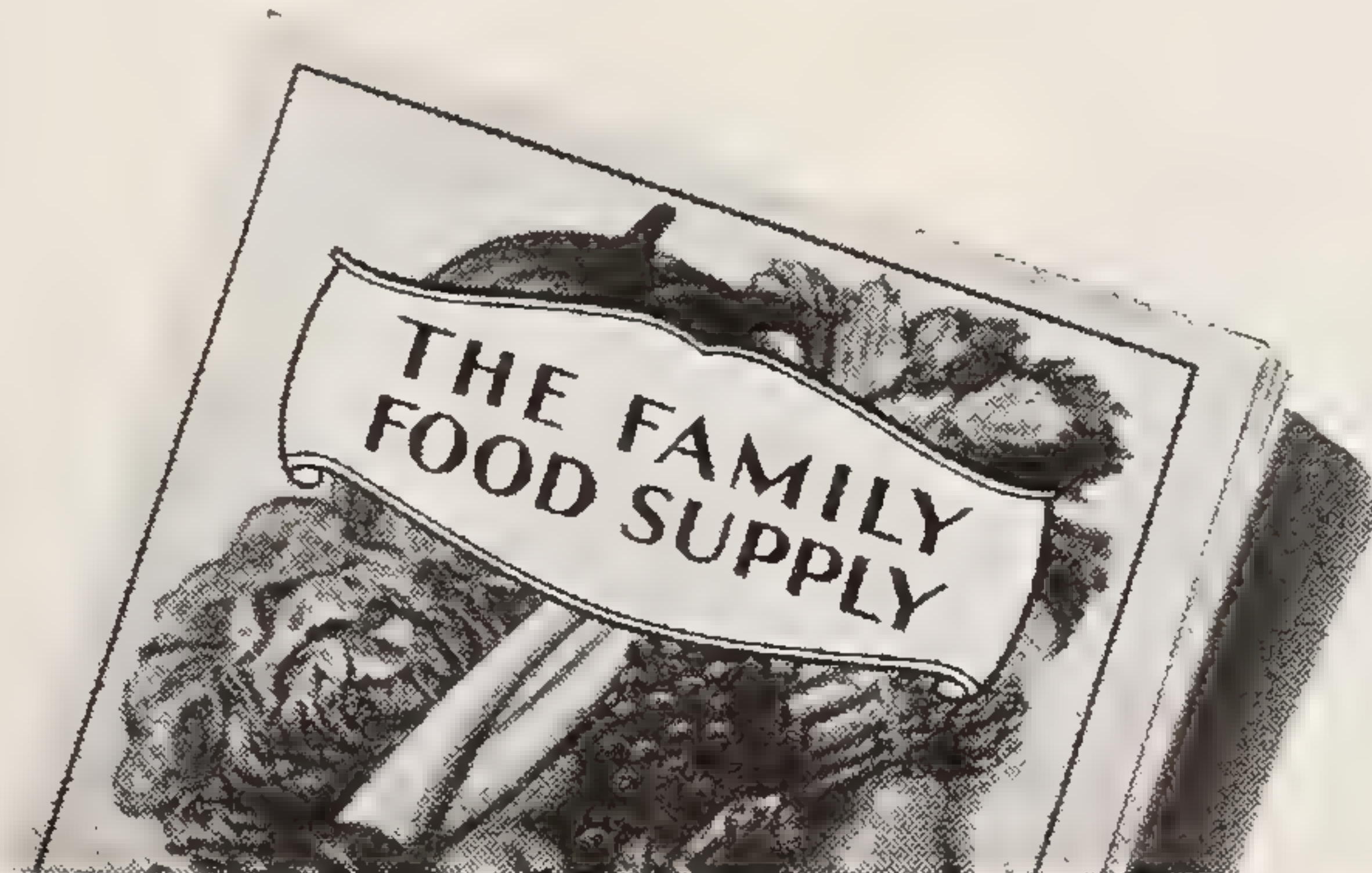
- for growth and development of children and for renewal of body tissues in adults (Proteins and Minerals)
- to supply energy for work and play (Carbohydrates and Fats)
- to regulate body processes and protect against disease (Minerals and Vitamins).

The amount of food required varies according to the individual. Children require more of the "growing foods" than adults. People who work hard physically require more of the "energy foods."



Send for booklet "The Family Food Supply"

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Please mail me a copy of "The Family Food Supply" which tells about nourishing, inexpensive foods.

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## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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# PLAYROOMS of the STARS

**A new Hollywood fad which may sweep over the country. Turn your friends loose in a sound-proof room with unbreakable dishes. • By HENRY M. FINE**



Bullock

It is in Mary Pickford's playroom, one of the first in Hollywood, that most of her famous costume parties are held.



Fryer

George Brent's playroom, beautifully furnished, is a place for a quiet, friendly talk. (Below) That of Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien.



**W**HOOPEE rooms!

Play places of the stars!

Where the Norma Shearers, Clark Gables and Marlene Dietrichs relax and get away from grease-paint, cameras and lights.

Where screenland's elite turn to ping-pong, puzzles and games for an evening's fun.

They were first really made popular by the late Lew Cody, whose amusing parties, thrown in what he called his "whoopie parlor," situated in the renovated cellar of his home, earned him the reputation of Hollywood's "King of Hosts." Stars and their satellites, directors, producers and other film executives, flocked to these "shindigs" in droves. And with his close friend, frozen-faced Buster Keaton, who here would smile once in a while, Cody showed moviedom how to make merry. His formula was a few cocktails, cleverly concocted at a miniature bar, and a multitude of crazy games.

**T**HE idea quickly caught on, and today playrooms have become a definite part of Hollywood entertainment. To such an extent that screen notables without them are rapidly adding them to their homes.

One of the newest is in the home of Director Wesley Ruggles and his wife, Arline Judge. It is built on the order of an English tap-room. The ceilings are beamed, and the walls, of burnt wood and plaster panelling, add to the effect. On one side of the room is a massive fireplace. At the other end, a large bar. In a small alcove is a buffet service, with the east end of the place providing a

beautiful view of the swimming pool and bath house.

The room seats 60 people comfortably. Here on a Sunday you'll find Helen Twelvetrees and husband, Frank Woody, bragging about their family presidential candidate, infant Jackie, favorite playmate of Wesley Ruggles, Jr., except when youthful squabbles separate them. Over in a corner June Collier and Stuart Erwin will probably be playing a rubber of bridge with Marian Nixon and William Seiter, whereas in another corner Esther Ralston will undoubtedly be trying out the new combination radio-phonograph which plays 12 records without stopping.

When the crowd gets tired of playing games, Wes will turn off the lights, and with the assistance of a small, sound equipped motion picture projection machine, flash on a baby-sized screen his latest film. When this is over everyone adjourns to the Rathskeller downstairs, which boasts everything up to and including a billiard table.

**A**MONG the oldest "whoopie" rooms in Hollywood is the "Trophy Room" at Pickfair. So named because it contains paintings and relics of Early California. Here (Please turn to page 58)

All of the Hollywood playrooms offer games. Pert Kelton's favorite game, it happens, is pool.



Willer



Welbourne

The studious James Cagney's playroom looks more like an arsenal, what with all the guns, but there are lots of books, too, which can't be seen in this shot.



**If you could look  
Under Your Skin!**

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes—wrinkles!



Miss Hélène Macy of New York says: "Since I began to use Pond's Cold Cream, my skin is clearer, smoother, the pores invisible."

**LINES** form here when oil glands underneath fail to nourish, and the underskin grows thin and wasted.

**PORES** stretch and grow larger when clogged by impurities from inside the skin.

**BLACKHEADS** form when the pores remain clogged with thickened secretions from within the skin.

**BLEMISHES** follow when the clogging accumulations are not removed from the pores.

**DRY SKIN** occurs when oil glands slow up, cease to supply the oils that make skin soft and supple.

**TISSUES SAG** when circulation slows, under tissues grow thin, nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.



# When *Underskin* fails to function, expect Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes!

*Fight them in your Underskin  
with this deep-skin cream*

DO YOU KNOW what makes skin supple and smooth? The tiny oil glands *underneath* it.

Do you know what keeps it firm, young? Millions of tiny nerve and muscle fibres just *below* the surface.

What gives it that clear glow that never fails to win admiration? The active circulation in little blood vessels all through the *underskin*.

Skin authorities say the whole beauty of your outer skin depends on the proper functioning of all these things just *under your skin*! How foolish to waste time and money on beauty preparations that do not go to the root of the matter, and help this underskin to function actively.

Hundreds of women have learned to ward off skin faults, and keep their skin beautiful with a cream that goes deep—that both cleanses to the depths and rouses the slowing underskin to vigorous action—Pond's Cold Cream.

And here's the simple way they use it:—

**EVERY NIGHT**—with your finger tips, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously, patting it in till the skin is warm and supple. It sinks deep into the pores, flushes away dirt, make-up and impurities from



*The Countess of Warwick*

admired for her youth, beauty and gracious personality, says: "Pond's Cold Cream is marvelous for bringing out the dirt from the pores of the skin. I use it at least twice a day."

within the skin itself. Wipe cream and dirt away. Pat in some more cream briskly, and give your cleansed skin a second invigorating treatment with it. The circulation stirs. Oil glands are awakened. Tissues and fibres toned. See how clear and

glowing your skin looks. How satiny to the touch.

**IN THE MORNING**, repeat this. In the daytime, too, before you put on fresh make-up. Rouge and powder go on evenly, stay fresh for hours.

But most of all you'll be delighted with the steady improvement in your skin. By this constant care, you can rid your skin, as hundreds of other women have, of all those common and disfiguring skin faults. You can avoid blackheads and blemishes. Reduce enlarged pores. Soften lines. Firm the skin.

Send for the special 9-treatment tube of Pond's offered below. See in a few days the promise of what it can do for you. Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and entirely free from germs.



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses the skin deep, invigorates the underskin, corrects skin faults.

**Mail this Coupon—for Generous Package!**

POND'S, Dept. H48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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# THE Make-up Box

**REST IN PEACE:** Here's real news for everyone who has carefully put up her hair in curlers, only to awaken in the dead of night and tear them off with loud groans. It's a curler with a tiny rubber tip that acts as a cushion and not only whips the stubborn little ends into bewitching ringlets but allows you to slumber throughout the night quietly and peacefully. The curler is nicely perforated to allow the hair to dry thoroughly and comes in two sizes . . . small, to take care of wispy locks, and regular size for average curls.



**FRECKLED BUT FEARLESS:** If freckles are your evil Nemesis (as they are mine) be of good cheer. For what I have discovered, my fine speckled friends, are two products. One is a bleach mask to be applied twice a week and its continuous use fades unsightly freckles with breath-taking rapidity. The other is a shade of face powder suitable for toning down the prominence of said freckles. Both these products originated in Hollywood and screen stars use them to counteract the benefits (?) of that good old California sunshine.



**FOUND:** A lipstick in a glorious shade of red and guaranteed not to turn purple under the summer sun. It's smooth and indelible. You apply a generous coating to your mouth, let it set, and remove with a bit of tissue. Then you're truly kissable. . . . Included in this month's circular is a complexion diet to tone up tissues and tummies . . . lots of other news too. Just write—

*Marilyn*

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

# Feet in the SPOTLIGHT

**A dancer reveals her own secrets  
for beautiful and healthy feet**



**E**VERY woman should give her feet careful, regular attention—a dancer *must* do so," said Ruby Keeler, young screen actress whose nimble feet have tapped their way to stardom. "For foot ills are responsible for as many wrinkles as old age, as many gray hairs as heart-and-home problems.

"While the average woman realizes this, she is often prone to devote herself to her face, hands and hair—and then say that she hasn't time to give her feet the treatments and exercises that they deserve.

"Of course, a dancer cannot afford to neglect her feet. At the moment that we are taught our first steps, we are also taught to regard our feet with respect. We are shown the exercises we must do regularly and are taught how to relax our feet, how to massage them, how to avoid straining them.

"The most important rule in caring for your feet is to be sure always to buy shoes that are large enough. Shoes that are basically suited to your feet. If you have a long, narrow foot, you should wear slender shoes with fairly pointed toes. Shorter, broader feet (like those of most dancers) should always be shod in short, round-toed lasts. The toes must never be cramped or forced into shoes that will cause them to overlap.

"The second thing to remember is to vary your heel heights. By that I mean that it is dangerous to restrict oneself to heels of only one height. Feet should

be kept flexible, and to do this one should try to have in her shoe wardrobe at all times the following types of shoes:

- Heelless mules
- Low-heeled sports Oxfords
- Flat-heeled strap-slippers
- Cuban-heeled Oxfords
- High-heeled pumps or sandals

"These should be worn with a fair degree of consistency in order that the foot will be comfortable in any heel. If you've been wearing very high heels, it would be unwise to change suddenly to low ones and vice versa. But by wearing low heels one day, medium ones the next and high heels at other times, you'll keep your feet in good condition. In lieu of going barefoot, wear heelless mules around your own room.

"Besides selecting the right types of shoes, you should also devote at least five minutes every night to strengthening your feet. And one simple exercise will do this. Simply stand erect with your feet at forty-five-degree angles and raise and lower yourself on your toes for five minutes. Begin with a one-minute session, of course, and add one minute each night until you can do it five minutes without tiring.

"After this exercise, you should rest and relax your feet by sitting down in a big chair and placing another chair before you. Prop up your feet on this chair for five minutes. Then get out your footbalm and rub them thoroughly. Then a good hot bath, gradually getting cooler until the water is quite cold, will make your feet feel—and look—like a million dollars.

"Another thing that dancers remember is that grace of the feet often depends upon the way you stand—and we always keep our ankles to-

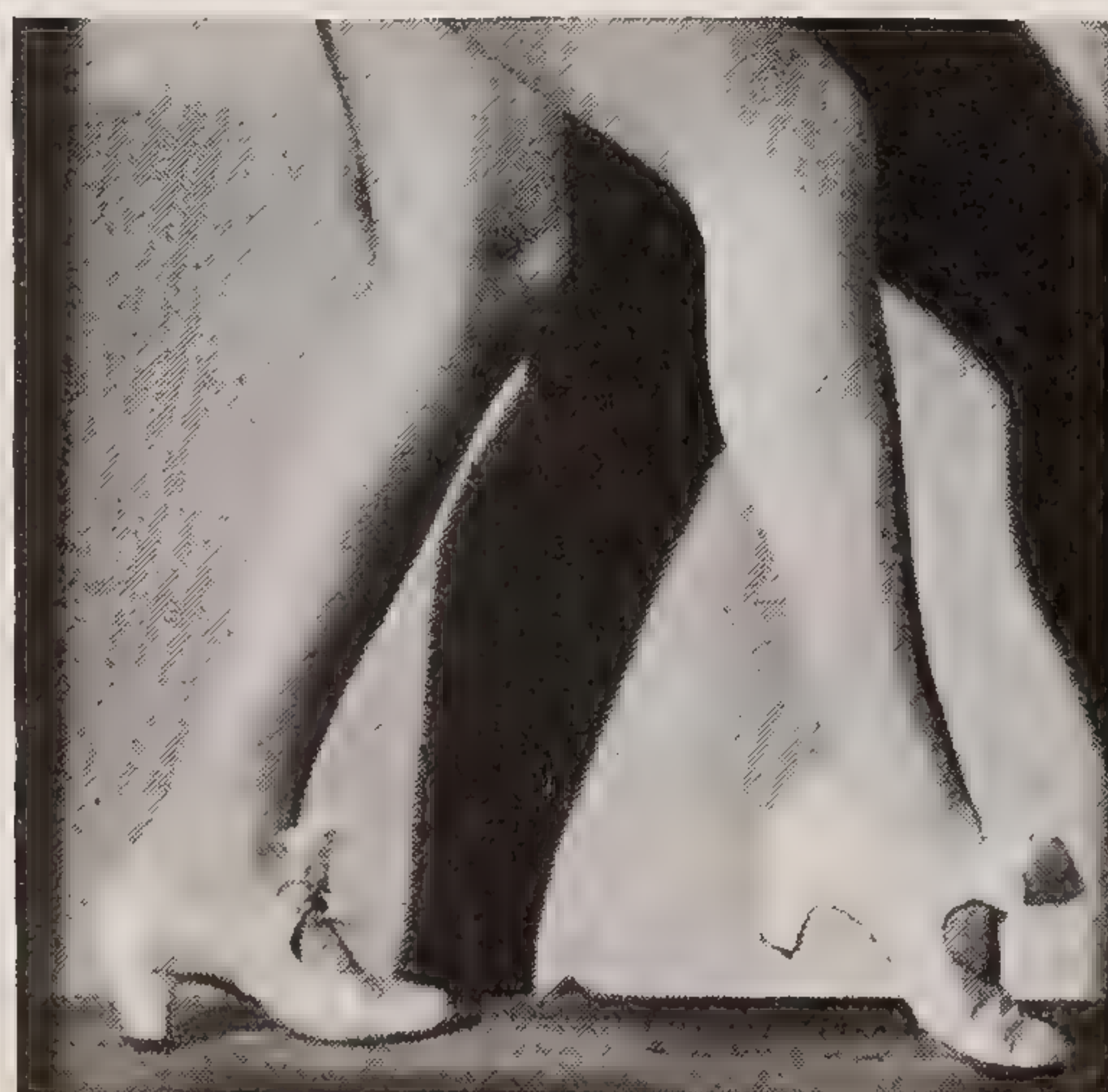
gether. Even when you're sitting down, you'll find that 'ankles together' is one sure rule for looking lovely. And your ankles will show lots of improvement from your health exercises for your feet. The raising and lowering for five minutes a night will make your ankles slender, too.

"Too thin legs can be benefited by massage with cocoa butter or olive oil and by walking about three miles a day. This builds up the muscles of the legs and develops shapeliness.

"Dancers probably wear out more pairs of shoes a year than any other group of people and, personally, I need about twenty pairs of shoes a year. While I wear sports shoes, Oxfords and sandals at various times, my favorite shoe is the opera pump. I think it's the most flattering and the most comfortable for my own feet."

But *any* shoe would look well on Miss Keeler's feet, for she has very small and well-shaped pedal extremities. She wears a number 4-B! Her ankles are seven and one-half inches in circumference and her calves thirteen inches—the exact measurements of the perfect girl of 1935 selected by Busby Berkeley, Warner Brothers' dance director, who recently conducted a census of practically all the leading feminine players of Hollywood and arrived at these figures.

If nature has not endowed you with the ideal proportions, start today on a new program for healthy and beautiful feet, ankles and legs.



Compare your pedal measurements with Ruby Keeler's, for hers are considered perfect. She wears a number 4-B shoe; ankles are 7 1/2 inches; and her calves 13 inches.

"Grace of the feet very often depends upon the way you stand and sit. Remembering always to keep your ankles together is one way to avoid an awkward pose," says Ruby.



*That wonderful day on the river*



● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out the way you want them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**This day will never come again—  
save it with snapshots**



# YOUNGER HOLLYWOOD

**The Hollywood colony of youngsters, usually so full of fun, knows tragedy too. But the empty ranks are filled and they go on. By HENRY WILLSON**

ONE of Hollywood's cleverest motion pictures—containing wit—charm—beauty—and talent, combined with complete abandon will never, unfortunately, reach the professional screen. The picture stars Ben Alexander and Phyllis Fraser, and was made with a 16 m.m. film up at Lake Arrowhead a couple of Sundays ago.

"Little Red Riding Hood" is the title of the epic and in the cast we found Mrs. Lewis Frederick Ayres playing some sort of snow nymph—and is she cute! How that Ginger Rogers gets around—there's no keeping her out of pictures. Phyllis Fraser, Ginger's cousin, plays the lead in the picture. She and Ginger out-do themselves, and they look really beautiful—which all goes to disprove the fact that Hollywood stars would be a wash-out without their layers of make-up, their false eye-lashes and the arc lights and camera angles. Lew Ayres and Leila Rogers took turns as cameraman and director, with the sun furnishing the lighting effects.

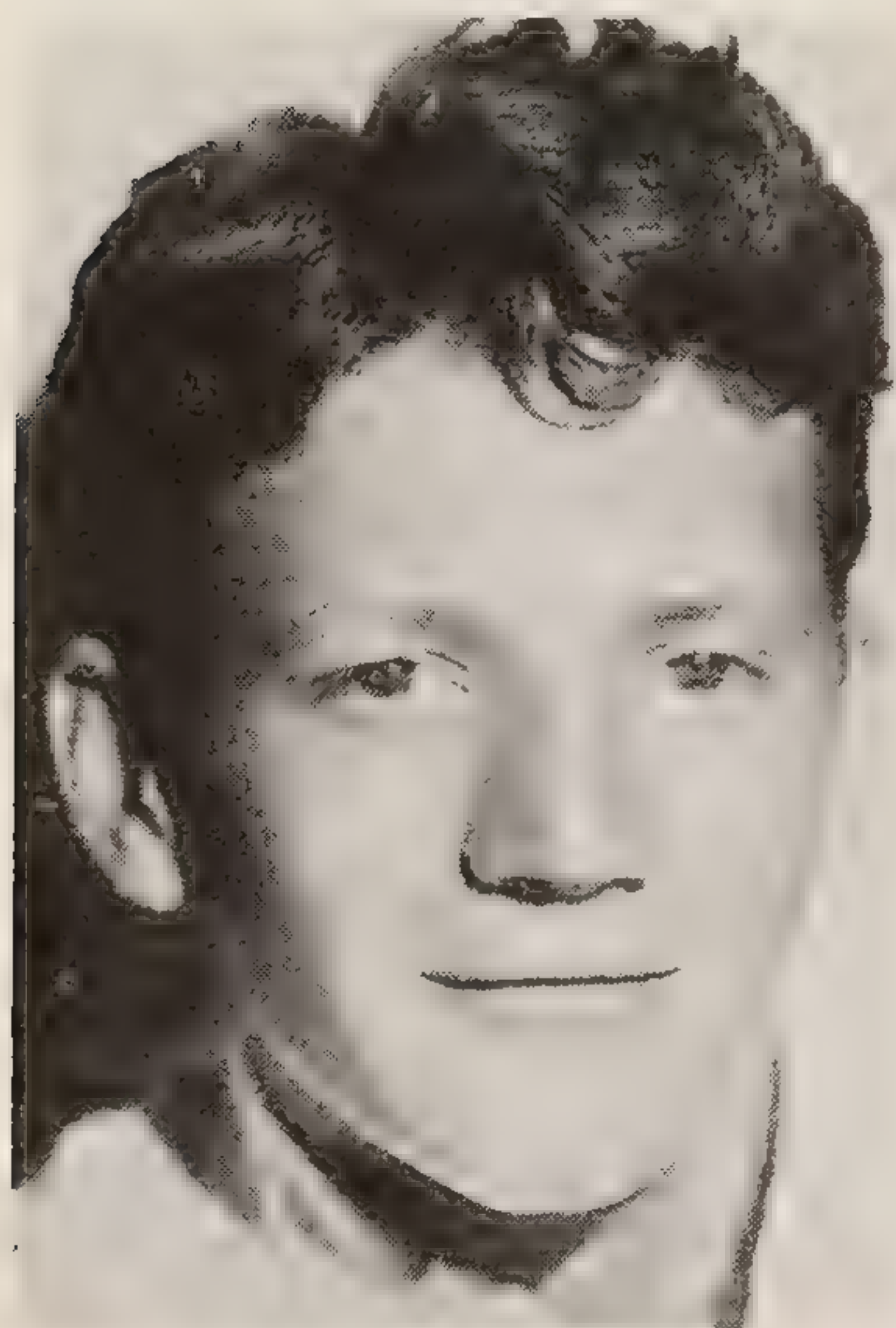
The idea made such a hit that the troupe immediately lined up a super-super cast for another production—"The Disinherited," starring Earl Eby and featuring these players, James Gleason, Johnny Mack Brown, Sterling Holloway, Florence Lake, Bodil Rosing, Noel Madison, and Andy Devine. They've rented an old ramshackle house on Sunset Boulevard—had the lights turned on, and use that for the interior shots. Ben Alexander is chief cameraman and cutter, while Albert, Lew Ayres' colored man, has been made chief electrician. Poor Albert is really the only unhappy one in the whole shooting-match. Albert used to be a high grade colored butler and chauffeur, but for the past five weeks he hasn't even seen a butler's uniform, 'cause Lew and Ginger saw fit to elevate this protégé of amateur technical intricacies. The pictures are a lot of fun, and the next one will star Janet Gaynor in a hilarious take-off of "Anna Christie".

P. S.: Albert will remain as electrician.

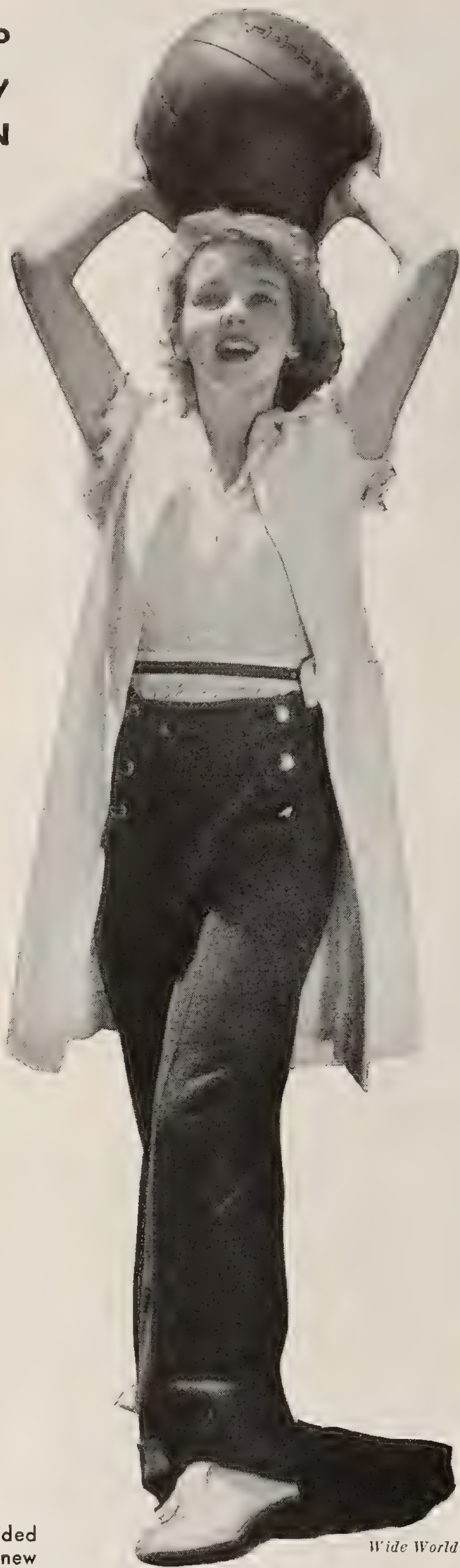
UNDOUBTEDLY Hollywood's newest young sensation will be Louis Hayward, the handsome young juvenile Metro signed this season, after his record-breaking overnight hit in the Noel Coward play, "Point Valaine," with Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne. His performance was so marked in the play, and hailed by the critics, that the management was forced to put young Hayward's name up in lights, featured with the stars, Lunt and Fontanne. And one more performance like his in M-G-M's "The Flame Within" will put this newcomer right on top—which should please Metro no end, as they are paying him three times as much as anybody can possibly imagine. That's how anxious they were for a new leading man who could act.

IDA Lupino's visit at the Del Tahquitz in Palm Springs unwittingly settled a momentous question for that town's Chamber of Commerce. It seems there had been much discussion whether the airport should be moved nearer town. During Ida's sojourn, Howard Hughes, Hollywood's youngest producer, caused much excitement by circling around the roof-top of the hotel, playing hide-and-seek with Lupino—and finally, finding it inconvenient to park on the Del Tahquitz roof, Hughes brought his machine to a stop in the empty sand lot next door. So from now on that will be the new Palm Springs Airport.

Read how Ida Lupino's visit to Palm Springs decided the Chamber of Commerce of that town on a new place for an airport.



Above: Death always seems the more cruel when it takes the young. Junior Durkin had a splendid future. We shall miss him. Right: Lew Ayres and Ben Alexander, with their friends, are now making amateur movies.



Wide World

HOLLYWOOD'S youngest potential feature picture director today is twenty-three-year-old George Sidney (son of Louis K. Sidney, Loew Theater executive), who has been made test director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. George has been assigned to direct all the stage stars brought out from New York in dramatic and musical screen tests being shot for contracts. Doris Carson, Constance Carpenter, Eleanor Powell and Fred Perry are some of the young newcomers who have been successfully tested by Sidney. In talking to him, we found him bubbling over with new ideas that are bound to land him a feature picture direction assignment before very long.

FRANKIE DARRO and Bob Meredith were more than surprised, recently, on their return from location when an orange juice stand man invited them to "hurry back" after they had heeded his inviting sign: "All the Orange Juice You Can Drink for 10c." Each boy emptied eleven glasses of the beverage.

THE Will Rogers' were practically minus a large, double wooden gate to their ranch property the other night when daughter Mary started off for the Trocadero with Bob Hoover, Paula Stone and myself. The gates were closed as we drove down from the ranch house, so Bob stopped the car and I prepared to jump out and open the gate.

"Oh, you don't have to get out, Henry," explained Mary. "Just push the bumper against the left gate and they both swing open. It's a little system I discovered all myself." So we pushed—and pushed—and the pleased expression on our faces dropped to a shadow of doubt as there was a cracking, crushing, gate-smashing sound ahead of us. As a matter of fact, the gate was being smashed. Mary had made a slight error. It was coming IN to the ranch that the gates swing open, by pushing the bumper against the left gate. It was a lovely gate, if ever I saw one.

Speaking of the Rogers—I'll take a chance that this is no longer a secret of Jimmy's, Will's youngest son. Jim, who graduated from Prep School this year, made a bet with some of the fellows in his class at school that he could tie himself to the top of the goal post on the polo field and that they couldn't get him off within twenty minutes. If Jimmy lost the penalty was either to pay \$1.00 to each fellow, or dye his hair blonde. If his opponents lost, the same held true. Jimmy didn't win—and he was darned if he'd pay that money. So seven youths, with glee written all over their faces, poured peroxide on Jimmy's dark locks. When the process was finished, Jimmy was cool and collected. He merely applied a little brown hair dye, plus a special lotion that was guaranteed to "hasten the process," and he was to be back to normal again. Something went wrong, and Jimmy became a flaming "red-head." Jimmy is still seeing red, and Father Will is still wondering why Jimmy kept his hat pulled down over his ears the whole week-end.

IN closing, I want to dedicate this paragraph on behalf of myself and the younger set of Hollywood to Trent Junior Durkin, the finest friend I could ever hope for. His untimely accident and death on the eve of starting the two greatest picture roles of his career still leaves Hollywood stunned. A sweeter—kinder—a more regular fellow never lived. But Junior always disliked anything sentimental, so for his sake, I will stop at this: We'll miss him.





Natural Lipstick  
Natural, Rose and  
Mauve Nail Polish



Coral Lipstick  
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Cardinal Lipstick  
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Ruby Lipstick  
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#### IMPORTANT—READ!

Unlike many other oily polish removers that seek to imitate it, Cutex Oily Polish Remover leaves no film to dim the lustre of your nail polish and shorten its life. This is because Cutex Oily Polish Remover contains a very special oil that cannot harm the appearance of your polish or affect its wear. Play safe! Avoid unsatisfactory imitations.

## Cutex offers you a complete range of matching Lipsticks and Nail Polishes

EVERYBODY'S talking about the exciting new Cutex vogue of matching lips and finger tips! . . . Every smart woman is wearing them this summer—on cruise or ashore!

And no wonder, when this color harmony of lips and nails is so absolutely *right* . . . when it's so becoming to every woman, and so suited to her every costume . . . And, best of all, when Cutex has made it so very easy to achieve.

No effort or guesswork—you simply choose your favorite Cutex Polish shades from a lovely color range running through Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby. And then ask for the

corresponding Cutex Lipstick. It will match or tone in perfectly. No more discords of purplish reds and orange reds—lips and nails "belong."

And the Cutex Lipstick is a perfect find just in itself. It's delightfully smooth and creamy—yet never greasy. It goes on beautifully and *stays* on without drying your lips in the least.

**DON'T WAIT!** Get at least one shade of Cutex matching Lipstick and Nail Polish today! At the Toilet Goods Department of your favorite store . . . Cutex Liquid Polish, in Crème or Clear form; and Cutex Lipstick in shades to match.

NORTHAM WARREN • New York Montreal London Paris



# MUSIC in the MOVIES

With Irving Berlin himself writing musical scores for the movies, it's no wonder this month's tunes are grand. By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

GOOD news for lovers of music in the movies is that no less a personage than Irving Berlin, the old master himself, is now at work for you. Five of the forthcoming tunes in "Top Hat," RKO's musical featuring nimble Fred Astaire and the equally gay Ginger Rogers, are from Berlin's gifted pen. They are "No Strings," "Isn't This a Lovely Day," "Top Hat," "Get Thee Behind Me, Satan," and "Piccolino," to which Fred dances while Ginger sings.

Many of the studios are nearing the completion of new musical productions. Warner's "Broadway Gondoliers" has the popular Dick Powell in the stellar role. The film will feature another superb musical score by Dubin and Warren, the ace team who gave us those recent hits from "The Gold Diggers" and "Go into Your Dance." In "Broadway Gondoliers" you will hear, among others, "The Rose in Her Hair," an engaging little waltz, "Outside of You," "Sweet and Slow" featured in the picture by the Mills Brothers, and "Lulu's Back in Town," all of which are included in this review.

"College Scandals" is also being readied for release under the Paramount banner. While this picture is not as rich in songs, it boasts of one which promises to be outstanding. "In the Middle of a Kiss" is the title and it is a melodic fox trot in slow tempo, written by Sam Coslow, who gave us "Thanks," "Please" and "Cocktails for Two." Dick Barthelmess' "Four Hours to Kill," another Paramount production, includes two very rhythmic, yes even hot, tunes called "Hate to Talk to Myself" and "You're the Cutest One." And "Masquerade," the M-G-M contribution to current musicals, features "You're All I Need."

OF all the songs included in this month's review, "In the Middle of a Kiss" is, in our opinion, the best bet. This song is given first place because of the beauty of its melody, its appealing lyric, and Jan Garber's excellent recording.

It is from "College Scandals," and is played by the Jan Garber orchestra as a sweet melodic fox trot ballad. The arrangement is of the simple variety with reverence for melody, and the smooth Garber saxes emphasize its beauty. A mellow trombone in a short interlude also falls easy on the ears. Lee Bennett sings an alluring vocal refrain.

On the other side we hear "With All My Heart and Soul" played by the New Mayfair Dance Orchestra. This is an English band with a large instrumentation, patterned in some respects after the distinguished style of that other English leader, Ray Noble. How-



If you wondered who those brilliant dancers were in "In Caliente," here they are—the sophisticated, scintillating De Marcos.

ever, this band is a far cry from Noble's, but still, as bands go, it is above the average. (Victor)

"The Rose in Her Hair" from "Broadway Gondoliers" by Eddy Duchin and his orchestra, is an engaging waltz played in a dreamy, gliding style by the piano-playing maestro. A muted trumpet captures the waltz mood in a soft, pleasing interlude, but, as in all Duchin records, the leader's velvety fingers steal the show as they glide over the keyboard. Lee Sherwood's vocal chorus is delightful.

The reverse side offers "Outside of You" from the same picture and is played by Duchin and his boys. This time we have a fox trot in medium tempo with a bouncing rhythm; just the sort of tune at which Duchin's band excels. Again the piano and trumpet are featured but the sax section turns in a grand job. Lee Sherwood sings another pleasing vocal. (Victor)

"SWEET AND SLOW" from "Broadway Gondoliers" is the hot rhythmic tune sung in the picture by the Mills Brothers. This recording however is by that other exponent of jig time, Fats Waller. If you like a fast tempo heated to the boiling point, here it is with Fats in rare form. The band accompanying him is plenty warm, too.

"Lulu's Back in Town" is on the reverse side, and comes from the same picture. Being in the same groove, you can be sure that Fats Waller treats it as such. There is no one quite like this boy when he throws himself into this style of vocalizing. He turns in a handful of piano playing, too, on this record. (Victor)

"TO CALL YOU MY OWN" from "In Caliente" and played by Victor Young and orchestra is a lovely ballad of the better type. Young's band plays a fine arrangement which features three fiddles in an interlude, as well as the brass which produces some clever harmonic effects. However the splendid vocal refrain sung by Milton Watson of the operatic stage overshadows the band.

The other side presents "The Lady in Red" from the same picture, also played by Victor Young's aggregation. This is the rumba type of number, a rhythm which seems to have so captured the fancy of the dancing set, that now it has a place on almost every program. Vic Young does it up in real Mexican style, except for the last chorus which is done in fox trot time. Milton Watson shows versatility in rendering the vocal interpolation. (Decca)

"I'M LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY" from "Hooray for Love," is played by Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang. This is a new band on records and is of the modern hot variety; that is, they play with a pronounced rhythm without a lot of noise, and expertly too. Coming from New Orleans highly recommended by those who should know, this outfit is said to have what it takes to gain nation-wide popularity. Louis Prima, in addition to leading, sings the vocals.

On the reverse side the same band does justice to "Put on an Old Pair of Shoes." This is the latest by Billy Hill, famous for his "Last Round Up" and "Old Spinning Wheel." The Prima band gets off another modern arrangement with the brass section as well as a clarinet standing out. Prima again warbles the vocal. (Brunswick)

"YOU'RE ALL I NEED" from "Escapade," as played by Ted Fio Rito and his orchestra, is a lilting fox trot with an appealing lyric. The large Fio Rito band, which comprises about twenty musicians, plays a smart dance arrangement and produces a generous amount of tonal color by skillful maneuvering of the instrumentation. The violin section does especially well, as does Howard Phillips in the vocal chorus. (Brunswick)

"IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS" from "College Scandals" crops up again in a recording by Hal Kemp for those who prefer the unique style of this popular maestro. The tricky arrangement is well executed with the muted brass lending itself admirably, and Bob Allen singing a pleasing vocal refrain. These arrangements together with his skillful execution have made Hal Kemp's a popular recording band. Still, we prefer the Jan Garber recording for this particular song. (Brunswick)

FROM the picture, "Four Hours to Kill," we have another recording by that colored rhythm-master, Fats Waller. The tune is titled "Hate to Talk About Myself," and does Fats steam through this one! We'll bet your feet will beat time with Fats as he sings and plays the piano with an orchestral accompaniment.

The B side carries "You're the Cutest One" also by Fats and much the (Please turn to page 65)

## BEST OF THE MONTH

IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS.  
Played by Jan Garber. (Victor)

Also Recommended

THE ROSE IN HER HAIR.  
Played by Eddy Duchin. (Victor)

TO CALL YOU MY OWN.  
Played by Victor Young.  
(Decca)

YOU'RE ALL I NEED. Played by  
Ted Fio Rito. (Brunswick)

SOME ONE I LOVE. Sung by  
Milton Watson. (Decca)

WOULD THERE BE LOVE. Sung  
by Gertrude Niesen. (Columbia)



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- B -

### REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY.....10c

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- 2 -

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### FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT.....10c

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### FOOD IN THE FAMILY BUDGET.....10c

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### VEGETABLE COOKERY.....10c

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### INTERESTING BREADS.....10c

Yeast breads . . . rolls and buns with yeast . . . breakfast breads . . . baking powder loaves . . . biscuits . . . griddle cakes and waffles . . . toast in many forms.

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### SOUPS FOR APPETITES.....10c

Luncheon and dinner menus with soups . . . soup variations . . . cold soups and aspics . . . luncheon dishes made with soup . . . soup accompaniments . . . salads made with soup.

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### GETTING THE MOST OUT OF FRUIT.....10c

Orange recipes . . . special uses for pineapple . . . bananas . . . apples and other core fruit . . . peaches and plums in interesting ways . . . best berry recipes . . . melons and grapes.

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### SPECIAL ICE BOX RECIPES.....10c

Modern mousses and parfaits . . . ice creams and ices . . . chilled desserts . . . ice box cakes . . . frozen and chilled salads . . . chilled meats and vegetable dishes . . . beverages . . . refrigerator pastry and rolls.

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### SALADS—OVER AND OVER AGAIN.....10c

Salad greens and dressings . . . simple salads . . . vegetable salads . . . meat and fish salads . . . cheese and egg salads . . . fruit salads . . . dessert salads.

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### BETTER BREAKFASTS.....10c

Breakfast menus . . . how to prepare fruits for breakfast . . . fruit juices for breakfast . . . ways with cereals . . . muffins and small breakfast breads . . . eggs . . . more hearty breakfast dishes.

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All Maybelline Preparations bear the seal of approval

# Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

# Who—Me?

(Continued from page 19)

Front Page' in the part that Adolphe Menjou later played in the movies. Lee Tracy had played the leading role of Hildy Johnson, a reporter. He was a tremendous success in it, you remember. Well, after the show had closed its long run, Howard Hughes, the producer, bought the play to do it as a movie. I remember I was rehearsing in New York in a play called 'Tomorrow and Tomorrow' with Herbert Marshall, when Howard Hughes called me from the Coast. He said, 'I understand you played the part of Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page" and everyone says you were swell. How would you like to come to Hollywood to do the part in the picture?'

"NOW, my heart practically stopped beating. I hadn't played the part at all... it was Tracy. There had been a mistake. I wondered if I should be honest about it and tell Mr. Hughes. I would have, I am sure, if I had had more than four dollars and fifty-three cents in my pocket. But that was my capital until the new play opened... ten days later. It would be a week after that before I would get my first pay check. I did some fast mental arithmetic. Four dollars and fifty-three cents would buy only about ten or eleven meals for Eloise and me. That was less than a meal a day. I said, 'Sure, Mr. Hughes. I'll come out... but only on one condition... that you allow me to bring Eloise Taylor with me. She's a great little actress and you could use her. So if you'll send the railroad fare for both of us, we'll be on our way.'

"Well, that was the long and short of it. They wired me the contract and the fare, and the next day Eloise and I were on our way to Hollywood. Everything looked rosy until I realized that they hadn't wired me expense money too. En route, I had to wire (collect) for an advance so we could eat. Of course they knew then that I was on my uppers, but I didn't care. I had a contract. And Eloise was going to get a job too.

"A week later, on the set, the director asked me how I had done a certain bit of business in the play. I had to confess then that all my business in the play was in another part. But it didn't matter then. We had already started on the picture, and I guess they were satisfied with my work. When I got my first pay check, I refused to take another of Eloise's "No's" for an answer and we were married at once.

"That was four years ago... and I've had good luck ever since... that's why I always say that my good luck charm is my wife. Like all Irishmen, I've got plenty of superstitions, only they're sort of funny ones. For example, I don't think that walking under a ladder means bad luck... but I never read the last line of a play until the opening night. Then, ten minutes before the curtain goes up, I read it, and if it's mine, I learn it. But never before."

AND right here is where I take time out on Pat, and pick up where he left off when he said, "Like all Irishmen..." He is like all Irishmen—only more so! Except for the temper. I have checked with a lot of people and they all agree that if Pat has any Irish temper, he certainly never has displayed it. But he has the traditional sentimentality of the Irish, there is no doubt about that.

Pat's greatest hobby today is collecting rare old Irish books and manuscripts. He used to know Gaelic and is learning it all over again, so he can decipher some of them. He also collects old theater programs and has them framed on his walls beside the fireplace in his den. That room, incidentally, with a bar at one end, is the greatest evidence of his sentimentality. All four walls are completely covered with three hundred framed photographs of scenes from every play and picture that he has ever been in. The photographs are framed in—well, you guess the color. (Could it be anything but green!)

His bar, too, bears markings of his love for mementoes. Everyone who ever sets foot on the rail of Pat's bar is asked to autograph his name in the wood, with an ice pick. There is room for about 1,000 signatures on the bar, and it is already one-third covered. The names engraved there read like a who's who of the theater. Everyone is represented, from Mrs. Leslie Carter on down to the present day.

Around the house there are numerous pictures of Mrs. O'Brien holding their baby, Margaret Mavourneen, on her lap. The baby is wearing the 35-year-old, old-fashioned christening dress that Pat himself wore when he was named. (Yes, Pat was thirty-five on last November 11th, Armistice Day... and he admits it proudly.)

"Incidentally," I asked, "is Mrs. O'Brien Irish?"

"Well, she's half Irish," he said... "though she'll insist she's all Irish... and not just to please me either, but because she loves anything and everything from that country. You know, she was in several pictures after we first came out here, but she finally decided that one Thespian is enough in the family. I had nothing to do with her giving it up. If she wanted to go on with her career, that's what I would have wanted her to do. But she has too many other things now to interest her. She sews a lot... makes her own clothes, and pajamas for me, and she's taken up knitting and quilting with all of the rest of the women in Hollywood. She pals around a lot, too, with Mrs. Jimmy Cagney, and her other women friends... so she's having just as good a time, and better, as she would if she were acting. As long as she's happy in what she's doing now, that's all that matters. And of course she's nuts about the baby.

"We don't run around very much because we've got such a swell home, and we'd rather be there than anywhere else. I've just put in a new handball court, and a badminton court... and we've got a swimming pool... and what more could anyone want. Incidentally, it was all paid for in cash. I never want to have anything that I don't own completely. It's—its just a principle of mine.

"That's about all there is to tell about me," he said. "You see there really isn't very much. I'm sorry. Maybe I could have made up something wild and exciting, but I'm not much good on story telling... though I do try to write a little on the side. I'm working on a play now. But that's about somebody else. I haven't any great gift of dramatizing myself. I'm sorry."

I wasn't. And I don't think the Pat O'Brien fans are either. For now maybe you can understand why he is one of your favorite actors. It's because he is, on the screen, what he is in real life—just a regular guy!



# The Dark Horse Is a Blonde

(Continued from page 21)

Janis—Shows, night clubs and so forth?

Joan—Everything! It's all so stimulating. I'm nearly dead! (She looked all of eighteen, and talk about school girl complexions! Hers is a kindergarten complexion.)

Janis—Have you seen "Anything Goes"?

Joan—I'm seeing that tomorrow night. Tonight I'm seeing "Three Men on a Horse."

Janis—How long are you going to be here?

Joan—I'm leaving Tuesday. I could stay longer but I'm afraid the baby will forget me.

Janis—What a chance! How old is she now?

Joan—Fourteen months. Gene told me last night on the phone that he has her kiss my picture every day, but I'm not taking chances. You ought to see her. She's a darling and exactly like Gene.

THIS went on and on. We dragged her husband, my ex-collaborator, through the chops, salad and right up to the coffee; there we left him temporarily, sitting on the peak of praise where we had placed him. I started to try and find out something about "Mama" Markey, her plans and ambitions, but somehow we switched to her mother and her successful play brokerage business, then to sister Barbara and her successful endeavors in raising a brood of young Downeys. On to sister Constance, her marriages, her charm and her extraordinary energy. Leaping to London conversationally we gave Father Richard Bennett his quota of attention.

I tell you that once you get tangled up in the Bennett clan nothing less than a Bennett can get you out. I still don't know how I got Joan far enough away from the family news to learn that she has had many offers to return to the stage and has never felt the urge to do so until now. She has read a book in which there is a girl's character that she is longing to bring to life. You'll never guess. Our sweet little Joanie, portrayer of purer than pure heroines, wants to play Jenny in "February Hill," best seller and most successful shocker of the literary season. Joan would be magnificent as Jenny. Censorship might ruin "February Hill," so I don't believe it will be screened, but if you could see Joan's expression when she talks about playing Jenny you would go gunning for censors.

"From the moment I read it, I've lived with that book," she said. "I've got it all cast in my mind. So-and-so would be fine as the grandmother. Can't you see so-and-so as the mother? Imagine so-and-so as that child Amy!" Incidentally those so-and-so's represent an all-star cast showing that Joanie is too wise to dream of trying to do a one woman show. I withhold the names because, if "February Hill" should be screened, I see no reason for any studio having the advantage of Joan's ability as casting director, unless she herself plays Jenny. I hope she does. A characterization like Jenny would lift her forever out of the morass of mild maidens she has had to cope with in her screen portrayals.

She is already well on the way out of the "just a sweet blonde" pigeon hole and I believe that one more year of getting the breaks will establish her as the most important Bennett. Not that Constance isn't everything her admirers claim, but she can no longer surprise

us, and Baby Joan can. She does it all the time in private life. If in doubt get friend Gene started on the subject of Mrs. Markey.

Joan is a wonderful mother, a delightful hostess and a good sport. I'm not sure that her elder daughter ("Diddy" she is pet-named) didn't make the match between Gene and Joan. I know that during the courtship, when all Hollywood was buzzing about the Bennett-Markey "ensemble," Gene and I were working on a scenario together. He was always just going to see Diddy or had just left Diddy. In fact, for a long time I thought Diddy was his own particular name for Joan. I'm wondering if Diddy ordered that baby sister. At any rate she is very pleased with her, Joan tells me.

The comparatively new little Miss Markey is a very lucky baby. A daddy who is one of the most successful writers in Hollywood. A mama who is a great success and knows about the mama-business already. A lovely home. Not one of the pretentious or showy sort which loom on all corners of Beverly Hills, but just a nice livable house filled with proofs of the mutual good taste of Joan and Gene.

I have been there only once and during the visit I was fascinated by her dignity, her perfect poise as she trailed about in a beautiful blue creation, perhaps more so because dignity and trains are two things I have never been able to handle. I had not talked with her and I wanted to very much. Admitted mine was a definite, "I've got to know more about my pal's wife" attitude. I found her in the living-room which was crowded with guests and seething with conversation. Over in a corner leaning on the grand piano completely oblivious to all the chatter Joan stood listening to Dick Rogers who plays as well as he composes. I took the opposite side of the baby grand, leaning and looking at Joan. Her flower-like face was cupped in the long slender hands. The "cheaters" were off, there being nothing in particular that she wanted to see, saintly was the only word for her expression.

Dick Rogers strummed softly on one of the popular blues of the day. "Sing it, Joan," he said. She smiled and shook her head. "Have you heard her sing?" Dick said to me. I wanted to say I haven't even heard her really talk yet, but I added a personal coax or so.

Joan started to hum. A cello, no less. Surprise! I couldn't believe the low husky tones were emanating from the slender snow-white throat, but they were and what's more, they started really to come out as she swayed in rhythm. I was actually thrilled. Joan and I had found one thing in common already—the key of D. For well over an hour we kept poor Dick Rogers cornered while we sang duets.

Shortly after the party I came East and didn't see Joan again until last week. Believe me, I'm going to see more of her when I return to the Coast, if I have my way. Don't let me give you the impression that Joan is undiscovered in Hollywood. She is one of the most popular girls there, but that she should be a "dark horse" in my affections is absurd considering I've known her practically since she was born. She's a winner, Ladies and Gents, and she is going places. Watch her dust. If you do, you'll probably find me covered with it, but cheering her on to greater success. In passing I may add that this guy Markey she is married to is no handicap.



YOUR BROTHER'S A  
NEW MAN SINCE  
HE MARRIED LUCY.  
HE OUGHT TO  
JOIN THE HAPPY  
HUSBANDS CLUB.

HE MIGHT AS  
WELL JOIN THE  
"GRAY SHIRTS,"  
TOO.



"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."



"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That grand golden soap is so chockful of naptha that dirt almost flies out. And I mean ALL OF IT, too!"



"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And there's real glycerine in every golden bar—so Fels-Naptha is dandy to hands!"

FEW WEEKS LATER...



"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It certainly does a wonderful job!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . ."

BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY  
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

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—the cooling mild menthol in KOOLS sets you up. Light one and refresh that hot, parched throat. There's just enough mild menthol to give the smoke a pleasant coolness, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips save lips. And a B&W coupon in each pack worth saving for a choice of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Ever tried KOOLS? It's time to—and a good time, too!

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

# YOU TELL US

On this page every month our readers get together for a heart-to-heart talk and tell each other what they think of movies, stars, themselves, and—us! Many a fine friendship has started from these personal letters, and also many a resounding scrap—We invite you to join in

### Nelson Eddy Again

I have seen "Naughty Marietta" six times this week. What a picture! Jeanette MacDonald has given us something new in this picture—a real princess—all her roles have been perfect but "Naughty Marietta" is divine. The reason for this is that nothing short of a Prince would have completed the picture, and in Nelson Eddy we have one. Even his rough clothes did not hide his identity.

What a pity we have waited nearly three years! However, such a voice and personality are worth waiting a lifetime for.

I sincerely hope Nelson Eddy does not stay off the screen long.

I have the little picture you printed in the April number. Please print a larger one and tell us some more about him.

I like your new larger magazine so much. I don't expect to have a letter printed but hope someone will write in about Nelson Eddy and you will print it.—Mrs. F. E. Goubbs, Yale at Thornton, Houston, Tex.

### First Letter

This happens to be my first letter to NEW MOVIE. So I hope it won't be too discouraging. Last night I went to see "Naughty Marietta" and I think Nelson Eddy was grand. He has a marvelous voice and his acting is nothing to look down upon. Let's hope we will see lots more of Nelson Eddy.

Why doesn't John Boles get more singing roles? Isn't that what he's noted for?—M. Nohl, Box 211, Los Gatos, California. *Nelson Eddy's popularity is sweeping the country right now. John doesn't get more roles because the studios like to give us new faces now and then.*

### Fighting Words

I say down with Cagney, Gable and the rest of the leading-lady wreckers of the screen. Who wants to be lammed with a grapefruit or pulled by the hair? Not I! If you want to look like a broken-down plow-horse, O.K. Go hook yourself to one of those so-called cave-man Romeos. Personally I prefer a gentleman and an actor; one who varies his roles and proves that he is an actor and not a type. Let's throw the rough-necks out and put a gentleman in. May I be the first to nominate Paul Lukas for the



"Jeanette MacDonald has given us something new," says one reader. "Nelson Eddy was grand," says another, also talking of "Naughty Marietta." And "Put Paul Lukas in some first-class roles."

### THE CONTEST WINNER

Each year the People's Academy of Motion Pictures, sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, presents twelve awards for what the readers of the magazine consider the outstanding achievements of the past year, in motion pictures.

The contest for this past year closed with last month's issue of NEW MOVIE. The votes are now being counted and tabulated. The reader whose vote tallies most closely with the final compilation of the People's Academy awards will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers to whom the winner will award the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York, and for entertainment, hotel accommodations, and so forth, will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

THE WINNER WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE NEXT MONTH. BE SURE THAT YOU DON'T MISS THE ANNOUNCEMENT!

role of the best actor in the world? Here's hoping Mr. Producer takes the hint and puts Paul Lukas in some first-class roles in some first-class stories.—Marjorie Davis, 812 Arguello Blvd., San Francisco, California. *We expect you've got a battle on your hands right now, Marjorie. See next month's NEW MOVIE and find out.*

### Les Miserables

Recently I saw the picture "Les Miserables" at its first New York appearance. Words cannot express how much I enjoyed it. I was so spellbound as I gazed at the screen that I felt that the events of the story were truly happening before my eyes. Fredric March did not merely act the part of Jean Valjean, he was Jean Valjean. He gave such a realistic and touching performance that the audience cried and suffered with him.

Charles Laughton as Javert is also to be commended for his splendid portrayal. I am sure that everyone who sees this picture will agree that it is one of the greatest spectacles ever filmed.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Here's wishing more fame and success to Fredric March, Charles Laughton and all the other members of the cast that made "Les Miserables" a picture not to be forgotten.—Joan Tripi, 2558 Benson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Movies vs. People

At times I prefer movies to people. That may sound odd, since movies are almost wholly conceived of people—their trials, tribulations—psychic and moral conflicts.

Nevertheless, I prefer movies to people. Movies are stories—stories are embellished truth—relaxation needs embellished truth to help a person to forget the humdrum activity of existence—therefore, I at times prefer movies to people. The most factual, realistic sort of person at times likes to escape fact, and live a while with the idealistic, unless he is so far gone that life adds up to nothing more than Dickens' "Mr. Gradgrind," who thought it wrong to use flowers on rugs and carpets because of the idea of stepping even

imaginatively on flowers.

I like to put myself in the places of the characters. I have a great time wondering what I'm going to react to next. I think I should react in such and such a way, and then I check that against the reactions of the character to the situation. An ounce of imagination builds itself suddenly into a ton of analysis. And through the movies and the psychology of the writer of the picture I find myself answering questions of character which had never before seemed reasonable.—Goodrich Bennett, R. F. D. No. 2, North Main St., Westport, Conn. *You express yourself so well that there's nothing we can add to your excellent letter.*

### School Days

The students attending Junior High and High Schools now are getting all the breaks.

Instead of having to plow through acres of uninteresting description, to know the classics, they need only go to a local moving picture theater to have Dickens, Shakespeare, etc., delightfully presented to them.

They learn more of the world's history in the theater than they ever would by studying a dull, unromantic book.

They see the lives of (Please turn to page 72)



# Two Star-ling People

(Virginia Bruce)

(Continued from page 31)

about my life," she said, "I am just an ordinary midwestern girl. I was born in Minneapolis, went to high school in Fargo, North Dakota. My real name is Virginia Briggs."

"How did you happen to go into pictures?"

"Six years ago I came to Los Angeles with my family. I had just graduated from high school and planned on going to college here, if the family budget could stand it. A chance visit to the home of William Beaudine, then a Fox director, resulted in a screen test. It happened so unexpectedly. Mr. Beaudine signed me to a personal contract, and I had to go to the court to have it approved. I was still a minor. It was then that I changed my name to Virginia Bruce. I made my screen debut in the Fox production, 'Exiles,' starring Madge Bellamy."

"Then Paramount put me under a one-year contract for my voice. William Wellman gave me my first bit in—oh, I can't remember the name of the picture now, it was with Hal Skelly."

"I did a small part in the 'Love Parade,' with Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. I sang in this picture as one of the four ladies in waiting."

"After doing small parts in a few other pictures, I started to slip, went on the downslide." She smiled with disarming modesty. "Ziegfeld borrowed me as a show girl in 'Whoopée.' It turned out to be a very fortunate connection. I went to New York."

"I was nineteen. I had never been away from my parents, and didn't know anything about life, not a blessed thing. We thought of New York as a den of iniquity. My parents were worried. But I didn't have any trouble. I met a lot of men, but they didn't get fresh with me. I have found that most men have something good in them. At any rate, I seemed to appeal to their sense of chivalry."

"Ziegfeld was very good to his girls. I was one of his six special show girls. He treated us with more consideration than he did most stars. We had the best dressing-room, etc. Fred Astaire and his sister Adele were the stars in 'Smiles,' the show in which I appeared. Adele gave me my first bracelet. 'It has brought me good luck,' she said. 'I hope it will bring good luck to you, too.' I was thrilled. It was very kind of her to single me out for that honor. Through her I met a lot of nice people."

AS a Ziegfeld show girl Virginia had a grand time. She shunned the phony counts, and chose her escorts from among Harvard and Princeton students. Samuel Colt, Ethel Barrymore's son, was one of her beaux. When George Jean Nathan saw her in "Smiles," he was impressed by her likeness to Lillian Gish, and invited her to meet him at the Colony. She attended week-end parties on Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Long Island estate, was entertained by the Ralph Pulitzers and others of the high and mighty. She met many famous literati. Noel Coward. Edna Ferber. Alice Duer Miller, etc. Neysa McMein, who did popular covers for magazines, had her pose for her twice. Ziegfeld thought of her as the most beautiful blonde in America.

But this gorgeous show girl did not have an evening dress! Part of her earnings apparently went to the support of her family in California, and she could not afford to buy the fineries her profession demanded.

"One night," she said, "I attended an important party given by Neysa McMein in her own dress."

After appearing in "America's Sweetheart," in which she had a speaking part, she came back to Hollywood to visit with her parents. Her work in musical comedies had attracted the attention of film moguls, and she was given a screen test with Robert Young for Irving Thalberg. Incidentally, this was the first time she had met Robert Young. He became her favorite escort for a year.

On her way back to New York, she went to Fargo to stay a few days with relatives. A long distance call informed her that Thalberg had put her under contract.

"I cried and cried!" she said. "I didn't want to give up the freedom and the friends I enjoyed in New York. But this was a real break for me."

"I did nothing for six or seven months. Paramount, which had let me go, now borrowed me for 'Sky Brides,' with Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. Other studios kept borrowing me. Then Mr. Thalberg gave me the lead opposite John Gilbert in 'Downstairs.' That was when I met Jack. I was working in 'Congo' with Walter Huston and Lupe Velez when we married. I gave up my career to concentrate on being a wife, which, after all, is the greatest career any girl can pursue."

"My marriage was not successful, but it was an experience I wouldn't trade for anything else in the world. I have no misgivings about it. I did the best I could."

"I had asked Mr. Thalberg to release me from my contract. He wouldn't. He thought I would be back in six months."

She returned to pictures after an absence of eighteen months, more mature, mellowed by what she called "the greatest drama" in her life. Director Christy Cabanne, who had seen her three years before, and had not forgotten her, gave her the title role in Jane Eyre, produced by Monogram.

Jane Eyre made for her a name on the screen. RKO borrowed her for "Dangerous Corners," and Twentieth Century for "The Mighty Barnum," commemorating the exploits of the first master of the great American art of ballyhoo, who made the observation that "There is a sucker born every minute." She was a veritable revelation in that rollicking picture, thrilling audiences not only with her ravishing beauty, but her extremely pleasing voice.

"It had only 15 speaking parts in it and I didn't want to do it," she said. "But I got excited when I saw the pretty costumes I was to wear."

She did in quick succession "Society Doctor," "Shadow of Doubt," and "Times Square Lady" on her home lot, trouncing grandly in some difficult roles, and just finished a stellar part in "Let 'Em Have It," a United Artist release. M-G-M signed her up for "Escapade," with William Powell, and "Gold Eagle Guy," with Wallace Beery.

Quietly, but surely, she is building fame of her own, after giving up her career, and today stands on the threshold of stardom.

On the wall against which stood her couch there was a large picture of hers, a study with her baby, Susan Ann Gilbert. Is there anything more glorious and divine in this world than a beautiful young mother with her baby in her arms?

I saw her little daughter the next day,

as I went to her home up at Toluca Lake, ten minutes' spin from Hollywood.

Mother-love shining in her eyes, Virginia spoke of her plans for Susie.

"First of all I want her to have her own personality. I'll send her to the best schools. But I don't want her to spend more than a year at a girls' school. I believe in co-education. I want her to study languages, especially French and German, and learn to play a musical instrument. I want her to be humble and not to expect too much from life, which will spare her the pain of disappointment, and surprise her constantly with unlooked for successes. I want her to know people, all kinds of people, and learn to get along with both men and women."

IN speaking of the training she would give her daughter, Virginia expounded her own philosophy of life. Nevertheless, I wanted to know what has been the guiding principle in her life.

"There are two people in me, good and bad," she laughed, "but I always try to do the right thing. I couldn't be happy with a guilty conscience. And I always try to be honest, no matter what I do, although it gets me into the darndest messes."

One way of gauging one's true personality is to find a favorite childhood memory. Virginia's favorite childhood memory is nine baby kittens that were born in the basement of their Fargo home in the Winter, which she mothered and cared for all during the cold months. You get the type. And today, she is fundamentally the same girl.

She is that happy combination of the past and the present one so seldom meets. I can well imagine her romping on the green with a gang of merry children and gathering wild flowers with them on May Day. One of her hobbies is collecting first editions. I do not advise my fellow-scribes on the Boulevard to engage her in a conversation on classics unless they possess a Ph.D. in literature. I am speaking from sad personal experience.

But her learning rests lightly on her shoulders. She would look ridiculous in horn-rimmed spectacles. And don't make the mistake of taking her for a saccharine tintype, either. She can spin around in a sizzling rash of jazz and sway dreamily to the purring notes of a crooner's song. When she came to Hollywood six years ago, just out of high school, she was learned not only in English and history, her favorite subjects, but in foxtrotology. She was the reigning belle in junior and senior proms.

Her tranquil, ethereal beauty casts its own spell of magic over the public, quite unlike that exercised by any other star or near-star. There are, I suppose, different kinds of cinematic glamour. I like Virginia's.

There can be no real beauty without that quality of understanding sympathy and loving warmth that characterizes this fair daughter of the Midwest. A game girl if ever there was one. She has the quiet strength of the truly strong.

In these days of economic and mental depression, she is a valuable medicine. Her place in the honor roll of the cinema is like that of a mother's cool hand over the brow of a feverish child. She exhilarates and comforts. More than any other young actress, she deserves the title of America's New Sweetheart.



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# Two Star-ling People

(Walter King)

(Continued from page 31)

was tall and dark and he persuaded Henry King, who was going to direct "One More Spring," to give him a test for the part Sheehan was even then steeple-chasing abroad about. It took a lot of persuasion, too.

"Do you play the violin?" the director wanted to know. Of course, all violinists in pictures play violins—such a thing as dubbing has never been heard of.

"Well, not exactly," Walter admitted, "but I know how to bow one."

And he did—by the next morning when the test was made. Walter left off his whiskers and the director liked him in the characterization sufficiently well to give him a crack at it in the picture. When the picture was finished and run off in the projection room the director turned to Walter.

"They're going to change your name, you know," he said, "and I'd like you to take my name instead of your own. Walter King should make a good name for an actor."

It didn't matter to the studio moguls that Walter Woolf was a name already pretty well known on the New York musical stage where the debutantes thought his voice divine in such productions as "The Passing Show," "The Last Waltz," "Lady in Ermine," "Countess Maritza," Victor Herbert's "Dream Girl," "The Red Rogue" and a revival of "Floradora." The name with which he had already won this success was discarded as easily as the title of a hit play or a best-selling novel when it's made into a film. Walter didn't mind—much. He knew that Henry King was paying him a tremendously flattering Hollywood compliment by offering him his own name.

"There were quite a few mix-ups at first, though," he said. "You see, it's a bit hard to get used to a new name when you've had the old one so long. For instance, at the house we'd always pick the wrong one. People would call up and want Mr. King, and we'd tell them they had the wrong number; then, when some of our friends would call for the Woolfs, the cook would say that Mr. King lived there, and so on. Pretty soon we got to calling it Woolf King or King Woolf, and that just didn't make sense."

At a preview of "One More Spring" a sweet young thing with an autograph book rushed up to Walter and wanted him to sign it. He wrote "Walter Woolf." She looked at him with acute disappointment and disgust.

"But it was Mr. King's autograph I wanted," she pouted, giving the book a vicious little rip. Walter took the book and signed the other name, and the girl looked at him stonily.

"She'll always believe it was a fake," he said, "and I guess I don't blame her."

AT his bank it was much the same. He sent out checks signed Walter King and the bank wouldn't cash them. Then he changed the name of the account to King and lapsed into signing his checks Walter Woolf. The bank still wouldn't cash them.

"I guess people began to think I was a bum check artist," he grinned, "until I hit upon the plan of signing both names."

At the time he stepped into "One More Spring" Walter was just about to pull out of Hollywood. Not shake its dust off his feet exactly, but go back and revive himself in New York for a

while. He had been in Hollywood for over a year without getting anywhere in particular; he got plenty of work, it is true, but hardly in parts befitting the reputation he had made on the Eastern stage. He came to pictures originally when a film scout heard him singing in "The Red Rogue," but after he got in front of the camera they didn't want him to sing.

Irene Dunne and countless others had the same experience. Hollywood signed them because they did something well, and then wouldn't let them do it.

Walter still doesn't sing in "One More Spring," but he's going to in "Man-Eating Tiger," the film he's making now. That isn't a Frank Buck jungle picture, by the way, but a more or less melodramatic comedy of errors in which he plays a Spanish troubadour with a guitar—and it's supposed to have a dash of "It Happened One Night," too. That wavy, shiny, coal-black hair of Walter's, with that lighter bit of a mustache and those soulful brown eyes looking out from a screen over that guitar should be something, girls. To paraphrase the advertisements a bit, they're the eyes you love to look into.

Previous to coming to Hollywood Walter King's career was a curious parallel to John Boles's, except that Walter got a bit further up the ladder than John did. But they both knocked around New York and found the avenues to fame mostly blocked with detours leading to hall bedrooms and cheap restaurants—if any. Walter remembers well this period of John's career, and how John eventually came out to Los Angeles with a musical show, afterwards getting his big chance in "The Desert Song"; Walter himself first came to the Coast in a stage production of "Music in the Air," and chose that trip in preference to an offer to play the same show for Oscar Hammerstein III in London because he deliberately had his eye upon pictures.

"I think every actor these days has his eye on pictures," he said frankly, "and it isn't only the money, either. For where, even in a big New York hit, you play to possibly 100,000 people in a month, you play in pictures to millions of people every night."

Nevertheless, Walter had actually given up his house, had his notices in to turn off the gas, lights, and water and so on when he got his "break." He did that once before after playing in "Golden Dawn" for Warners—but this time Hollywood didn't let him go.

His present long-term contract at Fox isn't his first in pictures, either. Universal had him under a seven-year lease after he had made a picture there, but the deal blew up. This Woolf has been at Hollywood's door a lot.

"I was at New York's door a lot, too," he said, "before anything happened. Then, one night, while I was Reginald Denny's understudy at the Winter Garden show, he was taken ill and I did his stuff. Jake Shubert chanced to be out in front that night, but I never knew it until six months later when he sent for me and gave me the lead in 'Floradora.' Things sort of went on from there, I guess."

Strangely enough Walter was with Reginald Denny in "Lottery Lover" on the Fox lot when he got his chance at "One More Spring." He wasn't Denny's understudy this time, but when the picture began the director had switched the two parts, King playing Denny's and Denny, King's. Walter thinks that was

quite a coincidence, but then he believes that life is pretty much of a coincidence anyway.

"I had a good part in 'One More Spring,'" he tells you modestly whenever his performance is mentioned, "and naturally it stood out a bit."

But he must have stood out a bit even as a boy because he sang in the famous Mormon Tabernacle choir. His folks had moved to Salt Lake City from San Francisco, where he was born, when he was five years old. There are no stage traditions in Walter's family because his father was a real estate dealer and cigar merchant, and Walter's first stage experience was in a vaudeville sketch which closed after one performance.

That one performance, however, was enough to put him as a kid in small-time ten-twenty-third houses and eventually take him via Chicago to New York, where he studied voice seriously for eight years. The upshot of that was an engagement with Walter Dunbar's revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, where he learned about singing from them. Incidentally, although he sings perfectly in six languages, he can't speak a word of anything except English.

FOR the rest Walter Woolf—King is pretty much of a regular guy who sees Hollywood without the customary rose-colored glasses. Although obviously destined to make pretty ladies' hearts go pit-a-pat he is very much of a man's man, too; he may have to strum a guitar on the screen but he likes better guns, dogs, and boats. In contrast to his romantic appearance his speech is very colloquial and matter-of-fact; he may sing poems and so forth, but he talks straight from the shoulder and in unmistakable Anglo-Saxon now and then.

His New York environment shows markedly in his clothes, with vivid shirts of solid colors and coat and pants that don't match. He walks rather stoop-shouldered—he's six feet and one-half inch. It's the extra half inch, he says, that breaks him down.

He says he'd rather work with Janet Gaynor than with Warner Baxter because Janet quits the set promptly at five o'clock while Baxter works till six.

"But they saved my scenes until both the others had finished," he wailed, "so it was midnight by the time I got home to my wife and two kids."

All of which merely goes to show you how domesticated this particular Woolf really is.

## ANSWERS TO BABY

### ALBUM ON PAGES 14-15

1. Helen Hayes.
2. Joan (Rosebud) Blondell.
3. Una Merkel.
4. Helen Mack.
5. Norma Shearer.
6. Donald Woods.
7. Edmund Lowe.
8. Sally Rand, of course.
9. Jack Oakie.
10. Richard Arlen.
11. Janet Gaynor.
12. Margaret Lindsay.
13. Hobart Cavanaugh.
14. Lee Tracy.



# Gail Patrick for Governor

(Continued from page 32)

"Yes. I hope to become the Governor of Alabama."

He looked at me as though I *had* kicked him in the shins. He could see by then that I was serious, but he still couldn't quite get it. Here I was a local winner of the Panther Woman contest—and oh, how I loathe that name!—seriously telling him I had no desire to act but wanted to be the Governor of a State.

"Say, listen, we've been kidding around long enough. This 'life history' stuff is serious. Are you on the level about this wanting to be First-Lady-Governor-of-the-Old-Home-State business? Because, if you're not, you're just wasting my time."

"Wasting whose time?"

"Okay, Miss Patrick. I get it. Excuse please. . . . But, honest, this is the first time I ever ran across a dame with your looks, pardon me! who ever had an idea like that!"

AND I found out that that was the way Hollywood as a whole felt about it. In the first place, they didn't believe, for ever so long, that a friend of mine back home had entered me in the contest as a joke and that I never knew about it until just before I'd won. I wasn't an actress and had never considered myself a "type," so I didn't take it seriously until I found that I could take the trip west anyway. I needed a vacation. I'd been studying for my degree all year and I was really pretty tired.

So I came.

And here I am.

I had no intention of staying and I'm afraid I annoyed a few people at the studio very much at being extremely careful about my publicity. Again I want to say that I wasn't being high-hat about it, although some remarks were made to the effect that I must think I was a star. I had it figured out then just as I have now. For example this so-called "leg-art"—bathing suits and such—is perfectly all right in its place, but its place is certainly not on an actress who wants to become Governor of a State. It'll be at least eighteen years before I'll be old enough to run for Governor, but that wouldn't keep the opposition from dragging out the old files of pictures.

A few years ago anyone seriously considering a public life would never have dared to be even indirectly connected with the stage or screen. Conservative people would go and see them perform and, possibly, enjoy themselves, but as for any other contact or placing the players in a position of responsibility—well, they never would have even considered it!

To-day I think people are a lot broader in their views and understand that there are really quite a lot of sane and thoroughly normal people in the various branches of the acting profession. I'm quite sure that my work on the screen will never militate against me as a politician. On the other hand, I think my work out here will be very valuable in contacts as well as experience. You know, all good trial lawyers have to be good actors, too. And anyone today needs a certain amount of publicity, so the screen is helping me there. And no matter for what high office you're running, you must have funds of your own to finance the fight. And I'm saving that now.

But please don't get the idea that I wear horn-rimmed goggles and read law books when I'm off the set! That's really the one great trouble with being

frank with people about a serious ambition. Most of them get the idea right away that you're a book-worm or a high-brow. And I'm honestly not either. Now that I've gotten to know a number of grand people out here who have ceased to be terrified of the thought of an actress-lawyer, I'm having a fine time. Not that I'm writing this for *NEW MOVIE* at my quiet little table in the Trocadero, but I do get a lot more fun out a night off and never missing a dance than a lot of people I know.

Of course, some of them do think it's strange to see a girl of to-day in my position going dancing till three or so without having a drink or a smoke. And some of them think it's because I have what is known as a driving ambition. Well, for once, they're wrong. That has nothing to do with it. I just never happen to have liked drinking—makes me feel too fuzzy—and smoking always gives me the sensation of smothering. I do have one major weakness, though. They're Governors.

I've met five of them; the Governors of Alabama, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky—plus the late Governor Rolph of California. He was a grand person and one of the sweet ones who didn't even smile at me when I told him my own goal. Instead, we talked for hours—especially about my own pet reform which happens to be the raising of the school standards of my State. I particularly think it would be a splendid thing to introduce a course of elementary law in the senior year at high school.

We're all surrounded by laws of every kind—insurance, inheritance, divorce, compensation, damages and such—to say nothing of criminal law, and there are precious few of us who have the remotest idea of what our simplest rights are without blindly trusting to someone else. Personally I'd like a criminal practice, but I'm afraid that even in this day and age that branch of law is still a man's. Anyway there are better branches to follow when you're headed for the Governor's chair. And I am!

THE one thing that really bothers at times is marriage. People talk about a star's husband being in the back seat! If Garbo were married, he'd be Mr. Garbo and all that. Well, can you imagine being Mrs. Governor's Husband? No man would want that—no man I'd want to marry. A man really should be the head man in any family and when he's not they crack up sooner or later.

Another thing that would make marriage more ticklish for me as a politician than as a screen star is that divorce is not an actress's finale, but you could never imagine the people of Alabama electing both a woman and a divorcee to the Governorship. Of course, I'm not in love now. What will happen to me when and if I do fall is something else again. I've seen it do some funny things to people, but I don't think it will to me. He's got to be the right man in a sense that is much more rigid than most—because I'm going to be Governor of my State, whether I ever get to be among the really great in Hollywood or not. . . . Though I do want to hit the top out here, if only for the reason that I loathe any kind of failure in anything I start out to do.

As Caesar is reported to have said in one of his more cryptic moments, so will I say in paraphrase—it's not that I love Hollywood any the less, but that I love the Governorship more.

# Tonight..make this "ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor"

FAILURE TO SCORE a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be the reason people are avoiding you.

Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only half the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm *dry*. When you *deodorize only*, moisture still collects on the armhole of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, the warmth of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant perspiration odor.

## No Quick and Easy way!

NO QUICK AND EASY method to prevent "armhole odor" has ever been found.

Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned to take the extra time needed to keep the underarm sweet and

completely dry . . . with Liquid Odorono.

You must allow a few minutes for Odorono to dry . . . but it is worth it! Odorono ends worry and guesswork because it *ends moisture*.

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TWENTY-THREE years ago, a physician developed Odorono for use on his hands when operating.

Odorono gently draws the pores together and diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of your body where it evaporates without giving offense. Your own doctor will tell you that closing the pores in the small underarm area is absolutely harmless.

With Odorono, you are entirely free from "armhole odor." You can be really unself-conscious—your most charming self. You need never again wear hot, bulky dress shields or be humiliated by wrinkled blouses or stained coat linings.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby Colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. Keep both kinds always at hand—for night or morning use.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to insure complete daintiness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



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(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)  
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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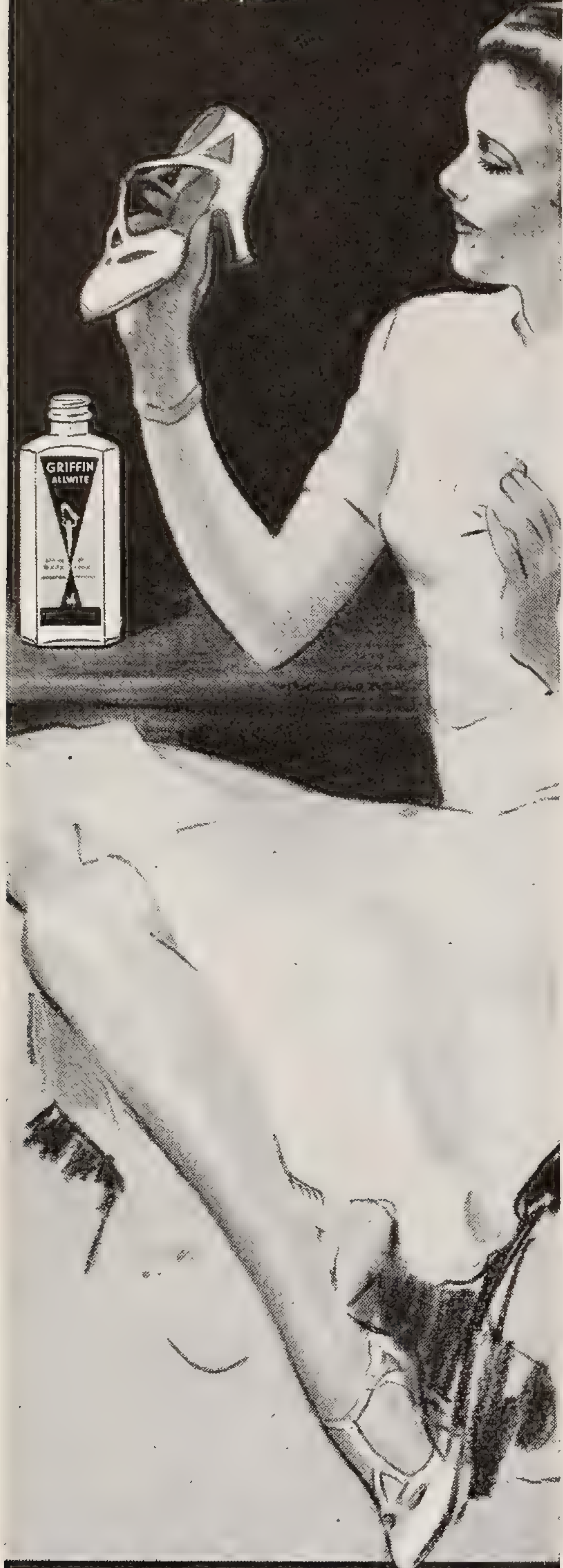
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# Her Four Devils

(Continued from page 20)

**like new!**  
after months  
of wear



**GRIFFIN  
ALLWHITE  
FOR ALL  
WHITE SHOES**

BOTTLE OR TUBE



**10c  
and  
25c  
SIZES**

are derived from the same root.

And temperament is the thing which enables people to express their emotions. That is why, I suppose, that actresses have more temperament than most women . . . because, being actresses, they are constantly exercising their emotions. Most women are self-conscious about expressing their emotions. If they are angry, they try to hide it. If they are enamoured, they also try to hide that. If they feel sympathetic, they try to hold themselves in check. If they are overjoyed they refrain from jumping around the room. I think all this is too bad . . . really I do. An even-tempered, smooth-running personality is like too much of the same color around you. It grows tiresome. A splash of red would perhaps relieve the monotony.

A splash of red in one's personality will attract a man's eye much more quickly and hold it longer than a lovely, even shade of pale pink. (I can always explain things to myself with color analogies, for colors mean much to me.)

**L**ET me tell you a little anecdote to explain it further. There is a young romance which I have been watching for some time. The girl has one of the sweetest dispositions I have ever known . . . always agreeable, always patient, always understanding. The young man, slightly irresponsible, has often taken advantage of this fact . . . breaking dates on occasions, arriving late for appointments, and that sort of thing, all of which she seemed to understand and forgive. Until one day, when she flared up and refused to see him again if he didn't mend his ways. With that little speech she slammed the door in his face. He went away beaming. He was delighted and encouraged. The girl had spirit, after all! Immediately he fell in love with her all over again . . . and he hasn't been known to break a date since.

As for vanity . . . I say *every woman should be vain!* It is one of the most important qualities in an actress . . . and it is only slightly less important in other women. I have been incurably vain ever since I was a little girl. What woman hasn't! In the convent we were taught that vanity was against religion. We were not allowed to wear make-up . . . and even pocket mirrors were denied us. Yet I always managed to have one with me. I made a pocket on the inside of my uniform, and carried one little mirror there. Then, in my desk, on the inside of the top, I tacked a mirror. My mirrors were never discovered, but I *was* punished once for curling my hair. We were all required to wear our hair simply parted in the middle, and hanging in two long braids over our shoulders. One day I stopped my braid half way down the length of my hair, and curled the rest of it. When it was discovered, one of the nuns led me out into a patio where all the girls were gathered for a meeting, and publicly punished me. But it didn't do me any good! The shame of being so publicly punished, even, had no effect on me. My appearance was still of paramount interest.

And so it should be to every woman. Women are entirely too careless about their appearance. They are apt to follow the same beauty routine, month after month, without knowing why. If you ask the average girl why she parts her hair on the side, she is quite likely to say, "Oh, I don't know . . . it just happens to go that way"—when we should never do anything about our

looks unless there is a well thought-out reason for it. We must all study ourselves carefully to know which coiffure is the most attractive, which make-up is the most becoming, which style of dress is the most flattering. For one thing, I never allow anyone to see me, even my closest friends unless I am looking my very best, and no woman who respects herself should.

Vanity is something which I think should be instilled in little girls, even as young as ten years old. Not every girl can be beautiful but every woman can be what the French people call *soignee* . . . which means "cared for." And if I can be excused a little pun, I can say that to be *soignee* is to be cared for, by someone. In fact a *soignee* woman is often more attractive than a beautiful one. She is always exquisitely groomed . . . she is neat and spotless and fresh-looking always.

I feel certain that men like vain women. They like to know that a woman takes excellent care of herself, for they know then that, as she grows older, she will never grow any less attractive.

Of course a woman must not be stupid about her vanity. She must not parade it in public places. She must confine her pursuit of beauty to her own boudoir. And if a woman is constantly late because of last-minute primping . . . well, as I said before, that is only stupid, and stupid women never get any place anyway.

My vanity really has two reasons for its existence. There is Cedric, my husband . . . whom I always want to be proud of me. And there are my fans . . . I never want them to see me except at my best. Recently when I flew to Mexico to visit my childhood home there were hundreds of them there at the airport to greet me. And I was greatly criticized for not stepping out of the plane at once to see them, and to let them see me. Yes, I kept them waiting for a few minutes. But that was necessary . . . for in those few minutes I freshened my make-up, combed my hair, and tried to make myself look as attractive as possible. I felt I owed them that . . . and I am sure they were more glad to see me, because of that wait and the way I used that time, than they would have been had I stepped from the plane disheveled and dusty.

As for stubbornness . . . if determination is stubbornness, then I am also stubborn and to a very great degree. To be successful in anything you must fight for what you believe is right, every step of the way. And there are always dozens of people who will do their best to talk you out of anything, particularly if it is something you want very much to do.

Of course there are two kinds of stubbornness . . . stupid, bigoted pig-headedness, and intelligent upholding of a principle. If I am convinced that I am wrong, I can, without any silly pride, swing over to the opposite side and be just as stubborn about it as I was about my former stand. I am quite certain that nobody admires a wishy-washy person who thinks this this moment, and something else the next. But neither is a blindly stubborn person looked up to. Stubbornness is a good quality only when it is intelligent.

The time when my stubbornness came into most importance was when I was fighting to be allowed to do modern parts on the screen, and to get away from always being a native girl. I said

that I would not accept another native role, if I had to wait ten years to get the sort of thing I wanted. It was difficult, keeping my promise to myself, but I kept it. I had many attractive scripts submitted to me . . . one from the beautiful book, "Green Mansions" . . . and you can well imagine how strongly I was tempted to do the part of the dream girl in that story. But no! I had sworn that in my next picture I would be a modern girl, wearing modern clothes. That so-called stubbornness kept me off the screen for a year . . . but it was well worth it, for it opened up a new career to me.

As for the last professional trait—selfishness—perhaps you who have tried to be selfish know how difficult it is. I rather think that *selfishness is more of a self-sacrifice than unselfishness*—for unselfishness always reaps a happy reward, even if it is only in the happiness of others, which you, in turn enjoy. But to be selfish . . . it is a thankless job. Yet it is something which every actress should be.

**L**ET me explain. Perhaps this is a bit out of the ordinary, but I honestly feel that I do owe myself to my fans. My producer pays me a salary, only because there are a certain number of you who always go to see my pictures. If I am not always looking and acting my best in my pictures you will not continue to pay money to see me. Therefore I owe to you and my producers and my pictures the best that is in me. To give you that I must be completely selfish. I cannot see my friends while I am working on a picture. I must cancel all my social engagements, and I do not even receive telephone calls. If someone happens to drop in against the rules, at nine, promptly, I excuse myself and say that I must go to bed. It is very rude, I know, but I *must* be rude.

This is not only annoying to my friends—and I promise you, very few of them really understand it—but it also is difficult for Cedric. When I return home from the studio, if my body requires food, I sit down at the table, without waiting for him, and my dinner is served to me. Many times he must eat alone, while I am working, and spend the entire evening alone in the library. Fortunately Cedric, who works in a studio all day himself, understands this form of selfishness, and is tolerant.

I have been criticized on many occasions for refusing to make benefit performances, for declining invitations to talk on the radio, for declining just social invitations. I do not omit these things because I want to, but because I must. I must be selfish, because of my work. It is only good sense. An actress who spreads herself thinly over a number of friends and engagements, gives nothing to any of them. We cannot spread ourselves around or we will have nothing to offer anywhere. We must draw everything, our energy, our spare moments, our inspiration, close around ourselves . . . and *into* ourselves, selfishly, instead of sharing these things with others. It is a rule I had to learn. It did not come naturally or easily. I had to develop the art of being selfish.

But don't you think that because my selfishness, my vanity, my stubbornness and my temperament, even, are devoted to you . . . a gesture for your esteem . . . that perhaps you might forgive me for them? I have a feeling that you will . . . or else I should never have written this story.



# Pictures Need 7 Kinds of Love

(Continued from page 17)

truth, charity, sacrifice, ambition, power and influence.

(7) Love for Music.

**N**EEDEDLESS to add, the above list is rather a comprehensive one. Yet each and every item is part of one's total love life and should be experienced by everyone.

Now the point is, in what particular respects are you, yourself, failing to gratify yourself? Perhaps you have never realized until now that something is missing in your love-life. More likely than not, you have thought of love merely in terms of the love that exists between the opposite sexes, possibly including as well love of parents and love of children.

**PSYCHOLOGY** declares that all love springs from family love. That is, inasmuch as you are more or less helpless for the greater part of childhood, as well as highly suggestible, the influences derived from your mother, father, brothers, sisters and general home surroundings produce a sum-total effect upon your emotional life that never can be changed to any appreciable degree.

In fact, psychologists go so far as to say that the kind of person you fall in love with depends upon the kind of person your father or mother actually was; or possibly it depends upon the sort of character that one of your grandparents of the opposite sex possessed and with which you came into frequent contact.

In other words, a girl's very first lover is her father, while a boy's is his mother. This gives rise to the famous father and mother complexes one hears so much about nowadays. If the attachment of the opposite sex is too strong, thus forming a "complex," a mixed-up state of feeling in the unconscious mind, such a person will find it difficult to fall in love with a stranger of the opposite sex. Contrariwise, every girl tends to fall in love with a man who somehow—and this may not be wholly conscious to her; in other words, she may not realize the real cause for her motivation—resembles the idealized image of her father that was built up in her mind when a child. And the same holds true, of course, regarding a boy's attitude toward his mother.

Now then, few persons exist who cannot find fault—whether it be justified or not—with their parents. We feel we are, or have been misunderstood; that our parents are not modern enough; we wish they might have been able to give us more advantages or to surround us with more beauty or luxury. Such unfulfilled wishes are, however, distinctly disturbing in a large number of adults. In looking back upon childhood they find themselves without the beautiful memories to draw upon what they would desire.

But the right moving picture can give them what they need, the fancies that stern reality denied them, the beautiful thoughts to play with when down with a case of the "blues." Which reminds me of little Shirley Temple in "The Little Colonel." She actually made her grandfather the kind of man she wanted him to be. This particular screen production is to be highly recommended for all persons with a family complex, no matter what its kind.

Pictures dealing with sex and ro-

mance are to be had, of course, in plenty. And the reason they are in preponderance is because no man or woman is ever surfeited with this kind of love. No matter how successful your own love quest may have been, there always seems to be room for more!

The reason is that most persons, after all, possess a philandering streak—probably inherited from our primitive ancestors. This tends to make us phantasize about "how it would be" if we had some kind of romantic affair with a person other than the one to whom we are pledged. Indeed, this urge can become decidedly obsessing and men as well as women often develop guilty feelings because of it. They become convinced that they are not loyal to the ones who love them even if their infidelity goes no further than merely thinking about its possibilities. In all such cases I recommend love pictures galore; that is, I tell such disturbed folks that they can—and they do—get rid of this over-plus of emotion by attending highly romanticized films as often as they possibly can.

In "Romance in Manhattan," the love of man for woman was definitely emphasized, while in "Living on Velvet" the enduring qualities of a woman's love for a man was finely portrayed. Other films dealing with sex and romance might be seen in order to appease one's "straying thoughts."

Love for children is, of course, instinctive. Yet, not all married people feel they can afford children, while many women find it difficult to marry. The maternal as well as the paternal urge should, however, be exercised if every facet of one's personality make-up is to receive proper attention. Any of the pictures featuring children, such as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Little Women," and so forth, may render the substitute thrill of motherhood and fatherhood that the system demands. As regards the love of a parent for an adult child, which type of feeling is different from the love engendered by the helplessness of a baby, a movie called "The Firebird" is highly recommended.

**ALTHOUGH** a definite antagonistic attitude exists between members of the same sex, this being particularly true of the lower animals, civilization demands that man cooperate with man and woman with woman. Many beautiful friendships of this kind exist and every person should make it a point to have at least one chum of the same sex from whom he keeps no secrets.

On the other hand, many persons are shut in and seclusive and have the greatest difficulty in making friends. Often, indeed, on the basis of such failure they develop ideas of unworthiness and inferiority. Particularly should such men and women select motion pictures in which loyalty between the same sexes is stressed. In a picture depicting the struggles of the "sand hogs" when constructing a tunnel under a river, called "Under Pressure," this feature is emphasized. To a lesser degree, but still beautifully drawn, is the cooperation that exists between the men in "One More Spring." "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" was an excellent illustration too.

Love for animals of all kinds, animate or inanimate, is a compelling motivation in most of us. But not

(Please turn to page 54)

## TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



**STOP  
MAKING UP  
IN PUBLIC  
...  
MEN DETEST  
THE INTRUSIVE  
POWDER PUFF**

### Any Face Powder

**THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN  
4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!**

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

By *Lady Esther*

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

#### Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther

Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things,

not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

#### All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (15) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER  
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



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**FAOEN**  
(FAYON)

*Lingering Fragrance*

FAOEN No. 44 is warm and vibrant. It suggests romance so subtly and yet so definitely that many fascinating women prefer it to more costly scents.

FAOEN No. 12 is floral and delicate with a refreshing bouquet. The scent is different. Different in its mysterious power to transform attractiveness into compelling loveliness.

FAOEN No. 19 is fresh, light and delicate. Like the intoxicating fragrance of a lovely garden—it's elusive and alluring. Excellent for evening wear.

FAOEN No. 3 is exotic—a clinging, oriental fragrance which makes every occasion rife with intriguing romantic possibilities.

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**FAOEN**  
(FAYON)

**10c**  
In ten cent tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

*Beauty Aids*

# Pictures Need 7 Kinds of Love

(Continued from page 53)

everyone can have a pet. The same may be said of our love for growing things and our love for inanimate objects. It costs money to satisfy such cravings. At the movies, however, the most adorable animals, scenery, flower gardens, homes and luxuries in general are portrayed before our very eyes with only the expenditure of a few cents. Especially to be recommended for thwartings of these types of love are pictures like "Broadway Bill," and "Sequoia."

**F**EW persons, however, seem to realize that deep down within every individual an urge exists that, for want of a better term, may be called the "spiritual urge." It is a soul-stirring feeling; a reaching and towering toward higher things. Thus, of course, we turn to the worship of God, and because of such spiritual values we become patriotic or seek glory, yearn for the truth, devote ourselves to charitable under-

takings and sacrifice. Even ambition, and love of power and influence may be placed under the category of the spiritual urge.

And, to be sure, nobody's life, no matter how lucky it may be, can be considered perfect so far as the urges of the finer feelings are concerned.

Love for music is a universal urge. This may not manifest itself in a desire to hear classical compositions. Simple rhythms as in jazz, to which body movements can readily be made to respond in dancing, may be all that the craving for music implies. Music, however, everyone needs. In effect, it constitutes an expression of pure emotion. Therefore go to the movies with music as often as you can. Particularly excellent are pictures like "The Merry Widow," "Roberta" and "Naughty Marietta."

Lastly, in analyzing your emotions, note your definite love for escape.

When Spring and Summer arrive this is strongly marked. Throughout the year, however, we all must escape from things as they are, at least for a short time. Travel, recreation, gayety, etc., all are excellent avenues by which we can forget ourselves. Nevertheless, one cannot always arrange such things on order or on short notice. You can, however, go around the corner to the movies. No matter what the picture may be, it will distract you, afford you some excitement and leave you refreshed.

**I**N conclusion, therefore, let me urge you to study yourself, to check your cravings according to the fundamental loves I have listed. In this way you will quickly discover what you need. Then supply the want by choosing your movie fare according to your emotional appetite. In this way you will come more and more closely to living a full, rich 100 per cent life.

# Comedians Make the Best Fathers

(Continued from page 36)

they startle me with their remarks, though!"

"The problem is," grinned Eddie, "to keep from having your children bring you up! Here's a case in point. My wife and I, and of course our daughters, gave a little party at the Cocoanut Grove the other night to celebrate our wedding anniversary. After dinner I ordered a rather strong liqueur. But Natalie spoke up to the waiter, 'That's too strong,' she told him. 'Father can't take it. Bring him a creme-de-coco!' And the waiter minded her, too!"

**I**'VE never known greater pals than Harold Lloyd and his children. He gratifies their every wish of which he and his wife approve—Mildred (Mrs. Lloyd) is the court of last resort—and he is with the children whenever possible. I have known him and Mildred to take Gloria and Peggy to afternoon parties and even to daytime weddings. And he has taught all three children, even little Harold, to swim, both in the pool and in the ocean.

He is interested in everything they do, and says they may choose their own careers. He listens patiently to the scenarios which Peggy is forever writing, and even plans to "produce" one of her stories on the screen—"just for fun and to see how it will look.

**W**HEREVER Clyde Cook goes, there goes also little Julia Ann Cook, his seven-year-old daughter. Even during a recent vaudeville trip which Cook took, there was Julia Ann, too. She was behind the scenes a lot at night, yet the tour didn't seem to hurt her any, despite travel and late hours.

Twenty-five dollars each week goes into the bank for Julia, whenever she learns a new dance step. And as Clyde knows a lot of steps, there will be a lot of twenty-five dollar bills for her by the time she is eighteen.

Little Patricia Wheeler, Bert Wheeler's seven-year-old daughter, pretty well runs the house and him, too, says Bert. "Why, she even makes me eat spinach when she does!" exclaimed Bert.

Lois Laurel, Stan's daughter, is the apple of her father's eye. She comes to the studio to watch him work at

every chance, then goes home and imitates him. She thinks he is the greatest comedian in the world, and had an awful argument one day at the studio with a child actress who insisted that Charlie Chaplin was a greater comedian than Lois's dad. Lois went in with flying fists, but came out with flying colors.

Slim Summerville is an adopted dad, his little boy Eliot being the son of an old friend of Slim's, who became so poor that he could no longer care properly for the child. Slim promised that the boy should never want for anything. He has established a trust fund for the youngster. Now, at three, little Eliot is Slim's constant companion.

**W**ILL ROGERS once said to me, in the old days when the children were little, when I was dining with him and his wife—"Oh, everything is for the children!"

It certainly was! There was a big gymnasium-and-theater combination in the basement, and a little polo field all the children's own, from which Mary shortly arrived, hair flying, fresh from practice. We had a grand game of bowling—a bowling alley being one of the many games installed in the basement—I remember, and Bill beat us all.

Now-a-days Rogers is still the pal, and he has taught all three of his children, Mary, Bill and Jimmy, to play polo, and to ride and rope.

**W**ALLY BEERY is a sort of dad to all the kids in his neighborhood. All the youngsters, mostly boys but there are some girls too, gather to play baseball on his big lawn, with little Carol Ann as a joyous mascot.

Beery likes to select Carol Ann's wardrobe, and if Mama Beery doesn't watch out, he buys the child everything she likes. But he displays wonderful taste about her clothing, truth to tell. You will see the child lunching with Wally at the Vendome in Hollywood, or over at the M-G-M studios, nearly any day.

**B**UT discipline is burned deep in the tradition of the comedian, and so we find all these comedians strict disciplinarians also.

Then, too, most comedians were very poor as boys. This makes them a bit severe with their children on the subject of money. Probably good for the children, even if not any fun. More important still, this memory of their own poverty causes the funsters to guide their children toward the idea that they should have careers—should learn to earn their own livings if need should arise.

Joe E. Brown's two boys, for instance, are already planning their careers. Joe thinks he wants to enter the circus, following in his father's footsteps, and Don wants to go to sea. Now in military school, Don may enter Annapolis, later.

The children have a self-governing system, with no snitching allowed, which works out beautifully.

Will Rogers wouldn't permit his daughter Mary to act in the movies until she had taken a gruelling stock course. That's why she is acting in New York now.

Charlie Chaplin knows just what his boys are studying all the time, and he went to court to keep them from working before the camera while they are in their minority, although he encourages them to thrift and industry in other ways.

All Eddie Cantor's daughters are studying for business or professional careers, Marjorie, his eldest, being now his secretary at \$100 a week.

"And she earns it," he declares.

Edna is a musician, being far advanced, and almost ready for teaching. Natalie is taking a business course.

While we are on the subject of actor-dads, some of the villains make awfully good fathers, too.

Coming home after a hard day's villaining and washing the lines of sin and dissipation from their faces, they are often sweet souls with their children—Edward G. Robinson, Noah Beery, John Miljan and others.

And then there are the straight men—Fredric March, Ralph Morgan, Otto Kruger, Robert Montgomery, Neil Hamilton, for instance—they're pretty slick, too.

"But we prefer comedians," say the comics' children—and they should know.



# Hollywood's Gone Hobo

(Continued from page 33)

Earth, you will agree that the Arizona cowboy is no mean chef. He hollows a deep hole in the ground, lays a wood fire inside, removes the hot embers, sets the bean pot in and seals it with earth. While the beans are baking, he builds a fire of dry wood so as not to smudge the meat, and broils the steak with slow pokes of his long fork. The table is spread on smooth rock. You squat on the ground and its warmth draws out your tiredness. With supper over, the feast is not yet done, for a guitar makes its appearance to appease your spiritual hunger.

**POLITE** towns all through the Midwest, cordially invite hobo and nymph to avail themselves of the hospitality of community picnic grounds. These days, quaint tables and benches are not all. They tempt also with gas ranges for open-air cooking. Merely insert a coin in the slot and the gas is on and supper can be had in a jiffy. A three-in-one course, guaranteed to save dishes, duties and temper, is to bring from home a big brown casserole or a white dishpan full of well-seasoned rice in a Spanish sauce of tomatoes, onions, green peppers and generous seasonings and ladle it out into paper plates that can be thrown away. Most picnic grounds now have water thoughtfully at hand for drinking and dishes, and very often, rough stone fireplaces, in which both the meaty Idaho potato and corn on the cob can be baked. Corn has a honeyed flavor when steamed in the husk and is ready in twenty little minutes, giving one ample time to shave by the light of the sunset, feed the squirrels and swear at having lived an apartment house past.

Eating outdoors may be as simple as one and one make two or as elaborate as algebra. J. J. Murdock, the millionaire, likes his picnics served in style. The chef, butler and maid are sent hours ahead of time to the appointed retreat. Damask and Wedgewood, engraved sterling and gossamer goblets sparkle like jewels in the rustic surroundings. Hand ovens, such as may be purchased at any modern department store, are brought to wildwood and meadow and keep the food warm as toast—a challenge to the grumbling male who thinks of picnics in terms of cold cuts, ants and sneezes. The hand oven delivers the steaming soup, the devilled crab-meat, the roast, hot biscuits and the three vegetables. For dessert, there is ice-cream in fancy moulds, demi-tasse in amber glasses.

Damask and silver may be all very well for the fastidious, but there's just as much joy waiting for the hobo who takes to the open road. Everywhere, nature is getting dinner ready. Crystal streams are brimful of tasty fish. Roadside bushes groan under the weight of ripened berries. Perhaps the apples are turning red. If it's Winter and the earth cannot feed him, some kind-hearted housewife will. The hobo need carry no skillet. He appropriates a tin roadside sign and by crimping its edges makes himself a fine frying pan. Just as novel is his nimble manner of assembling the necessary ingredients for that gala feed known as "mud chicken"

banquet. He begs at one back door for a bit of bacon, at another for a cup of flour or a slab of butter or a pocketful of salt and pepper. Now for the chicken itself. Any fowl who happens at that moment to cross the road unchaperoned by the farmer's wife, seldom lives to describe its travels. The hobo chef stalks it, carries it off to the "jungle," wrings its neck, deftly removes its innards, stuffs it with dressings, wraps it in clay soil and lays it reverently into glowing coals. In ninety minutes or a little under, the clay breaks open and the chicken emerges tender and snow-white. The skin and feathers adhere to the covering of clay.

One of the joys of living along the Atlantic seacoast is to gather clams from the cool, clear icebox of the sea, scrub them bright silver, cook them in a deep kettle with a little water and eat them by the dozen till you can eat no more. Did you ever taste lobster roasted in sea-weed? Did you ever muster your friends together for an old-fashioned clambake?"

Here's the favorite recipe of the annual bake held at Oyster Bay. Spread the bottom of a boiler with sea-weed or rockgrass. Drop in tied squares of cheesecloth containing one portion of chicken, one white potato, one sweet potato, one onion and a slice of fish. Use no water. When the boiler is filled with food, turn it upside down so that the seaweed is on top and cook briskly for two hours. You will discover a new tang in food. Beer by the keg, iced watermelon by the chunk, pop by the crate—all sounds like pirate fare, and is.

But you need not sail the seas or climb the hills to know the charm of eating outdoors. You need have nothing more than a small backyard, a slice of porch or half a fire-escape. Outdoors is everywhere about you. Even in the city of skyscrapers New York one need not have a luxurious terrace apartment to eat under the stars.

An ingenious artist we know leased a single room on top of a tin roof two flights below the moon. Here she serves the most inexpensive yet delectable banquets. Being a genius, she's poor, but her bright china, born in the ten cent store is balanced by a rich imagination. Color from her artist's palette coaxes the palate of appetite. The gay table is a feast for the eyes. Paper forks, knives, napkins and table cloths solve her laundry problem. The meals are very simple. She sets out a giant platter of cold cuts embellished with green pickles, black olives, ivory celery, bright red radishes and ripe sliced tomatoes. Spaghetti is a cheap but filling dish and makes its appearance sprinkled with cheese and glistening with butter and tomato sauce. If the night is chilly, the guests wrap themselves around individual pots of mashed potatoes baked with cheese, and tumblers of hot, clear black coffee. For finale, there is that old veteran vanilla ice-cream which can be rushed up from the store around the corner.

Eating outdoors has a touch of play about it that's tangled up with one's childhood. Small wonder that her invitations are eagerly pounced upon.

## CONTEST WINNERS

Did you enter the contest sponsored by the People's Academy of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE? The winner will be announced next month. If you entered your coupon to win this thrilling trip to Hollywood or New York, don't fail to read next month's NEW MOVIE.

# What's the matter with Me and Men?



"**H**ERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at—and I love a good time!"

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day.

Use it any time—after dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Then no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

## ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.

Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

# MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration



Learn My New Way to be  
**MORE BEAUTIFUL!**



**MATCH YOUR NAILS  
TO YOUR COMPLEXION!**

SEE FREE NAIL PENCIL OFFER BELOW—

"I'll show you how to enhance your beauty—how to *perfect* your appearance—by matching your nails with your natural coloring! Movie stars and smart women everywhere have discarded *passé* nail polishes for my nine lovely shades—based on the true colors of the artist's palette! Be sure to get the tints I have created especially for *your* type. They come in the new CREME form (wonderful for brittle nails)—or regular Transparent Polish. My polish lasts for days, and will not crack, chip, peel or discolor. Try it today—and be lovely to the tips of your fingers!" *Lady Lillian*

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Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

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1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

# Two Star-ting Views

(James Cagney)

(Continued from page 30)

"I was one of those birds up in a window making signals."

"You said something about fear," I reminded him.

"It's in the air," he waved. "You feel it all around you. You may try to laugh it off, bluff it out, but it's there just the same. If one word describing Hollywood could be written across the sky that word would be FEAR."

He flung it into capitals with a two-fisted gesture.

"But fear is only one of the many elements here, and to be able to stand Hollywood at all you have to accept them all. Even then life in this place is so hectic you feel the need of escaping from it."

"Yours, for example?"

"I can't play the social game and do my job," he confessed. "But others can and do. Hollywood's social life is so continuous and exacting that it's enough to wear out anyone. Not that its wildness isn't ridiculously exaggerated. Newark, any small town, can top it."

Skidding around the corner of a building, he nearly collided with a beautiful ocher-tinted actress who hailed him with a flashing, "Hello, Jimmy!" "Hello," he quietly responded, not at

all unpleasantly, but with so much the self-denial of a confirmed anchorite that I was prompted to inquire:

"What do you think of Hollywood women?"

"Women," he exploded, "are the same here as anywhere!"

For a reeling instant the air seemed filled with shattered blondes and splintered brunettes.

"But," I marveled, "doesn't Hollywood set a high price on beauty?"

"It offers more opportunity to the pretty young woman," Cagney drily conceded, "than it does to one who isn't much to look at."

He streaked past a flower-bed as though it were poison-ivy.

"The good-looker has a better chance to make the grade. But no matter how much beauty she may have she must have something to go with it. If she has ability she will go far. But she can't get by with just her physical equipment. If girls are serious—that's the point—they can make their way in Hollywood."

"How did you feel about yours when you came to Hollywood?"

"I didn't think I had a chance," was his frank reply. "At that time, four years ago, all the juvenile men in pic-

tures were tall and good-looking, the sheikish type. Naturally, I realized that my looks were against me. The only reason Hollywood wanted me was that I could play a tough killer."

Grim as he sounded, he looked like a rapt choir boy.

"How did you like it when you got here?"

"I didn't like it," he savagely emphasized. "I hated it."

"Is there anything about it now that you particularly dislike?"

"Yes," he snorted. "What brings me up short"—and I was desperately hoping something would—"is Hollywood's lack of appreciation of good acting. There are any number of fine actors who never are given anything but small parts."

There is nothing so selfish as youth. Yet it's safe to say there isn't a selfish hair in young Cagney's red head.

"But what about Hollywood's glamour?" I asked, as we headed into the home stretch.

"The eyes of the entire world may be focussed on Hollywood because of its so-called glamour, but I can't see it," he flung back.

Jimmy Cagney had beaten me by a length—and Hollywood to a pulp.

# Two Star-ting Views

(Diana Wynyard)

(Continued from page 30)

surprises me most of all is that in Hollywood the same names often figure in both divorce and marriage, one following directly upon the heels of the other. The people concerned don't seem to give these vital steps the time and thought they demand. Apparently those who suffer from their own mistakes don't try to deal with marriage patiently and sensibly. No one, we may well imagine, has ever gone through it without at one time or another approaching, if not entering, the danger zone."

There was nothing censorious in her attitude. Indeed, Miss Wynyard was as kindly and considerate as the wife and mother she played so beautifully in "Cavalcade," a picture eloquent in itself of the permanence of the English family.

"That permanence is generally true," she said. "Of course, divorce is by no means unknown in England, but it is not so easy there as it is here in America. Until recently, I believe, infidelity on the part of a husband was not in itself sufficient grounds to gain a decree for a woman. He had to give his wife a beating, or at least a black eye, and that was unpleasant, not to say painful. As the law looked at it, a man could go out without disturbing the home, but his wife couldn't."

I wondered how Miss Wynyard felt about the Hollywood man who sometimes gets it both coming and going, paying love balm before and alimony after marriage.

"The poor fellow hasn't a chance," she sympathetically observed. "He is particularly in danger of suffering financially from what we in England used to call the breach-of-promise suit. Such a suit, in my opinion, should never be brought into court, but settled outside, if settled at all. Any public dealing with emotion is, to me, essential hate-

ful. But, most of all, the breach-of-promise suit strikes me as being an awful give-away on the woman who brings it, implying as it does that she got herself engaged with the deliberate idea of getting money out of it. She ought to have more pride."

"Then you feel the law gives woman the advantage?"

"Especially in America. We must also bear in mind that women are more exacting than men. This being the case, the law should be justified in showing up an adventuress. Women of that type deal with emotion wholly from a mercenary motive, and emotion should never be considered in terms of money. For that matter, I don't see how it is possible for a woman to put a price on it, estimate exactly what it is worth in dollars and cents. Nothing could be more absurd. The whole business—for the acquisitive woman makes it a business—is manifestly unfair. Even worse, it is rampantly indecent."

NATURALLY, Hollywood emotion, which can be costly beyond the dreams of avarice, came in for attention.

"In Hollywood emotions are highly keyed," pointed out Miss Wynyard. "This is only to be expected of a community whose stock-in-trade is emotion. Because of the strain, family life may be disrupted, even destroyed, by the very work which is Hollywood's sole reason for existence."

Sensing more than a hint of the difficulty of marriage and career going hand-in-hand, I was curious to know whether Miss Wynyard believed emotional incompatibility to be Hollywood's chief trouble.

"Its greatest trouble," she declared, "is too much money. That's all you hear wherever you go—money. The

higher the salary, the greater the nervousness over it. It's not surprising then that something should snap. Yet, Hollywood is essentially domestic."

That was the last thing I expected.

"First of all," explained Miss Wynyard, "people here seem to marry. In fact, they marry a lot. In planning a dinner party you find to your dismay that all the people you want to ask are couples. You don't know which way to turn for a stray man or a single woman. Why, when I tell anyone I've never been married even once I'm looked at as though I'd committed a crime! In Hollywood marriage is nothing if not progressive."

There was just a flicker of her Mona Lisa smile before she got back to money with:

"There's so much of it in Hollywood that it makes us slack, and that's one thing we can't afford to be, if only for the reason we're in the public eye."

Reminded that English newspapers take a lively interest in Hollywood's intimate affairs, she granted:

"That is true. But London has always shown a keen interest in screen celebrities. Joan Crawford, for one, was fairly mobbed there. And that, mind you, was before her divorce, so it couldn't possibly be put down to sensationalism."

"I prefer divorce to separation, which seems a messy sort of life. I hate any untidy way of living."

With this tidy way of putting it, she added:

"Oddly enough, the big scene in my last American picture, 'One More River,' was an English divorce trial, significant for its underlying idea of keeping the family intact."

"How can that be done in Hollywood?"

She threw up her hands.



# The Title Has Been Changed

(Continued from page 6)

that angle, and by the time they were wise to it, it was too late to change the name. Once the advance publicity on a picture is out, and the billboards printed, it is impossible—or almost impossible to change a name.

This "Prizefighter and the Lady" episode brings up another requirement for the title that's a natural, a wow, a honey, or hits the nail on the head (depending on what language you were brought up to speak). A good name must describe the picture accurately. For instance—"The House of Connelly" was changed to "Carolina," because the word "House" has come to mean a murder mystery in many minds.

If you remember the picture, you will see why Fox didn't want Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore mixed up in the public imagination with shooting and clawing hands in the dark. Also—it is possible that a word which means one thing in one community or district, may mean something entirely different some place else. A case in point—"Moonlight and Pretzels"—a charming picture, which had to be retitled for English consumption, "Moonlight and Roses." The English, lovable race though they are, don't know about pretzels yet.

In order to avoid "misunderstands" of this nature, the records show that "Dulcy" ("Who or what is 'Dulcy,'" the public might ask) saw daylight (electric light, if you will) as "Not So Dumb" which described in a measure, the character of the heroine. "Lucky Sam McCarver" became "We're All Gamblers" (which is one way to put it—but apparently the public liked that way). "The Dark Swans" became "Wedding Rings." Primitive but satisfactory. The above title changes were made on stories which had already been presented either in play or book form, but which, it was felt, needed a different kind of treatment for the films.

ON the other hand, it sometimes happens that a book has a title that causes title manufacturers' mouths to water, but the contents of which are wholly unsuited for filming. What happens then? The movies attempt to buy the title alone which would then legitimately be theirs and leave the rest of the masterpiece for the poor author to use as he will. He usually has to forget about it, in case you are interested, for a book or play without a title is more of a debit than a second mortgage. This happened in the case of a book I published called "Merrily I Go to Hell." Shortly afterward, Paramount was making a picture called "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan," and they purchased "Merrily I Go to Hell" as a better label than their own. That is, they only wanted the title, but they refused to be interested in the story.

But in order to ward off a deluge of titles, on behalf of the motion picture companies, let me quickly add some discouraging facts. The prices paid for titles alone are not high—"Merrily I Go to Hell," because it had appeared on a fairly successful book, and had been widely advertised, brought fifteen hundred dollars. The title "Washington Merry-Go-Round," which was purchased by the movies because the book was a best seller, brought, if rumors in the trade can be believed, something less than a thousand dollars. And I sold the famous W. L. George title "Bed of Roses" for a sum—well, let's call it extremely modest, and let it go at that. And the moral of all this is—it is practically impossible to copyright

a title without a story. So don't get notions about making a fortune by amateur title coining.

There are two more rules that all title makers thumb over well, in addition to "Be Brief," "Say What You Mean," and "Be Simple." One is "Don't Spill the Story"—this same book, "Merrily I Go to Hell," was christened "The Autobiography of a Minister's Daughter," when it first reached me. I felt that the author was giving her story away, and was telling the readers in advance "this entire book is the life story of a minister's daughter." The same holds true for pictures. No one wants to go and see a picture with a name that gives everything away. A title should be an appetizer—but certainly not a whole meal.

And the last great "don't" for the unhappy man who must think up something to call a picture is—don't tread on anybody's toes. A title must never offend anybody. It must respect religious prejudices, race prejudices, it must be moral, it must be in good taste. Why? Well, just think of all the censorship organizations ready to jump on its poor title's neck from the Hays office on down to private and self-appointed busybodies. And if it seems to you I'm spreading it on too thick listen to a tale of woe about the title of Mae West's picture, "Belle of the Nineties."

ORIGINALLY the picture was called "It Ain't No Sin." But the Hays organization to which the entire upper crust of the motion picture producers and distributors belong, began to get very uneasy about that "it." All right, said Paramount, they'd play ball, so they changed the title to "The Belle of New Orleans." Thereat the good city fathers of the Queen of the Delta (N'Awleens to you) rose up as one man and protested. Don't ask me why, but they did. All right, said Paramount, this time a little wearily, we'll play ball. So they changed the name of the picture to "The Belle of the Gay Nineties," and feeling they had done their bit, sent out about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of printed publicity surrounding that title. But the Hays organization got that under the microscope and discovered that it still wouldn't do, because of the word "gay." "All right," said Paramount (I leave it to you how they said it) and recalled their hundred thousand dollars' worth of printing, so that today you see the picture billed as "The Belle of the Nineties," which seems to have made everybody happy.

What does it all boil down to? To the fact that a title must have a lure—it must draw customers, irresistibly to the little glass windows in the front of the theater lobby, and cause them to lay down their quarters, half dollars and dollars joyously, feeling sure they're going to get the treat of their lives. All this must be accomplished by the title alone, mind you, for very few moviegoers read reviews of pictures, and while mouth-to-mouth advertising—"have you seen 'Sweet Sinners'?" It's a swell show"—does a lot, still there are hundreds of thousands of patrons who have nothing more to go on than a mere name, and select the film they wish to see on the basis of that name only. No wonder titles cause nervous breakdowns in Hollywood. No wonder the title department of any big company is occasionally bowed down under a weight of responsibility and loud complaints from producers.

(Please turn to page 58)

## WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON

MONOTONOUS  
dull meals, with  
their everlasting  
sameness



INTERESTING,  
sparkling meals  
with zest added  
to them!



Armed with scores of really distinctive recipes, no woman runs the risk of Dull Meals. These recipes, compiled by the Tower Home Service Department, give helpful new suggestions, stimulate your imagination, assure that important "out-of-the-ordinary" touch to meals. Each Food Circular contains many recipes which will soon become family favorites.

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## —that greasy pan you've saved till last

When you've worked your way through the dishes—down to that blackened pan or kettle you've put off till last—looks like the biggest, messiest job you've ever faced.

That's the time to reach for S.O.S. It works like magic. A dip—a rub—a rinse, and the old faithful pan will shine again like new.

Don't take our word for it. Try it on the most stubborn job in your kitchen. Get a package today at your grocer's, your department, hardware or five and ten cent store. Or mail the coupon for a generous free trial package.

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# The Title Has Been Changed

(Continued from page 57)

Then how in the world are names ever devised for the hundreds of original scripts produced in the big studios, to say nothing of the scores of books and plays which find their way to Hollywood and must be re-titled?—names which will have all the qualifications which I have mentioned? There is one test which if successfully applied will go a long way toward giving a title that box-office appeal which is the dream of every studio. Has it got S—A? Not Sex Appeal, but S—standing for Sin, Sex, Society, Suffering and Sacrifice (plus money). And has it got Animals

or Adventure in it? If it has one or more of these elements, plus a dash of paprika, plus a little glamour—and more than a sprinkling of luck, then a title will be “good box office,” and everything will be hunky dory, on the up and up, or jake (according to the particular language which you were brought up to speak).

The public interest will be piqued, the public imagination stirred to the point where results can be counted in good, hard cash.

The producer will be gratified, the producer will be ecstatic, to the point

where he begins to see the motion picture industry as something else besides a gigantic headache, and the title writer who was bright and lucky (there's always an element of luck in everything which has to do with pictures), will probably get a renewal of his contract at a more pleasing figure, to say nothing of that satisfaction which comes from watching a beloved brain child click.

Did anybody say that roses ever could be called cabbages and sell for \$3.50 a dozen? Not until the cabbage grows S—A!

## Playrooms of the Stars

(Continued from page 38)

Mary Pickford puts on her famous costume parties, with guests generally attired as early day miners, cowboys, dance hall girls or Indians.

In appropriate places are gambling devices similar to the days of '49—roulette wheels, chuck-a-luck, red dog and poker tables. A bar, out of Billy McGuire's Union Saloon of the Mother Lode country, where was made the second gold strike in California, stands in a corner. Over it hangs a pistol which once belonged to Jesse James, and a carbine used by Billy the Kid. A multi-colored roulette wheel from Jimmy May's gambling house in Goldfield, Nevada, stands directly below some cow and Indian country paintings by Russell and Remington.

Even the stove comes from an old mining camp, and close by it hangs a 45-foot calf rope, the handiwork of Ottego, the famous “las rope” manufacturer of the aristocratic Californios, when Mexico's flag flew over the sun-baked Pueblo de Los Angeles.

**P**ROBABLY the most unusual playroom in Hollywood is that of Director W. S. “Woodie” Van Dyke. It is modeled after the recreation quarters of a trans-oceanic liner.

Here gather the crews of “Woodie's” famous far-flung picture expeditions, to talk over the times “when—.” And mingling with Charles Laughton and his charming wife, Jean Harlow and William Powell, may be found army officers and men attired in the gold-braided blue of the navy; ranking officers of “Woodie's” own Marine Corps, as well as statesmen and officials of foreign countries.

Longshoremen and newspapermen, cowpunchers and lumberjacks will be rubbing elbows with Jack Oakie, Jeanette MacDonald and her boy friend, Bob Ritchie.

In one corner Irene Hervey, Dolores Del Rio, and Cedric Gibbons, seated in comfortable chairs of the type found only on board ship, may be playing chess or checkers with John Miljan and Gertrude Michael. In another corner other screen celebrities may be trying their hand at some ancient game discovered by “Woodie” in the jungles of Africa or the wastes of the Arctic.

Prizefighters and big game hunters can be heard criticizing or admiring the merits of the beautiful water scenes which cover the walls, while exotic screen sirens may be peering out of the portholes that serve as windows. In the next room additional members of the party will probably be trying

out the “Continental” or some similar terpsichorean step on the smooth, large-sized dance floor.

And as the evening progresses various members of the group will find themselves in front of one of the most unusual bars in Hollywood. The counter is an aquarium, filled with rocks, miniature castles, seaweed, coral, water plants, and of course, a variety of the smaller species of fish. The brass rail and other fittings of this bar further carry out the shipboard idea.

**J**IMMY CAGNEY, the tough boy of the screen, turns into a dignified and cultured gentleman in his own recreation retreat. A charming spot, it is much more than a playroom, even though a bar, and a variety of games are among its furnishings. Books, books, and more books cover the shelves. Books, much thumbed, and evidently deeply pored over.

Here, in congenial surroundings, Jimmy confounds friends with his knowledge of philosophy, sociology, political science, economics, literature, history and even medicine. Here they gather, these friends, few but staunch; Lincoln Steffens, Victor Jory, Bill Gargan, Bing Crosby, Hugh Herbert, and several others, most of them not in pictures.

As the conversation progresses, reference books are dragged from their places and opened to those pages that will best help drive home a point. Yes, this room, ostensibly a playroom, is in reality more the European salon where conversation, cultured and intellectual, takes precedence over all else.

Somewhat similar places are owned by Pat O'Brien and George Brent. For the amusement of his guests Pat has several marble games. Like the ones you see in most present day drugstores. There are also games of skill—mechanized baseball, football, horse-racing and golf. Similar to those games which decorate so many hotel lobbies. On the walls are countless photographs—all of friends, and all autographed.

While George Brent is a rather quiet individual and not much of an entertainer, he is not averse to a few congenial friends dropping in on him for an occasional nip in his den. Unlike most Hollywood film luminaries, George doesn't particularly care about playing games. For that reason none are around. The only thing approaching it is a card table. Here George will generally play a few hands of poker or rummy with his cronies and then after a drink or two the group will adjourn

to the lawn to spin some old yarns.

**S**TAN LAUREL, the cry-baby member of Hal Roach's comedy team, owns one of the most complete playrooms in filmdom. However, when away from the grease-paint, Stan is a rather serious fellow and not much for entertaining. But when he does entertain, it is worth waiting for.

His “whoopie” room is entered through swinging doors. It contains a complete bar, pool table with a top which can be turned into a card table, chess, checkers, backgammon and camelot. This room is finished in knotty white pine. Covering its walls are autographed photographs of other stage and screen stars, and curios from around the world, collected either by Stan himself, or sent him by admiring fans.

**G**ORGEOUS Jeanette MacDonald, she of the nightingale voice, has a playroom which is one of the oldest in Hollywood. It could be more appropriately called a music room. For in it are a radio, phonograph, piano, and numerous musical instruments. There is also the general run of games—cards, chess and checkers, as well as jig-saw puzzles. Here Jeanette entertains informally, and often around the fireplace will be found Bob Ritchie, Director W. S. Van Dyke, Ernst Lubitsch and other members of the film colony.

**R**ATHER unusual decorations feature Bing Crosby's playroom—which is a combination reception room and bar. These decorations consist of wall paper manufactured from the various songs Bing has sung. Even the drapes are covered with musical notes, and whenever you feel like singing one of your favorites at one of his parties all you have to do is stand in front of these hangings and “do your stuff.” Incidentally this is one place the twins don't run in the Crosby household.

**B**ILL POWELL, Ronald Colman, Dick and Mrs. Barthelmess, Jean Harlow, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall may be found frequently in the home of Warner Baxter, and most often in his beautifully decorated amusement quarters.

This corner of his dwelling is decorated in warm Oriental reds, browns and greens, with the walls covered with hunting prints.

At one end is a motion picture projection booth with sliding panels that disguise its appearance when not in use. Opposite the booth, in a corner, is a



huge radio capable of picking out of the air long- and short-wave programs, with a phonograph inside its cabinet which can play an entire opera. Davenport and easy chairs are scattered all over the place as are all sorts of games—ping-pong, anagrams, marble games, shuttlecock and battledore. Baxter keeps a skilled projectionist on his household staff at all times.

**R**APIDLY gaining a reputation as a host equal to that once enjoyed by Lew Cody, Fred Keating, ex-magician and now a movie star, has a small playroom in his "Casa Escrow," perched on one of Hollywood's highest hills, which recently has been the scene of some of the gayest and most ingenious parties ever seen by the film colony. Although this playroom contains only a couch, some comfortable chairs, a piano, bar, serving counter and card tables, Keating has been able to use these "props" as the background for a series of entertainments which equaled the best that vaudeville ever had to offer in its heyday. Of course always present was "Talul," Fred's celebrated canary, the bird that has been featured literally thousands of times in Keating's famous disappearing bird and bird cage trick. "Talul" has a special perch all to himself in a corner of this playroom.

Fred's parties are generally in the form of a "show." An impromptu show in which all of the guests are included in the "acts." Sometimes Fred is master-of-ceremonies. Other times it is his colored advisor—Audrey, who understands Keating's tastes in all things from breakfast menus to screen roles—who acts in that capacity. When Audrey is master-of-ceremonies he is always dressed as an East Indian, his turbaned headdress and colorful robes adding a decidedly bizarre note to the occasion.

**A** MORE or less recent importation from Europe, Anna Sten, the Goldwyn star, has been bitten by this playroom bug. Her guest amusement room is almost circular in design, in keeping with her modernistic home, built on a hill in Santa Monica and overlooking the Pacific Ocean. This room is filled

with hundreds of dolls, Anna's passion—German dolls, Russian dolls, Polish and American dolls, as well as many dolls made by the aboriginal children of savage African and South American tribes. Hardly a party ends at her home that some guest doesn't walk away with one of these dolls—a gift from Miss Sten.

Here, with a background of backgammon tables and a baby grand piano, Anna Sten holds her very popular Russian parties. Recently, while entertaining Marlene Dietrich, Mary Pickford, Edward G. Robinson, Frank Morgan and other screen celebrities, a visiting Russian ballet company and orchestra were the main features of her entertainment. Guests were seated cross-legged, Russian style, on the floor, and accompanied by the dancers and musicians these guests sang European Gypsy songs, Cossack songs and later played native Slav games.

**A**MONG other well-known playrooms in Hollywood are the ones owned by Wallace Beery and Charles Butterworth. Wally's is a combination play and sun room, which is decorated entirely with Mexican bric-a-brac from "Viva Villa." It has a large patio on one side and a game room on the other. In the latter place are numerous animal trophies "bagged" by Mrs. Beery and Wally. On the walls are several mounted deer heads, and some large game fish, hooked in the streams of the high Sierras. In the game room is also a small fireplace, a miniature motion picture projection machine, a radio and innumerable games of all sorts.

Charles Butterworth's fun spot is a combination game room and bar—where, believe it or not, Charles seldom serves anything but buttermilk.

The newer "whoopie" rooms promise to be far more elaborate than their predecessors. In fact the plans for some accord them as much space as a major portion of the dwellings.

From the appearance of things, now, playrooms promise to become, within the year, as important a part of Hollywood programs as the Mayfair club dances and the Academy awards.

## On-the-Set Reviews

(Continued from page 35)

And there's Fred's chance to sneak in on Ginger and give her the low-down on the set-up.

In order better to talk things over, Ginger and Astaire hop in a gondola, propelled by Eric Blore (who is really Horton's valet, in disguise!) (We told you it was complicated!)

Giving an extra push, for good luck, Blore falls into the canal, leaving Fred and the girl friend to drift out to the bay, without even a mother to guide them!

Just as they are going down for the third time, a passing boat picks them up and, dripping wet, they get back to the hotel in time to hear Blore admit that he (disguised as a parson) officiated at the marriage of Ginger and Rhodes. So, what do you think? They aren't married at all! The whole thing was just in fun!

Director Mark Sandrich let us sit in his chair while Ginger and Fred went through a scene.

"Have you forgotten what we've been to each other?" Ginger says tenderly.

"No . . . no . . ." Fred murmurs brokenly. "What we've . . . been . . . to each other?"

"I knew, yesterday in the park, when I danced in your arms, you remembered who I was—"

"Of course," Fred assures her. "Who are you?"

"Then you still don't remember?" And that's as far as we got.

### MEN WITHOUT NAMES PARAMOUNT

the brave boys who do and die for the preservation of law and order in the United States.

Before the Cagney picture was half-way to first base, a lad by the name of James Remington McCarthy sharpened up a handful of pencils and in no time at all turned out this story, all about a young federal dick whose pursuit of a stick-up gang leads him to a small town, and romance.

Fred MacMurray plays the role of the intrepid G-man. He is standing in the lower hall of a small town rooming house when the landlady comes in.

(Please turn to page 60)

# CHARMING

Sunny Golden Hair!  
Compliments from my friends

Lustrous golden hair softens and flatters your head and face — gives that fresh, bright clean look so admired by friends.

**BLONDES**—is your hair darkened, faded or streaked? Marchand's Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse will restore its former lightness and natural sunny golden hues.

**BRUNETTES**—let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash give your hair glorious new life. Rinse your dull hair and gain a sparkling sheen of tiny highlights. Or lighten it to any natural blonde shade desired. (You can do this almost overnight if you wish. Or gradually — unnoticed — over a period of weeks or months.)

**BLONDES & BRUNETTES**  
No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal of any sort. Blend "superfluous" hair (whether on your legs, arms or face) with your skin coloring. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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moves all stains and will not  
discolor shoes.

# On-the-Set Reviews

(Continued from page 59)

"My name is Hood—R. Hood," he says. "I'll be in town for some time on business and—"

"—and you want a good, clean bed and home cooked meals while you're here!" The landlady is very friendly and loquacious. "Well, you've come to the right place."

Fred says he hopes so.

"If I do say so myself," she goes on, "the Ella Ferris place is known far and wide as 'a home away from home'!"

"Get many out-of-towners?"

"Land sakes no!" Aunt Ella chuckles. "That's just our slogan! You're the first since . . . well, since I don't know when!"

So Fred moves in, parks his toothbrush and sets out to round up the bandits.

Meeting up with Madge Evans, who edits the local newspaper (such as it is), Fred goes the way of all youth and, with visions of a vine-covered cottage where Madge can empty ash trays and run the sweeper, he makes a snappy job of capturing the gang and turning them in.

Ralph Murray is directing, and the cast includes the names of two of your old favorites, Herbert Rawlinson and Creighton Hale, whom we haven't seen since the Fourth of July, ten years ago, when our dear Aunt Emma fell off the bus!

Also, credits go to Lynne Overman, Dean Jagger, little David Holt, J. C. Nugent, Grant Mitchell, Elizabeth Patterson (Aunt Ella), and others.

### PAGE MISS GLORY

#### WARNERS

For reasons best known to herself, Marion Davies (adored by the entire profession for her kindness and generosity) packed up her make-up kit and, shaking the dust of M-G-M from her feet, moved in on Warners' lot for a fling at the high comedy she does so well.

From Red Hook, up-state, to New York, comes Marion, a gawky, unsophisticated, backwoods child of nature, determined to make a mark in this cold, cruel world.

Under the tutelage of Patsy Kelly, Marion learns chamber-maiding in the swanky Park-Regis hotel (and, as this isn't a mystery picture, you've got to figure out for yourself just how a country gal falls into a job like that!)

When a famous yeast company offers an enormous prize for a picture of America's most beautiful girl, Pat O'Brien, a promoter with nothing to promote; Frank McHugh, a newspaper photographer out of a job; and Frank's girl friend, Mary Astor, get together and make a composite picture of several girls, naming the glorious result of their efforts "Dawn Glory!"

Well, they win the prize, and there they are—stuck with a prize-winning photo and nothing to back it up!

The radio, the movies, the newspapers (not to mention the yeast company) demand "Dawn Glory." And there ain't no such animal!

Dick Powell, a daredevil aviator, sees the picture, falls in love with it and takes it with him on a dangerous non-stop flight to Alaska.

Marion sees Dick's picture in a news-reel, falls in love with him and, while she can't take the reel of film home with her, still she holds the memory of his handsome face in her aching heart.

Stuck for a "Dawn Glory," Frank and Pat run across Marion, who has ac-

cidentally stumbled into a beauty shop on her day off, and—well, you ought to know that the chambermaid just fills the bill.

Before her transformation, with hair skinned back and nose unpowdered, Marion is shuffling along the hall when the elevator stops and Dick steps out.

Trembling like a new bride, Marion stops him and asks:

"Aren't you . . . Mister Bingo Nelson . . . the aviator?"

"Guilty, Judge," Dick grins.

"I seen—" she corrects herself, "I saw your picture . . . in the news-reel. . . ."

"Did you ask for your money back at the box office?"

"Oh, Mister Nelson," she breathes, "you look just like your picture!"

"I know," Dick sighs. "But I'm very kind to children and dumb animals."

Marion is flustered. "Will you autograph my—my apron, Mister Nelson?"

"Sure!" Dick takes the pencil. "I'll sign anything. That's been my undoing all these years!"

So, as Dawn Glory, Marion dazzles all and sundry. Dick lays his heart at her feet and the finale finds the two of them honeymooning high over New York in Dick's plane.

Joseph Schrank and Philip Dunning are responsible for the authoring, and Mervyn (Papa) LeRoy directs. The cast includes such troupers as Patsy Kelly, Lyle Talbot, Helen Lowell, Berton Churchill, Joe Cawthorne, Al Shean, Hobart Cavanaugh, Gayne Whitman ("Chandu," to you radio fans), Barton MacLane, Jack Mulhall and Gavin Gordon.

### FRONT-PAGE WOMAN

#### WARNERS

While Director Michael Curtiz' back was turned, we sneaked on this set just in time to catch Bette Davis and George Brent going through an amusing scene from this Richard Macaulay story.

Reporters on rival newspapers, Bette and George (who really love each other all the time) meet in the penitentiary press room where the boys are keeping a death watch, prior to an execution.

George spots Bette and exclaims: "Well—I'm a so-and-so!"

"You're telling me?" Bette says with that certain inflection.

"What are you doing here?" George demands.

"Covering a story. Have you got a sandwich?"

"You mean, Spike Kelly handed you this assignment?"

"I asked for it," calmly.

"Asked for it?" George is most amazed.

"Why not? It's a big story, isn't it?"

"Look, tidbit," he says firmly, "an electrocution is no place for you."

"Why not? I'm a reporter."

"No you're not! You're just a sweet little kid whose family let her read too many newspaper novels!"

"Oh-hh-h!" Bette is plenty exasperated. "You make me so mad—I—I could—oh, I could just—SPIT!"

Brent points to the cuspidor.

But Bette isn't so nonchalant after the heat has been turned on the condemned man. Folding up in a neat little pile on the floor, she goes completely out of circulation (and with a deadline to make, too!)

Torn between love and duty, Brent slaps his sweetie pie with a wet towel,

makes two copies of his story and sends the other to Bette's paper with a note to the re-write man telling him to soup it up so they won't be identical.

Of course, the note is delayed (this is pictures, folks!) and when the execution stories hit the front page, Bette lands in the dog house just five minutes ahead of Brent!

More determined than ever to make George admit that she's a good newspaper woman, Bette goes out to beat her b.f. to the punch in getting first-hand news on the mysterious slaying of a well known show producer and play-boy.

Well, it's nip and tuck, with Brent "nipping" the original scoop, and Bette "tucking" a good two yards on her beau by getting a confession out of the real murderer. And does George look silly?

And is Bette going to have something to slam at his defenseless head after they're married? Oh, boy!

### ACCENT ON YOUTH PARAMOUNT

This original play, by Samson Raphaelson, is (to our way of thinking) one of the smartest comedy farces ever written.

Herbert Marshall, playwright, is in love with his secretary, Sylvia Sidney, who adores him. Convincing himself that he is too old even to consider a romance with the petite Sylvia, Marshall practically throws her into the arms of a wealthy young actor in his play, even going so far as to write the dialogue for the kid's proposal!

Resignedly, Sylvia marries the actor, played by Phillip Reed, but, after six months of athletic honeymooning—swimming, riding, golfing, etc., with her husband—Sylvia calls it a day and rushes back to Marshall.

Very melodramatically, Reed rounds up a few of his college pals and takes them out to Marshall's place to get the goods on his wife.

Actually, Sylvia has merely dropped in on her erstwhile boss for a very platonic get-together, but, when she sees Phil coming, she runs into the bedroom, slips out of most of her clothes and makes a staggering entrance, wearing one of Marshall's dressing gowns!

Phil gets his "evidence" and Marshall finds himself more or less compromised. But realizing that Sylvia prefers his charm and brilliance to her husband's youth and callisthenic inclinations, 'Bart' gives in and it's happy endings all around.

The scene is before Sylvia's marriage to Reed and she sits in a big chair in Marshall's study, taking dictation.

"Bart" stands across the room, in the throes of creation.

"Bill! . . . Bill! Bill . . . dash," he dictates. "I've retired—dash—and I'm going to Finland—exclamation mark." Striding across the room, he leans upon the back of her chair and says excitedly: "I really am, Linda! Oh, boy, what a feeling!" Sylvia's eyes are unhappy. Marshall gestures to the book shelf behind him. "There are my collected works. Nineteen comedies! . . . I'm a success and I've got money—why do I have to write tragedies like 'Old Love'?"

Sylvia continues to gaze off into space. "Bart" raves on: "You stick your head in the clouds. What does it get you? A crown of thorns! You put your feet on the ground. What does it get you? BUNIONS!"

"Cut!" yelled Director Wes Ruggles. And, "Swell! . . . Print it!"



## ESCAPADE

M-G-M

Anything can happen in Vienna and, in this picture, taken from the story by Ethel

Borden, almost everything does happen!

It all starts with a sable muff and scarf, won by Mady Christians at a gala ball she has attended with her fiancé, Reginald Owen, his brother, Frank Morgan, and Frank's wife, Virginia Bruce.

Parading around in Mady's new furs, Virginia walks into Bill Powell, who is at once inspired to paint her, and, without a word to anyone, they go to his studio where she poses in the furs but wearing a mask.

Owen sees the picture and, while suspecting the worst, casually asks Bill who the gal is. And Bill, a bit flustered, hurriedly makes up a name and tells Reggie it's a "Miss Major." What he doesn't know is that there really is a Miss Major, and, blow me down! if he doesn't meet the gal he's invented, which makes for no end of complications!

The Major person (Luise Rainer) falls for Bill right off, and Bill, egged on by Mady who is jealous and suspicious, asks the girl to come to his studio. But when Luise finds that Bill merely wants her to pose for him, she is broken-hearted. And here's where we walked in:

Bill enters close to her and commands: "Smile, please."

Trying to suppress her tears, Luise chokes: "I—I can't—"

"Why not?" curtsy.

"Be-cause . . . I don't feel like smiling . . ." Giving up the struggle, she bursts into tears.

"Here—" Bill protests, "will you please wipe your eyes and stop crying?"

"I haven't any handkerchief . . ." Bill hands her his.

"Thanks." She dabs at her eyes. "I—I didn't know I was going to cry here."

Suddenly, Bill starts pacing about the room, stopping briefly to kick at the furniture. At the far end of the room, he turns sharply and faces her.

"See here," he declares, "I told you once that I liked you—liked you very much. That wasn't true, do you hear?"

"Yes . . . I hear."

"But now it is true!" he shouts. "Do you understand?"

"No . . . I don't understand."

Shouting at the top of his voice, Bill walks toward her. "What's so difficult to understand about that?" he demands.

So when Mady finds out that Luise and her old flame are in love and plan to be married, she shoots Bill in a fit of jealous rage.

Whether he lives or dies is something Director Bob Leonard would rather we'd leave for you to find out.

## THE ARIZONIAN

RKO

Dix's Garbo complex forbids our getting within twenty feet of the scene of activity, so we hope you'll be satisfied

with a brief resumé of the story, which happens to be an original by Dudley Nichols.

It is 1880, and Dix, on his way to Silver City, boom town of Arizona, meets up with Margot Grahame, a beautiful actress who is fleeing from a gang of nasty bandits.

Watching our hero squelch the motley crew, Margot is filled with admiration for him and together they return to Silver City.

Appointed Town Marshall by the mayor, Dix goes out and arrests Joe Sauers, leader of the gang, without even drawing a bead on the rascal!

Sheriff Louis Calhern has been forcing his unwelcome attentions on Miss

Grahame and, because Dix is running some snappy interference, he puts Preston Foster, a notorious killer, up to getting our fair-haired lad out of the road.

Foster starts out all right, but gets to like Dix so well that he eventually accepts the job of deputy, just for a laugh, and promises Dix that he'll try to be the worst peace officer Silver City ever had.

There is a dance at the opory house, a fight in the saloon, a fire in the jail, a round-up of the gang, and, finally, peace comes to Silver City.

Dix turns his face toward California and what do you think? With him goes pretty Margot Grahame! Surprise!

## COLLEGE SCANDAL

PARAMOUNT

It's a downright shame, but the day we got around to this one, Director Elliott Nugent was shooting the scene wherein the guilty party is exposed. And you know how we are. Just one "pretty please" and they can sell us down the river!

Arline Judge is a college paper reporter and Kent Taylor is her professor-brother. Wendy Barrie is the daughter of another professor and, probably wanting to keep the professoring in the family, she is all set to trek to the altar with Kent just as soon as school lets out.

All is well and life is a beautiful dream until two prominent students, also suitors of Wendy, are found mysteriously murdered.

Taking charge of the investigation, Taylor follows a hot "lead" out of town and when he returns discovers that Wendy has apparently run away with Eddie Nugent to his shack in the hills!

Under pressure, the murderer admits to having placed a time bomb in the shack and then there's a plain and fancy scramble to get to the shack in time to rescue the doomed couple.

After being so mean in the beginning, we'll break down and let you in on the fact that the kids are rescued just in the nick of time, with Kent and Wendy and Arline and Eddie going into a double-barreled clinch against the setting sun.

## UNKNOWN WOMAN

COLUMBIA

Since winning the Academy award, Columbia seems to have gone just a weensy bit tall topper on us. So help me, you can't

even stick your nose on a Jack Holt set any more. And Jack one of our pet old-timers, too. Oh, well—

In this Scott Darling yarn, Richard Cromwell, an up-and-coming young lawyer, defends fish-peddling Henry Armetta, loses the case but attracts the attention of Ben Taggart, proprietor of a shady night club.

Taggart, the baddy, figures he can get the unsuspecting Dick to take over some stolen government bonds until he (Taggart) can find an opportunity to dispose of them safely.

Meeting up with Marian Marsh, Dick discovers that Taggart has stolen some papers from her father and, wanting to help the gal, he goes with her to a rum-runner on the trail of a clue.

When Taggart's men take them prisoner, Marian confesses to Dick that she really is a thief and is trying to hi-jack some stolen bonds from Taggart.

Arriving on the scene, a prospective buyer of the bonds recognizes Marian as a former Federal dick and insists on disposing of her and Dick, permanently.

How they escape, how the gang is rounded up, how Dick finds a lot of good in the gal—well, that's the best part of the story. But exciting!

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# Love Laughs at the Little Clown

(Continued from page 8)



ANN DVORAK  
in Warner Bros.  
"C Men"  
BRUNETTE...To  
lend enchantment  
to the warm color  
tones of brunette  
beauty... Ann  
Dvorak chooses  
Max Factor's Olive  
Powder Carmine  
Rouge and Car-  
mine Lipstick.

## Three Warner Bros. Stars Reveal Hollywood's New MAKE-UP



JEAN MUIR  
in Warner Bros.  
"A Midsummer  
Night's Dream"  
BLONDE...To accent  
the appealing charm of  
delicate colorings, Jean  
Muir chooses Max  
Factor's Rachelle Pow-  
der, Blondeen Rouge  
and Vermilion Lipstick.



MARY ASTOR  
in Warner Bros.  
"Dinky"  
REDHEAD...To har-  
monize naturally with  
the distinctive colorings  
of the auburn type,  
Mary Astor chooses Max  
Factor's Olive Powder,  
Blondeen Rouge and  
Carmine Lipstick.

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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Reddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Oliver <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.

81-8-90

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"What are you looking at, Charlie?"

The star replied, "Eight hundred thousand dollars of mine, waltzing."

He had settled that amount upon Lita when they separated. There was a tinge of bitterness in his voice. But it was far more powerful than that occasioned by the loss of money. Chaplin still has plenty of money and could make millions more; the bitter note in his voice earmarked an irreplaceable loss, a deep regret caused by the awakening from a dream.

I wondered what that dream could have been. Had this lonely little man, then, loved Lita that much? Was his world upside-down and emptied, his future barren and uninviting, purposeless, because Lita Grey was no longer his? Had all the fullness been taken from his life by one woman, and that woman Lita? It was difficult to believe that; but the evidence of his voice proclaimed nothing if not a glorious dream now shattered.

A few months later the answer came from his own lips.

A LARGE party was given at the Ambassador. With the conclusion of the music at one o'clock a group of us, including Chaplin, drifted upstairs to the studio of Leon Gordon, who was in Hollywood painting the portraits of Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson and other stars.

The talk veered to the aim and purpose of all artists. It was suggested an artist's duty was to interpret life and to do this he must know his subject, be it a flowering landscape or the hearts of men and women. I thought of Chaplin's great work in "The Kid" and asked where he had gathered the knowledge which made the classic picture possible.

He smiled, sadly. "It may be," he said, "the things that happened to Jackie Coogan and me actually happened to me and—my mother. I know poverty. I know a child's life in a London garret. I know his fears and hopes and pleasures and thoughts. I was a poor boy, hungry, cold, uncomfortable, afraid."

It was late. It had been a hectic, tiring evening. But as Charlie talked of his childhood in London's East End all fatigue fled and was replaced by wide-eyed interest. Men and women, stars, painters, cartoonists, writers, acclaimed over the world for their abilities and accomplishments, sat silently engrossed in the word picture being unfolded to them.

A small boy, his brother, a loving mother eternally tired but never faltering. Huddled out of the fog and drizzle and cold of a London Winter in a bare floored, single attic room that was cut and bisected by the gaunt wooden rafters that supported the roof. No running water. A public pump in the street below and a tiny boy struggling up unending stairs with heavy buckets of water that pulled and tore at the muscles of his young arms until they fairly screamed. Long days without food. Long nights without warmth or sleep. Finally the boy snatched from his mother and placed in an orphan asylum.

Sitting across from me in this portrait painter's luxurious studio was this same boy, grown now to manhood. Perfectly groomed, shining patent leather dress shoes, silk lapels glistening on his immaculate dinner jacket, at home amid wealth, his hands folded quietly in his lap, he was again climbing those flights

of stairs to his garret home, again lugging pails of water and biting gratefully into bits of crusted, stale bread. It was always stale bread because stale bread could be gotten from the baker's cheaper than fresh bread. And it sustained the body as well.

Somehow the undernourished child grew. He saw life around him as a sad, dreary experience. Within him rose a budding desire to make life brighter, happier. His mission on earth came to be: Bring laughter into the world.

Blessed with a great imitative faculty he began by amusing his playmates on the streets of London's East End. The joy in their hearts as they laughed at him was his pay, his reward. Then the weather-beaten cabbies sitting behind their horses, the pedestrians passing on the sidewalks, the forlorn on the Thames River embankments, laughed and forgot their lots as his pantomimes gained force.

At nineteen, he went into the music halls, vaudeville. Charlie Chaplin, slender, small, trying so hard to make his fellow men laugh and be happy if only for a moment, was about to experience an emotion which would influence his entire future.

He met—her. The only girl.

He was at the bottom rung in his chosen career. His act, in vaudeville parlance, "opened the show." But he was eager to learn, always watched the other acts after finishing his.

One August evening in a small theater just outside London he stood in the wings as a troupe of dancing girls were on the stage. Their ease of movement, their grace, held him spellbound. Their ornate costumes, so colorful and sparkling, gratified the beauty-starved soul of the lad from the dull London streets. It was like—the beginning of a wonderful dream.

One girl in particular he noticed. She was small with delicate hands and feet. Her soft brunette hair was truly a crowning glory. Her large brown eyes twinkled and a tiny smile bowed her lips as she danced. She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen.

The number ended. The dancers ran off the stage. The boy trembled as the girl hastily pulled off the flowing wrap utilized in the number he had just seen. Trembled because she threw it to him to hold as she dashed back before the footlights.

He stood there, frozen to immobility. Then slowly he looked from her flashing figure to the cloak in his hand. A faint, clean aroma of lavender came to him. He has loved the perfume of lavender ever since; it means always—her.

As she came off the stage the next time she smiled. To him the darkened wings lit instantly with a beacon light that called and stirred him to the very bottom of his being. Love at first sight? He did not think of that. He knew only the presence of this gorgeous dream person. All else, all the world, was blotted out.

"Thank you," she said, taking her wrap. "See you tomorrow night." And she was gone, rushing with the other girls to another theater for a second performance.

Charlie Chaplin, telling his story in Artist Gordon's studio, hesitated. For a moment there was silence, and I felt sure he was again holding communion with that evening of long before. He smiled apologetically, and continued.

The next night he was again in the wings as the girls danced. He knew

now her name was Hetty, Hetty Kelly. She had an older sister, Alice, also dancing in the troupe. And a young brother, Arthur.

Too busy during the day, what with performances and rehearsals, to see each other, Charlie and Hetty met fleetingly in the wings every night. His daylight hours were spent looking forward to those moments, his nights looking back on them. Then he made a date with her. A banner day! No shows on a Sunday enabled them to arrange a meeting for four o'clock in the afternoon at Kensington Gardens, Lancaster Gate.

Chaplin scrambled to the clothier's. A new suit, black and white check, belted back, natty, styled to the minute. A new derby hat, gloves, yellow shoes; and the bamboo cane he was later to make famous. Fifteen minutes before the appointed hour he was waiting on a bench at Lancaster Gate. How those minutes dragged!

Would she really come? What would she think of him? What did she look like without her stage make-up? He had never seen her without it. A girl approached and his heart leaped. She... could this be... so different... not... the girl passed him, went her way and he sighed, relieved. It was not Hetty.

At one minute past four a slender, smiling vision in a blue serge suit walked up to him and held out her hand.

"Hello, Charlie."

HETTY was more beautiful off the stage than on it, lack of make-up revealing a clean freshness Charlie felt was soul deep. Her eyes held him. He could never see enough of them, never see far enough into them. They twinkled and sparkled, they were soft and sympathetic, they were understanding and promising.

After seeing her home that night he wanted all mankind to share his joy. He walked along the banks of the Thames, under the gray, overhanging bridges, gathering to him homeless unfortunates who were hungry. He spent every farthing he possessed for food for them; it was all he could do toward making them happy, as he was.

Skipping over Scotland and England, wherever their acts were billed together, Charlie and Hetty met for enchanting hours in a small sea shore town, for a romantic moonlit evening strolling down a tree lined country lane, for a memorable afternoon in a secluded tea shop, for stolen moments under flickering London gas lamps which cast shadows far less real than the future he dreamed. A future with Hetty.

Hetty's older sister openly frowned upon this fanciful affair which threatened to bring into the Kelly family an unknown, second-rate music hall comedian. Alice had far greater plans for herself, for Hetty. She wanted no such mesalliance which could quite easily spoil those plans. Charlie Chaplin was certainly not good enough—although it was nothing against him, mind you, she insisted—for Hetty Kelly. Charlie readily admitted that. But then—no one could be good enough for Hetty. She outshone the world.

Young Arthur was Charlie's ally and well wisher. Charlie made him laugh. Charlie could lower the corners of his mouth, assume a facial expression and imitate a monkey in the zoo to perfection. A monkey hunting fleas. Often the tears rolled from Arthur's eyes at Charlie's antics. And Hetty liked him,



too. He made her laugh with Arthur. He was so happy, was Charlie, so gay and kind and thoughtful.

Suddenly the Kelly sisters and Arthur left England for the Continent. For two long years Charlie did not see them. Then one day as he was walking along Piccadilly, wondering whether to accept an offer to go to America with the Fred Karno Repertoire Company, he heard his name called from the depths of a large limousine.

"Hetty!"  
"Charlie! It is good to see you again."

All the ache of absent years fell from him and his blood warmed as he looked at her. She was beautiful. More beautiful even than he remembered. They rode and talked. The limousine? Her expensive clothes? She laughed at his timorous question. No, she wasn't married; but sister was—to an American millionaire.

He told her he was going to America, to the land of fulfilled hopes, the land of realized dreams.

"I'll see you in America," she said.  
"Yes?" Charlie struggled to appear casual, was too successful. She bit her lip and the deep brown eyes looked into his. In a moment the gay of two years was bridged.

"I—I mean it, Charlie." Her voice was sincere as she laid her hand upon his. "I've thought often—a great deal—of you these past months."

**C**HARLIE'S heart sang a glad song. Hetty had thought of him! A great deal! Often! Perhaps . . . she might even . . . he once thought she did . . . well, maybe not love, but awfully close to it . . . in time . . . everything was possible.

He glowed and expanded during that evening in her apartment. She showed so plainly that she liked him. Liked him a lot. True he was a clown, a music-hall comedian, but he was also a man and she a woman. And when a man cries to woman and woman to man, all else, all stations in life, become forgotten.

Charlie abandoned himself to the thrills of a man in love. They enveloped him and provoked a mood of tenderness surpassing any he had ever experienced. He was going to ask Hetty to marry him, to come as his wife to America. Forever and a day to be side by side, meeting with laughs the turns of life. The full vision of the years of happiness—together—stretching before them overwhelmed him. This, the mere anticipation, was bliss beyond his highest hopes.

"Hetty. . . ." His eyes must have told her what was in his heart. She smiled, and the smile was for him alone.  
"Yes, Charlie."

"Hetty, dear. I . . ." This was the moment when the gates of heaven were to be thrown wide to admit two souls to paradise.

The door opened and Arthur burst into the room. "Charlie! Do the monkey in the zoo for me? Will you? Be a monkey in the zoo after fleas?"

A monkey in the zoo after fleas!

**T**HE magic moment passed. His tenderness was enclosed in a shell of disappointment more bitter than gall. He could not ask her, now, he had to wait. She knew what he had been about to say. She could recreate that moment if she wished before he left. But perhaps she, too, felt that Fate had suddenly confronted them with an edict more potent than human desire. She, too, made no effort to recapture the tenderness that had been theirs when Arthur interrupted them.

Charlie Chaplin was a monkey in the zoo after fleas. Arthur guffawed and

cheered the impersonation. Hetty smiled as she looked from one to the other. Charlie's heart was breaking.

Telling his story in Leon Gordon's Ambassador Hotel studio as the stars dimmed before the coming streaks of dawn, Charlie Chaplin made but one mention of his first years in America.

"Hetty promised to write to me—and did," he said. "I did not answer the letter."

Time and again he sat down to that which he wanted above all things to do—pour forth his deepest emotions to the girl he loved. But each time he tore the resulting notes to shreds and hurled them to the floor. He could not express all he felt upon the cold, impersonal paper. The words he sought did not come to him and those that did were weak and insipid. One might as well describe a crow with an eagle in mind. Charlie's thoughts soared to the heights, his ability to convey them through words remained earthbound, futile.

His very handwriting, thanks to no schooling, was a scrawl about which he was sensitive. It seemed to bear out, to prove in the most elemental way, what Hetty sister had said; that he was unworthy of Hetty.

"You will be sorry you do not want me to marry Hetty," Charlie had told that sister before leaving England. "One day I am going to be a great man and rich."

Was he in that moment gifted with foresight? Or was it merely the fearful boasting, the attempt to convince self against odds, of a boy denied his love? Betty's sister smiled and agreed with him, but insisted Hetty was destined for richer things than he could give her.

After some months in America Charlie was still a vaudeville comedian. He was not yet a rich man nor great. He had not yet proved, even to himself, his worthiness. He had conquered no worlds, had no glowing tales to report. He did not hear from Hetty again after that first unanswered letter.

**T**HEN Charlie Chaplin came to Hollywood.

We know he started making two-reel pictures, his large, unwieldy shoes, baggy pants, cane, mustache and bowler hat, his comical antics sweeping the country into gales of laughter and forgetfulness. We know children skidded around corners on one foot, as he did, to make their playmates laugh, as he did. We know that wealth and fame came to him in an unending stream. We know he was, as he promised he would be, a great man and rich.

And we know he was a lonely man. Like the characters in his pictures, who came from nowhere and go nowhere, who are always alone, apart, even in the midst of crowds.

He knew many people, yes. And women. There began the saga of his loves which has so puzzled Hollywood and has on occasion brought him criticism. But even as the strain of pathos under all his comedy was apparent, so too the loneliness could be seen even as he glided about a dance floor with a beautiful woman in his arms. Charlie Chaplin was living only an inch deep, his fun was surface fun, his gaiety superficial; the core of him remained untouched, harboring his dream.

This lowly English music-hall comedian rose in the film world until he was offered a million-dollar contract. It was a stupendous sum. No entertainer in history had been offered that kind of money. It was news. It was a big thing, a milestone that should be passed and recorded in an impressive way. Would Charlie take the contract? He  
(Please turn to page 64)

## WITH A FEW STIRS *Perfect Mayonnaise!*

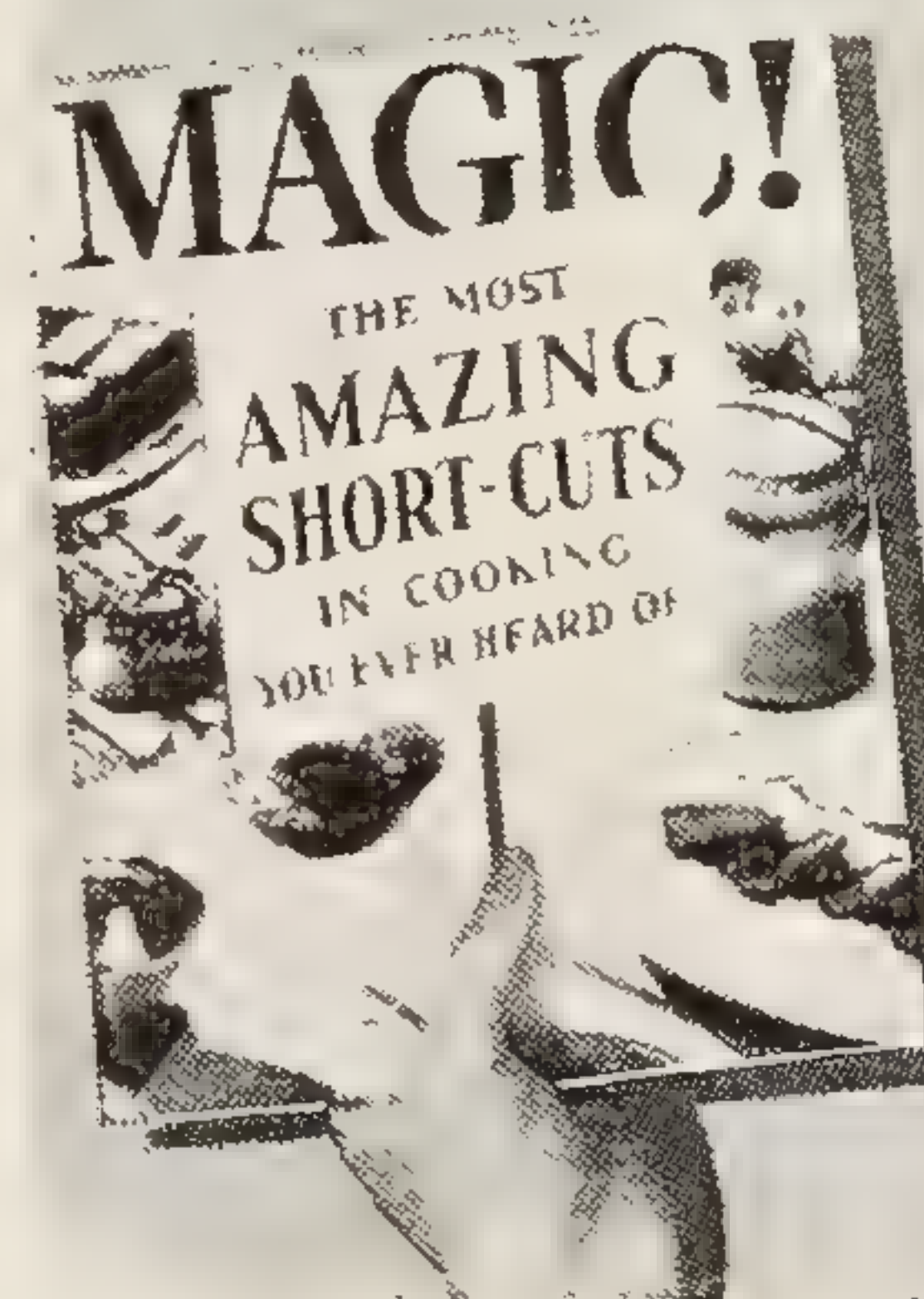


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# Love Laughs at the Little Clown

(Continued from page 63)

would. Would he come to New York and make a ceremony of signing it? He would not.

The studio heads in the East insisted and Charlie became stubborn. He was not tripping to New York on a ballyhoo stunt and that was that. As the date of signing approached, the comedian remained adamant in his decision to take part in no publicity stunts.

In the meantime, what of Hetty?

Charlie had set out from England to develop himself and become worthy of her. He had certainly done so. He was now an artist who played upon people's heartstrings with the skill Jascha Heifitz displayed fingering his violin. Tears and laughter were his to command. He was famous, he was Midas rich. Now he could go to Hetty with his head up, with the world in his hands to lay at her feet. Even her sister must recognize him now.

But—he hesitated. He did not know why. It merely seemed the moment had not arrived.

One day, as the studio was demanding the New York excursion and he was with equal force declaring he would not take it, he saw a picture in a New York newspaper that had by chance been left on his dressing-room table. It was a picture of Hetty's sister. The caption under it stated she, her sister, her brother and her husband had arrived from England some time before and were living in a Fifth Avenue residence.

Charlie Chaplin stared at that picture for a long time. Hetty—in New York. "I'll see you in America," she had said.

A **S**MILE slowly turned the corners of his mouth. Now was the time, and it would be done as he desired, casually. He would meet her on the street accidentally. At least she would never know it was not an accident. His eyes would light up and he would say as he grasped her hand, "Hetty! Think of meeting you here! This is wonderful!" And she would smile happily and say, "Charlie! I've thought of you so much." He would answer, still holding her hand, "I've thought of you, too, Hetty."

Then he would present her with gifts, the finest he could buy. He would see how she reacted to him and if—dream-land was very real—all was well, the publicity-seeking studio would be handed a story, the newspapers would cry in black headlines across front pages, "CHAPLIN MARRIES BOYHOOD SWEETHEART!"

It had to be done that way. Genius is unaccountable, often over-sensitive and shy. It would kill him, kill forever his dream, if he went directly to her and found indifference. They had to meet casually and—

Charlie picked up his telephone, called the Eastern studio heads. "Okay," he said, "I'll come to New York. Leave tonight."

The studio heads nodded wisely. They had licked him. He was coming to New York to sign the million-dollar contract.

The police were pressed into service to stem the tide of fans who met him at the Grand Central Station. He was escorted to his hotel, lodged in a magnificent suite far above the noise and bedlam of the street. Much closer to the stars than in his London garret he looked for a moment out the window, and then no one could find him.

The studio wanted him for luncheons with the mayor, the governor, important

personages of the metropolitan business and social life. His days had been dated to the full with meetings and interviews. Reporters waited by the hour for him and then returned to their city rooms to write stories which proclaimed, "CHAPLIN IN HIDING," "CHARLIE DISAPPEARS." And everyone asked, "Where is he?"

Where?

While all New York sought him, a slender little man sat alone on a bench in Central Park. His coat collar turned up around his chin, hat brim lowered over his eyes, he stared across Fifth Avenue. When it became too cold to sit in the open, he hailed a taxi, instructed the driver to stay right where he was—within view of the doorway through which sooner or later Hetty must pass.

When she did he would hurry down Fifth Avenue, across the street, stroll back toward her and meet—casually, accidentally.

So as thousands looked for Charlie Chaplin to give him homage, he sat in full view and dreamed his dream, wrote and rewrote in his thoughts the scenario of his meeting with Hetty, of what was to follow. . . .

The door remained closed, or opened to admit or exude strangers. Days of waiting and Charlie saw Arthur, the young brother. Here, at last, was a contact. Arthur was happy to see him. After the first greetings, Charlie inquired for Hetty's sister.

"She's fine."

"And your other sister—Hetty?" asked Charlie.

"Hetty!" said Arthur. "She's married now, you know. She was here, but left for England a week ago."

Charlie smiled. "That's too bad," he said. "It would have been nice to see her."

The newspapers the next day heralded the sudden departure of Charlie Chaplin for California.

Months passed, and if he dreamed any dreams, he did not recount them to us who listened, so quietly, as night entirely fled before the sun rising over the Hollywood hills. None of us noticed the coming of a new day. We were living in years gone by with a lonely little man who thought of a girl six thousand miles away from him in London.

"The Kid" was finished and proved the greatest of his motion pictures. He threw himself into preparation of the next one. It had to be good; everything Charlie Chaplin did had to be good. There was yet, as there had always been since leaving England, a reason. He must be worthy.

His fan mail increased by the sack load. And the studio began whispering. Had Chaplin gone high-hat? Was he getting the fat head? He must be balmy. As proof of one or the other, he insisted upon seeing every piece of fan mail coming to the studio addressed to him. It was a ritual each morning, Chaplin going through his fan mail. Why? Did he need to read these glowing tributes to his genius?

He heard the whispers but said nothing. He knew what he was looking for—and at last it came. A letter from Hetty!

"Dear Charlie," it said. "Do you remember me? I have often thought of you and never had the courage to write. If you ever come to London, be sure and look me up."

Did he remember her! He swallowed with difficulty as he read and reread the

letter. She often thought of him . . . she wanted to see him!

Later that day there were doings on the Chaplin lot. Carlyle Robinson, the comedian's publicity man, was called into his employer's dressing-room. He found Charlie pacing the floor, Charlie's brother, Syd, following him quizzically with his eyes.

"Can you go to England?" Charlie asked Robinson.

"Why, surely. Wherever you send me."

"Then get under way. Arrange for passports, money, whatever else is necessary. We leave in the morning for London."

Robinson's eyes flew open and he gulped. "We?"

"We," said Charlie. "You and I."

"But, Charlie," the words rushed out of Robinson's mouth, "you start shooting today. You've been getting ready for this picture for four months. There's a hundred extras on the set right now waiting for you. What—"

Chaplin waved his hand. "We leave for London tomorrow. The picture can wait. Pay the extras."

Pay. Thousands upon thousands of dollars this would cost him. Money. But of what value was money . . .

**R**OBINSON has told of that trip. Mentioned how Charlie Chaplin was not the man Hollywood and his studio had known. On the boat crossing the Atlantic he was nervous. Three years later I crossed on that same boat, and the chief officer told me of Charlie's solitude, of his walking the deck alone late at night and early in the morning. How for hours he would stand at the bow, looking toward England, the salt waves breaking below him and sprinkling him with spray.

As the ship approached Southampton, Chaplin's nervousness increased. Robinson thought it was because an enormous reception, including a welcome with the keys of the city donored by the Lord Mayor, was planned for the return after eight years of this boy from an East End garret. But Charlie Chaplin was thinking past Southampton to London, to another welcome and reception.

On the deck, fortune favored him. As the crowd was frantically yelling "Welcome, Charlie!" "Happy home-coming!" "Welcome home, our Charlie!" he spied Arthur. While thousands screamed the name of this slender man who not too long before had sailed from these same shores a penniless, unknown, unhailed music-hall comedian, he grabbed Arthur by the arm.

"Nice of you to come down to meet me," he told the boy. "It's good to see a familiar face. Come, ride to London in the carriage with me."

On the train they talked of many things. The old days in the theater, the monkey in the zoo after fleas, the struggles against poverty, the hopes and laughs and hurts of bygone moments.

Charlie carefully avoided mention of Hetty, but during long stretches of silence he continued to dream his dreams. Hetty was married. But at least he could see her, could give her his love in a different way, perhaps in a bigger, finer way. He wondered if her husband was wealthy. If not, he, Charlie, would somehow see to it he became so. And through him he would give to Hetty what he wanted her to have, the best in life, everything.

Perhaps—who could tell?—some day her husband would pass on and then . . . oh, it was going to be glorious just



to see her, to watch her move, catch again the tiny little gestures and habits he remembered so well. Her hair, the beauty of her eyes. Those brown eyes, so alive and big and soft and deep and understanding. Hetty; after eight years he was again to see her, to hear her talk. He looked at his watch. It could not be long now.

"It must be great to return like this, Charlie," said Arthur. "The crowds, the glory, the acclaim. We all hoped you would after we first heard you were in Hollywood."

Charlie smiled. "All of you?"

"All of us," said Arthur. "But especially Hetty. Hetty liked you very much, Charlie."

Arthur's voice was low, carried a trace of sadness. It made Charlie's heart sing. Arthur had always been his friend. Arthur was sorry Hetty was not now Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin.

"Hetty liked me?" He must not listen to that song in his heart. "Did she really? Well, I must go see her soon. Talk over old times."

Arthur shook his head and looked out the window. He was biting his lip, struggling with some emotion. Charlie, sensitive to the hurts of others, leaned forward.

"Tell me, Arthur. What is the matter?"

The boy turned his face to Chaplin. Tears trembled in the corners of his eyes. He fought to grin, but the result was pitiful.

"I thought you knew, Charlie," said Arthur. "It was quite sudden."

"Knew what, Arthur?"

"Hetty died three weeks ago."

THE carriage wheels clicked endlessly over the rails. Charlie Chaplin, too, stared out the window. The clean green fields of the open countryside fell before the dull, smoky gray of London as they sped through the suburbs. Wild flowers, colorful and nodding gaily to the trees above them gave way to soiled bits of waste paper whirling off the streets in weird gyrations before finding their final resting place in the gutters. London was dreary, dead, dull, empty.

## Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 44)

same as the preceding one. Waller is unquestionably the ace performer of his class, and reports reveal him as one of the most popular recording artists in the business. We feel certain you'll like this one. (Victor)

THE discovery of a lost manuscript of a great composer is a rare event, but when that composer is Victor Herbert, it becomes a momentous occasion. Only recently it has been discovered that some of his choice works were never published. Among them was a delightful and typical waltz melody, characteristic of America's best-loved composer. This song, called "Some One I Love," has since been published and recorded by Milton Watson, a distinguished singer of Victor Herbert operettas. We believe that, hearing this selection, you will feel the thrill of something old and of something new; and a realization that, although a master now in the great beyond, he still lives through the magic of his melodies. This is a Decca record.

"I WAS TAKEN BY STORM" is the title of an excellent tune from "Dizzy Dames" and in this recording it's Hal Kemp and his orchestra who do the honors. Kemp handles this with the

"And you know," Charlie Chaplin concluded his story as Leon pulled back the curtain to admit the full light of day, "I still see that girl. I see part of her in so many other girls. One will have a gesture she used, another will have her hands, another a lovely smile such as hers. Once or twice I have seen her hair. Never have I seen all of her, but—it's nice to see a part, don't you think?"

The final bit of the mosaic clicked into place and the picture was complete. That was it! That was why he was through with a girl the moment he really looked at her!

Charlie Chaplin was always playing a game. When he took a girl out, he played he was with Hetty! He concentrated his attention upon that part of her which suggested Hetty to him. And the moment the girl crashed her own personality through the illusion, the moment she made some overt little act which made it impossible for him to play his game, he dropped her.

It explained much, from his sudden starts to his quick finishes. It was a love story with a twist worthy of De Maupassant.

For years I have not written this story. Writing it, publishing it, meant Charlie Chaplin could no longer play his game. So I waited until I could judge he no longer wanted to play it. I think that time has come.

For many moons he has been seen with Paulette Goddard. In the beginning I wondered if it wasn't the same old story over again. He met her at a party and that very evening began his "rush." The first thing he did was persuade her to change her hair from blonde to brunette—the color of Hetty's hair! But Paulette, except for that one change which could well be for photographic purposes, has remained Paulette. Had Charlie been playing his game with her she would have destroyed the illusion long ago, would have joined the other beauties in the parade of the past.

A few years ago Chaplin wrote in his autobiography: "My first trip to England was a disappointment."

I think we can understand that, now.

distinctive touch that identifies his band anywhere; the tricky sax figures and muted brass. Earl Geiger's sweet muted trumpet starts things off, and the entire number, played to a slow tempo, has no dead spots. A nice bit of vocal work is contributed by Maxine Grey.

"Love's Serenade" is the title of the melody recorded on the reverse side and this is also played by Hal Kemp and his orchestra. An Edgar Hayes tune, this was recorded a few months back by the Mills Blue Rhythm band, and we must say that Hal's recording is every bit as good as the platter that Mills turned out. In fact we might go as far as to say that it's a shade better, for in this record we have the added attraction of a fine vocal chorus sung by Bob Allen. (Brunswick)

FROM the film, "Go Into Your Dance," Enric Madriguera and his orchestra present us with their version of the popular tune "She's a Latin from Manhattan." This seems to be just the type of song that Madriguera plays best, and we can pick no weak spots. Well played, to a fairly snappy tempo, and with vocal work done by Tony Sacco.

(Please turn to page 66)

Does he call you up the next morning?

THE exciting tinkle of her telephone the next morning means that he was serious when he said that she was the most fascinating girl at the party. He'll keep her phone busy as long as she keeps charming

Don't envy the beauty of others, often their beauty is enhanced by clever make-up. You too can have a soft, satiny skin, luscious tempting lips and an alluring fragrance lingering delightfully about you to make the memory of you always exciting. Use Blue Waltz Face Powder, Cold Cream, Lipstick and Perfume, all scented with that delightful Blue Waltz fragrance to make YOU the envy of other women.

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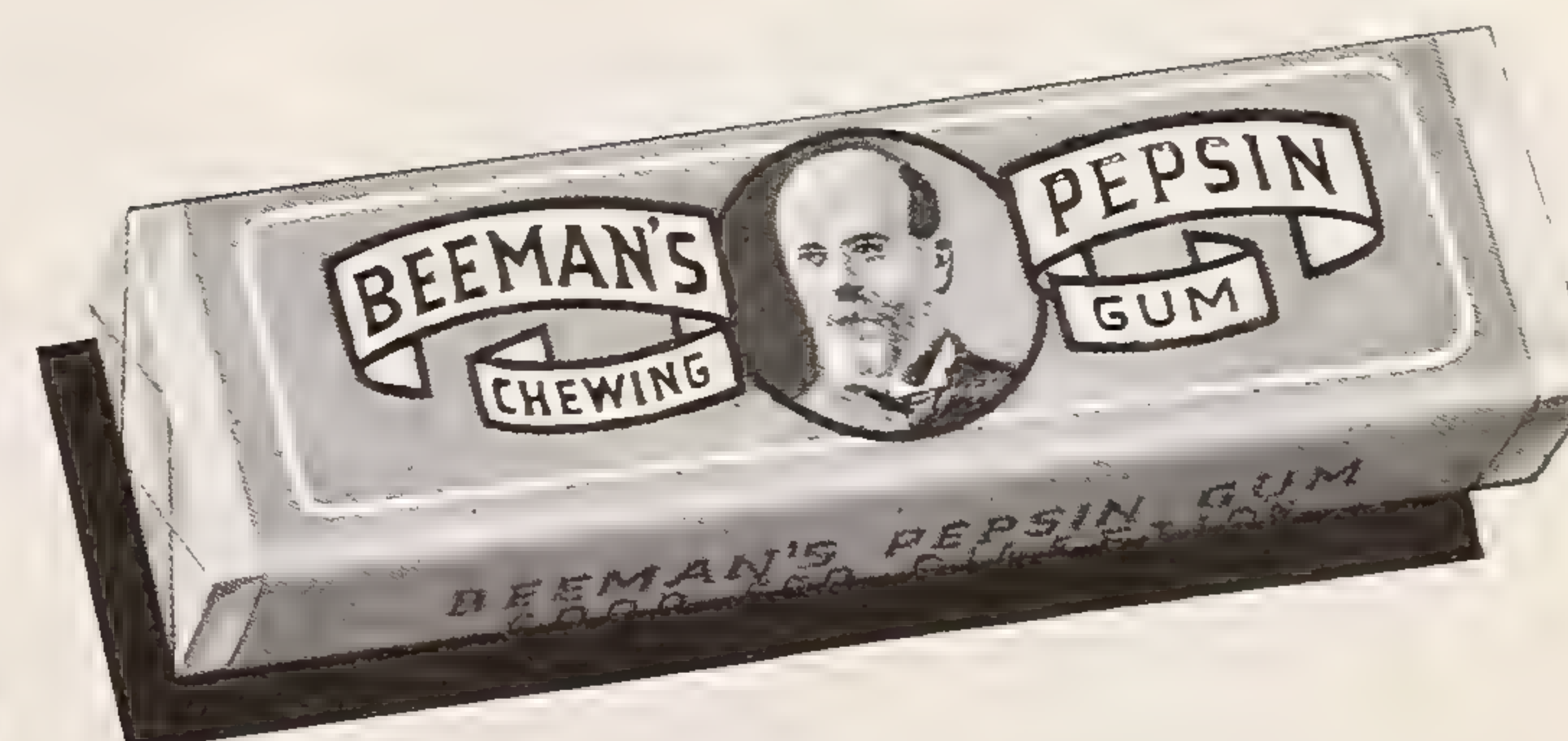
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# Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 65)

Another tune from the same picture is featured on the reverse side as Enric Madriguera and his orchestra play "The Little Things You Used to Do." Played to a slower tempo than the preceding side, you'll find it's very easy to listen to and still has plenty of rhythm for dancing. Again we hear Tony Sacco in the role of a featured vocalist. (Victor)

"THE LADY IN RED" from the film, "In Caliente," is played in this recording by Joe Haymes and his orchestra. This is the first we've heard from Joe in a long time and we must say that he is still a headliner when it comes to handing out entertaining and enjoyable music. "The Lady in Red" is a tune of the rumba type with plenty of rhythm for dancing, with Cliff Wettara as the vocal artist.

An old-timer recorded on the reverse side is "My Melancholy Baby," played by Joe Haymes and his orchestra. This is a strictly modern arrangement and Joe and the boys play it in great fashion. Skeeter Palmer is the vocalist. (Bluebird)

FROM the film, "Stolen Harmony," Gertrude Niesen selects and sings the melody, "Would There Be Love?" Miss Niesen is in a class by herself as a popular vocalist and it would seem that nothing we could say would make this record any more popular than it is

bound to be. It is certainly one of the best vocal bits that we have reviewed in a long time.

Equally as good is the other side entitled "Devil in the Moon," also sung by Gertrude Niesen. A welcome addition to any record album. (Columbia)

FROM the film, "George White's Scandals of 1935," Benny Goodman and his orchestra play the tune, "Hunkadola." It's possible that Goodman could have found a more insipid tune to record, but by the time he'd found it he would be too old to play. However, despite this sad melody, Benny, through the medium of his clarinet, gives us something worth listening to. We cannot praise Benny and his orchestra too much, but after all, this song is just so much tripe.

However, by simply turning the record over we may hear something that is really worth listening to as Benny and the boys give us "The Dixieland Band." This is the kind of stuff that Goodman eats and they really swing it. You'll like the vocal work by Helen Ward. (Victor)

A FATS WALLER interlude as we listen to Fats and his boys play "What's the Reason?" from the film "Times Square Lady." Good snappy work, with Fats picking away at the piano and an excellent guitar chorus. As usual, Fats sings the vocal refrain.

"Pardon My Love" is the title of the number on the reverse side and this is also played by Fats Waller and his rhythm boys—a bit on the softer side, and played quite slowly.

AL BOWLLY selects from the picture, "Reckless," the song entitled "Everything's Been Done Before" and with the aid of Ray Noble's direction presents us with an excellent vocal record. Bowly's style is rather plain, but with the aid of Noble and his bag of tricks the record is quite entertaining.

"You Opened My Eyes" is the title of the song on the other side, and this is also sung by Al Bowly, with the help of Ray Noble. Another ballad type number that is pleasing to listen to. (Victor)

WE return to the film, "Go into Your Dance," for our last tune, and it's called "About a Quarter to Nine." Ruby Newman and his orchestra record this, and they do a swell bit of work. Nothing flashy, but good steady rhythm. Ray Morton is the vocalist.

"There's a Little Picture Playhouse in My Heart," an older tune, is recorded on the other side. It's also played by Ruby Newman and his orchestra. A little snappier than the preceding side. Again Ray Morton does the vocal work. (Victor)

# Scouting for New Stars

(Continued from page 4)

wide an appeal as those great stars.

Second only to personality on my list is talent, and by talent I do not mean mechanical ability. I mean the instinctive, inborn ability to "feel" emotion and to portray it convincingly. If an actor feels emotion strongly enough, the audience senses his sincerity and shares his emotions, irrespective of his mechanical skill. Talent is more important now than it was in pre-talkie days, largely because the acquisition of so many great stage stars has made competition more keen. There are, of course, stars whose personalities serve to "get them by" but they all possess a sufficient degree of talent.

Character, like personality, is a composite quality and it is very important—even more important, I think, in maintaining stardom than in gaining stardom. Character often compensates for a lack of physical beauty. Helen Hayes is the perfect example of an actress who, through character, seems beautiful. Character made Marie Dressler, who called herself "the ugly duckling," seem beautiful in spite of her grotesqueries.

Physical attraction is undeniably a tremendous asset to any player, yet its importance has been over-emphasized. An actress need not have an unusually beautiful face or figure in order to be successful on the screen for, by beauty of expression, she can create that illusion of physical beauty which is much more fascinating than physical perfection. As a matter of fact, few of our great stars have been paragons of beauty. On the other hand, none of them has been physically unattractive. Let's dismiss beauty by saying that, given all the other qualifications, it greatly enhances

an actress's chances for stardom.

Intelligence is of more vital importance. And by intelligence I mean mental alertness, not acquired knowledge. Without the ability to reason soundly, it is very easy for a player to lose his sense of proper values, for he is constantly in contact with an artificial world. In his work, no matter how great his quota of natural talent, he must also employ intelligence, for acting, unlike most jobs, has no rules nor routine. Every new role and every new dramatic situation presents new problems and the actor must be mentally alert in order to meet them. Motion picture making, at best, is a maze of complications, and motion picture producers cannot afford to waste precious time with stupidity.

TRAINING is more important today than ever before because the competition is so severe. The trained actor or actress shows to better advantage and catches the eye of the observer more readily, for experience breeds self-confidence and poise. Therefore, in appraising prospects, I should favor those with previous training, either in dramatic school, on the professional stage or in amateur theatricals. Yet I certainly would not arbitrarily rule out an untrained applicant if his other qualifications were excellent.

Without determination—the ability to face discouragements and see them through—there is little chance to win stardom. Too many people think of acting as an easy profession. As a matter of fact it is one of the most bitterly competitive, and few players ever reach stardom without first being buffeted about by hardship and disap-

pointment in the process. It takes stubborn, bulldog courage to cling to an ambition in the face of one reverse after another. I do not know of one great screen star who could have reached the top without determination. Clark Gable battled with actual starvation here in Hollywood on two different occasions before he won the slightest recognition; Grace Moore sang for her supper in a Greenwich Village café while she skimped and scraped to save money for her musical education; Janet Gaynor worked "extra" for two years before she was given a chance—and I'd like to be sure, before signing any new prospect, that he or she would be willing to display the same stick-to-it-iveness that carried such stars as those to success.

ADAPTABILITY includes temperament. It is one of the factors which determines between success and failure in any line of work. The person who cannot adapt himself to the conditions and the necessities of his chosen occupation is a square peg in a round hole and a certain failure.

Such great stars as the late Marie Dressler and George Arliss have demonstrated that stardom knows no age limit—but most producers naturally favor youth, for youth is more adaptable and can be cast in a wider diversity of roles. Moreover, the actor who attains stardom in his twenties or his thirties is a better commercial asset, for his period of maximum earning power is longer.

Background is an asset to any player. Home life, breeding, intellect are all part and parcel of the individual's background—but the results of that background can be acquired. For that reason, I place it last on my list.



# Summer for Society

(Continued from page 27)

Lodge, Cesar Romero and Joel McCrea and equestriennes like Irene Ware, Adrienne Ames, Mrs. Walter King and Mrs. Charles Laughton were invited. The first part of the party was a well planned English hunt over the Bel-Air bridle paths and thickets.

Back to Binnie's lovely new English type home came the hunters with appetites whetted, but there was never a sign of a cocktail. Instead there was a mouth-watering array of English foods and Binnie was soon pouring tea. Food was arranged much like our American buffet luncheon, but it was ever so much more fun feeling that here at last was a perfectly appointed English high tea right in our little Hollywood.

## Dinner at Merle Oberon's

WITH Mickey Balcon in town, Binnie Barnes having that high tea and Merle Oberon entertaining at those charming, intimate dinners it seems the English have a monopoly on the Hollywood social life this month.

Those dinners at Merle's rarely include more than eight people, but they are glamorous and shimmery like the exotic star herself.

She has taken a lovely beach home in Santa Monica and in it of a dinner hour you'll find the Countess di Frasso, Constance Collier, Rowland Brown—and most often David Nivens.

There seems to be a very definite romance between Merle and David whose parents are of the Scottish nobility. They were "very good friends" in London and insist that is all they are here, but it all looks highly romantic.

Incidentally Merle Oberon's autograph has become one of the most prized among the gatherers of such about this town and recently her dinner was interrupted by some kiddies who heard she had moved into the house and walked blocks and blocks to get the signature. Merle not only gave it graciously, but the lads went trudging back with cake as well as autographs.

## Over at Dolores Del Rio's

QUITE the grandest of the season's tennis parties was the modernistic affair conjured by Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons.

Dolores greeted her guests early in the afternoon wearing a white linen sports dress, looking so cool and well turned out that we could scarcely believe it when Cedric assured us Dolores had already whizzed through a set of tennis that morning.

Gloria Swanson was there with Herbert Marshall. She was wearing a sports frock of white *peau d'ange*, which is a sort of a dull finished bouclé, with a three-quarter swagger coat of jade and one of those tiny, white, slightly brimmed hats that nobody can do such justice to as the svelte Gloria.

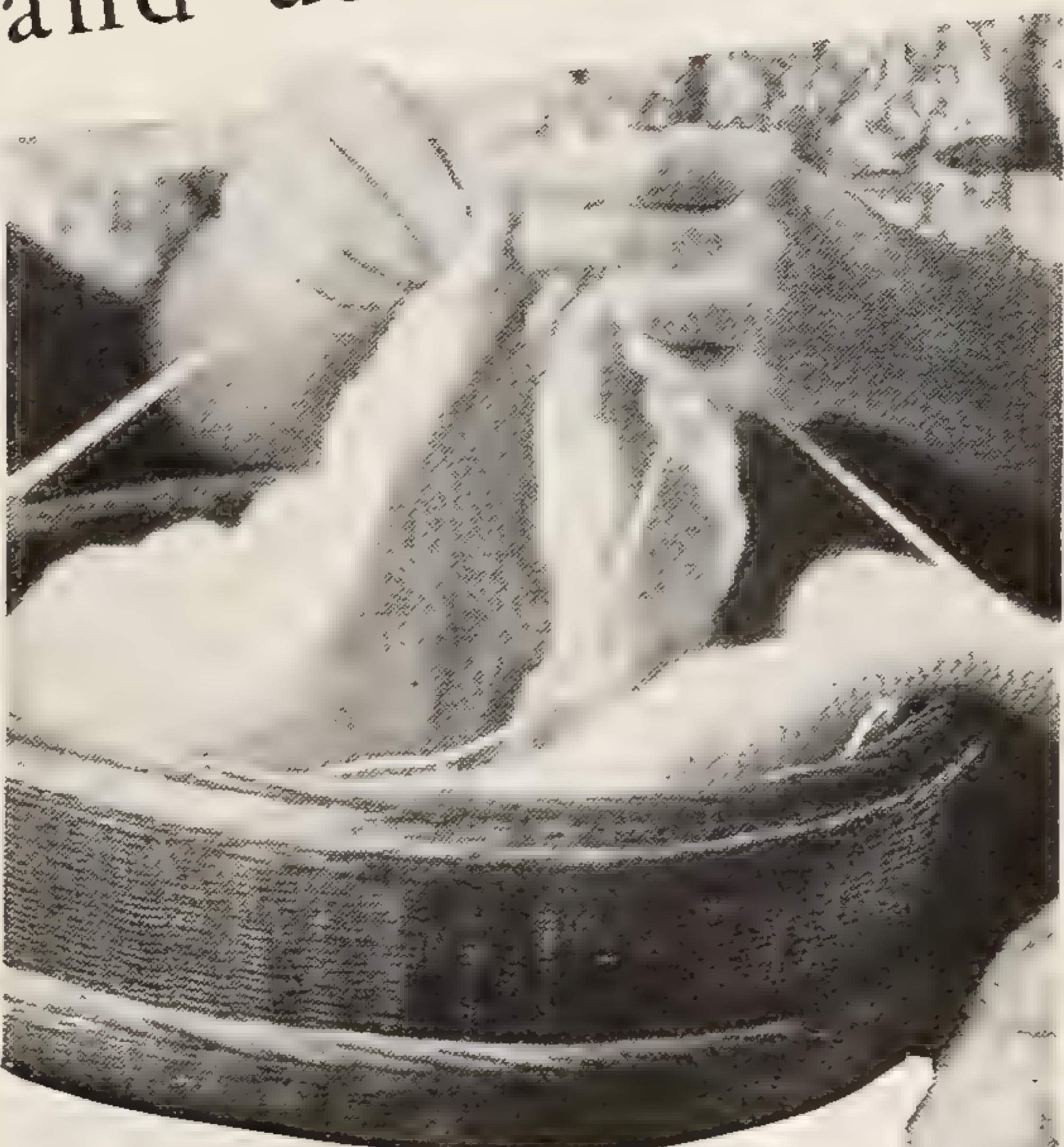
While the husbands, including Irving Thalberg, Joel McCrea and Freddy March, betook themselves to the courts the ladies retreated to that amazing garden pavilion of the Gibbonses which modernistically has a compass inlaid on the floor.

Dolores poured the cocktails assisted by her very close friend, Lili Damita.

Dorothy Jordan confided for the first time that she plans to make an early comeback in pictures. She's a mother now, but thinks her youngster will be able to get along without her now and



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then while she returns to work. After everyone had a refreshing dip in the pool a buffet supper was served in the pavilion. This time Dolores appeared as if by magic in white crêpe hostess pajamas with a crimson sash and ruby earrings, holding up her reputation as Hollywood's most distinctively dressed lady.

## Just "Plane" Talk

WHEN Harvey Stephens goes traveling it's by plane; when he relaxes he creates model airplanes in his workshop, and when he reads it's about the latest gadgets for gliders or such, so when the Stephenses go social you can jolly well bank on it the motif will have two winks and a propeller.

At one of their small, informal dinner parties, Bee, Harvey's vivacious little wife, thought she'd rib Harvey a bit about his hobby. Everyone was instructed to keep pressing the most insane questions about them on Harvey. When the guests arrived the house was decked from top to bottom with planes. The table motif was strictly up in the air.

Louise Henry started the ribbing off by asking Harvey what the speed limit was in the air-lanes.

Maureen O'Sullivan wanted to know if it made any difference which way the propeller spun.

Harvey was very patient until Cesar Romeo asked, "Is it true that when a person orders his 'eggs over' for lunch on a transcontinental plane that the plane loops?"

## Tennis With Torres

You know what they did to contract bridge as soon as we thought we had mastered it—and now Raquel Torres had up and done the same thing to tennis.

Of a Sunday afternoon all the tennis enthusiasts flock to the lovely home of Raquel and her husband, Stephen Ames, and now those ingenious racketeers have completely gummed up our comprehension of the game. The counting and the color of the balls is the thing they've changed and a scorekeeper must be there all the time to keep track of the points.

A red ball must be served first. If it is no good a blue ball is served—but the penalty for missing on the first ball means that every point scored by the server is reduced to a half point until he serves again. The counting is 1, 2, 3, 4, Game!

Raquel is such a good player she never has to resort to the blue ball and Rochelle Hudson is an even match for her. However, W. C. Fields says he'll stick to juggling balls on the side of the court.

Did you know that Raquel has started the fad of pale blue lacquered fingernails? It's rather startling but attractive.

Another rendezvous for tennis these hot summer days is the John Murdock Jrs. where you'll see George Murphy and his wife giving Cesar Romero with Sally Blane or Patricia Ellis a real workout. And, oh, yes, Garbo has switched from George Brent to John Gilbert for her tennis partner.

## Tom Sings for His Supper

"Johnny Downs has lost his suit and all is hurly-burly. While he searches near and searches far we'll starve with Miss Anne Shirley."

It was Tom Brown's idea if you sing when you're hungry you'll forget the pangs, so while the younger set waited for Johnny Downs to find his dress (Please turn to page 68)

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Golden Peacock Face Powder

# Summer for Society

(Continued from page 67)

suit to wear to Anne Shirley's seventeenth birthday party, they made up such ditties.

The party was at Bob Hoover's house in honor of Anne, but when Johnny received his invitation someone forgot to tell him it was formal. When he heard the news the last minute his dinner jacket turned up missing. While he ransacked his home and raided the studio Anita Louise, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone and others who gathered at Bob Hoover's heroically starved for the cause.

Johnny finally arrived about two hours late, but after the belated dinner the younger crowd sailed merrily on to Victor Hugo's for dancing.

## Patsy's Party

WHEN Patsy, Wally Ford's eight-year-old daughter gets all A's on her report card that's reason enough for celebrating on the Ford rancho. So, to the Ford's Laurel Canyon home trekked all Patsy's schoolmates to a good old-fashioned California barbecue, and just for good measure to the gay affair came Papa's and Mama's friends as well.

Wally's great dane, "Dickie," was the honored guest of the party, Charlie Starrett's daring young twins conceived the idea of all the kiddies taking a ride on Dickie's back, while the elders gasped.

Those six-year-old twins have more tricks up their sleeves than Jack Oakie ever thought of. And they are still upset over the fact that the newspapers carried the story that Bing Crosby's twins were the first in the movie colony, when they beat the Crosby babies into this world by better than five years.

## Wunderbar Gathering

FROM New York, from Berlin, from London and from romantic Budapest came people to that *Wunderbar* reunion staged by Robert Katscher, the famous Viennese composer of the musical, in his Beverly Hills home. The reunion was quite by accident, however, and in no place in the world but Hollywood would such an amazing thing have taken place.

Among the guests were Steffi Duna, Francis Lederer, Carl Brisson, Al Jolson, Buddy De Sylva and Henry Busse. It turned out that although few of them had met before they had, in some part of the world, had something to do with that now famous musical show, *Wunderbar*.

Steffi Duna and Francis Lederer had starred in it in Berlin; Carl Brisson won the admiration of London when he played in it there; Al Jolson was the star of the American picture version; Buddy De Sylva wrote the American lyrics to the music and Henry Busse, who now directs the orchestra at the Coconut Grove, played the trumpet with Paul Whiteman's orchestra when he introduced the now famous strains of the music in this country.

Peter Lorre, one of the few guests present who hadn't done anything about *Wunderbar*, elected himself master of ceremonies to keep from being left out, as others in the crowd did a number from the show.

## Cocktails and Beauty

EVEN our most glamorous stars have their beauty problems and when they are in the doldrums about

a new hairdress or in a quandary over the most becoming eyebrow line their first thought has always been Ern, Perc, Wally, or Monty Westmore. These are the boys who have long supervised the make-up departments of the major studios in Hollywood.

When the Westmores decided to give their advice to anyone—in the profession or out—they opened an elaborate beauty salon. The opening was celebrated with a cocktail party to which came all the stars who have sought their advice.

Kay Francis turned the golden key that opened the salon; Dolores Del Rio turned the wrench that connected the water service and Joan Blondell pressed the button that flooded the place with light.

Claudette Colbert, who owes her new banged coiffure and chestnut hair to Westmore's suggestions, couldn't be dragged away from the special kiddies' room where the youngsters ride a stationary hobby horse while they are being bobbed.

Even our masculine heroes were curious about this new venture. There were Charles Laughton, Alden Chase, Norman Foster, Adolphe Menjou and scores of others delving into the intricacies of milady's beauty.

## Introducing Mr. Schwartz

THE night the mysterious Mr. Schwartz arrived in town the tables were certainly turned on a practical joker.

James Cain, the author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice," is an ardent Gilbert and Sullivan fan. Since he sings a good bass himself he has long been in search of a tenor good enough to get together with him on the operettas. Cain issued an open invitation to any good tenor, familiar with "The Mikado" to come to his house on any Friday night.

There were no takers so Cain pleaded with Grace Moore *please* to send him a good tenor. Since Cain is usually the man to plan a good gag himself Grace couldn't down her sense of humor. She sent over the mysterious Mr. Schwartz, a stupid acting man wearing thick glasses and a mop of curly red hair.

His tenor was so pure and sweet Cain rushed to the phone to thank the gracious Grace for her gift. When she couldn't control her laughter Mr. Schwartz doffed his wig and glasses and proved to be Michael Bartlett, the famous singer who plays opposite Grace Moore in her new picture.

## Stars "Pitch'n Rare"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON tossed a cowboy twenty feet just as Joe E. Brown banged open a gate and dashed madly away with another sombrero-topped lad. No, indeed, the boys weren't playing gangster roles. It just happens those were the names of a couple of wild horses who threw their riders at Hoot Gibson's annual Golden State rodeo while the film stars looked on.

Hoot was there himself, overseeing the show and looking every inch the galloping cowboy of the screen. Assisting him and brave in colors, was that daring caballero, Leo Carrillo. He was riding a horse that danced when the band played and bowed politely in front of the grandstand where Toby Wing was seated, looking angelic in a

powder blue suit, beside Sir Guy Standing.

Nancy Carroll and her little daughter screamed with excitement over the pony relay races. Glenda Farrell listened seriously to her young son, Tommy, as he explained how the cowboys learned to take the falls without hurting themselves.

Lyle Talbot couldn't resist betting Ralph Bellamy that the horse named after him would throw his rider in fewer seconds than would the horse named Bellamy—and he managed to collect a quarter from Ralph.

Howard Hughes came late and straddled the fence, since all the seats were taken, and it appeared that any minute he would be gored by a Brahmin bull, but it didn't disturb the young producer in the least.

It remained for Jack Oakie (whom you'd never recognize with his new mustache and added weight) to present the trophies and medals to the grinning cowboys who won the various events.

## Happy Birthday to May—

AND happy birthday, Cora Sue. When the oldest and the youngest stars in the Metro studio celebrate their birthdays on the same day all those of in-between ages pay homage. May Robson was seventy and Cora Sue Collins was seven on the same day.

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Jean Harlow came to pay their best respects and sing this little song: "It's May Robson's birthday today, a lady for more than a day, so let's drink a toast to the one we love most, for it's May Robson's birthday today."

All roads led to the executive bungalow where May held court on this gala day. It was banked high with flowers which were tokens of the esteem in which her fellow-workers hold the grand old gal. A five-layer birthday cake was presented to her. Quite the most elaborate confection in the world it was topped by a pure white live canary in a candy cage which sang merrily for the guests.

Cora Sue received a smaller cake edged in delicious candy dolls and both the ladies cut their cakes amid applause and cheers.

Cora Sue made a polite little speech telling what a lucky little girl she was to be born on the same day as the great May Robson. May kissed her tiny birthday mate in a way that made the tears come to our eyes.

"When I retire it will be only when someone folds my hands across my chest and puts a lily in one of them," May Robson said.

"I've done everything in pictures from smoking a cigar to riding horseback, and I'd pilot an airplane or take a ride on high-speed roller skates if necessary."

Just when we were in too serious a mood anyway Frank Morgan came popping in late. He'd been invited to the party but hadn't got the details, so he dashed up to Louis B. Mayer and congratulated him on his "seventieth anniversary."

## Isabel's Third Anniversary

A BROKEN romance isn't going to curb Isabel Jewell's joy in living. Although she and Lee Tracy, the big moment in her life for four years, have definitely called their romance off, the



blond Jewell goes her merry old way.

It was just three years ago that Isabel came from the New York stage to play the same role in the film version of "Blessed Event" that she did on Broadway. To commemorate the important day that she first arrived in our movie village Isabel, with her closest friend, Gertrude Michael, invited only their most intimate friends to dinner at Isabel's parents' house in Beverly Hills. This is the house Isabel offered her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lee Jewell, as a bribe if they would come to California from Shoshone, Wyoming.

Isabel's new heart interest, Bill Tannen, was there and a three-piece orchestra provided the music for dancing after dinner.

That fascinating new Hollywood game of balancing matches on a tumbler was bound to pop up since Gertrude Michael is such an expert at it, and true to form she won all the matches.

The way the game is played, each person in the company balances a match on the same glass. In doing so if a person knocks any matches off he forfeits the matches in his hand to the jack-pot. The person who places the last match on the glass without brushing any aside wins the jack-pot. Of course, it all takes a steady hand and no jumpy nerves.

#### Cocktails for Six

ONCE upon a time a Hollywood party was just something for everyone to crash, but now they are very select, and we'll hand it to John Boles that he's the town's best selector.

With the last reel of "Redheads on Parade" in the can, he and Mrs. Boles invited those four little girls who outrumba, out-fox-trot and just plain out-dance anything in this dancing business to his house for cocktails.

Two of the girls, Shirley Aaronson and Florine Dixon, couldn't resist presenting him with a mechanical dancing girl to show how much they appreciated working with "the most regular fellow in Hollywood." The dancer had so many wiggles John said if it had only been a little bigger he could let it shake their cocktails.

#### Hawaiian Polo

WHAT—you've never heard of Hawaiian polo? Well, we never had either until we went to Robert Presnell's birthday surprise.

Bob is an associate producer at Universal and so popular some of his actor friends thought it would be fun to drop in on him on his birthday and go "Boo!" However Bob wasn't half as much surprised at seeing the beaming faces of his friends when he least expected them as he was at the cavalcade that came riding along a few minutes later.

They were in the garden when Isabel Jewel squealed, "Look!" and there before their very eyes were ten Hawaiian musicians, carrying their stringed instruments, astride as many polo-ponies. It was Walter King and John Miljan's idea of something to open the eyes—and it did!

After supper in the garden there was to be dancing in the house, but the South Sea melodies of the orchestra, entrancing as they were, couldn't keep polo-conscious minds off the horses neighing in the backyard. When the urge became too great ten good men and true dashed right out and grabbed themselves a horse apiece. Substituting golf clubs and even, alas, guitars for polo clubs the game began.

Chick Chandler confided in us it re-

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1 square unsweetened chocolate  
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minded him of the carefree days of Hollywood he used to read about before he was a part of it. Do you remember when Lowell Sherman, Lew Cody and Norman Kerry were the happy-go-lucky playboys who thought of just such high adventure? Perhaps, for all we know, Hollywood's "Golden Age" is returning.

#### In Anita's Garden

"YOU were trying to imitate Merle Oberon's arrival at the Mayfair Ball," teased Hoot Gibson, for Patricia Ellis was still blushing over her most embarrassing moment that had happened that day.

Coming out of Sardi's Pat slipped on something on the sidewalk and went sprawling while autograph hunters rushed to her rescue. Fortunately there wasn't a cameraman in sight. Remember when Merle made her entrance to the Mayfair Ball the very same way?

All this gay bantering was going on in Anita Louise's garden when she entertained at a pre-nuptial tea for Ada Ince who has since become Mrs. Ray Dodge.

Anita herself looked like a fairy-book princess as she poured tea for her guests, including Jack LaRue who is all palsy-walsy with his socialite moment, Connie Simpson, again this week, for indeed he brought her to the party. Cy Bartlett, who was Alice White's husband, came with his sister, Nan, so maybe he's still being true to the pert Alice.

Also there were Nancy Carroll and Phillip Reid—not together, but come to think of it, my match-making heart thinks they'd certainly be a very seemly pair.

#### Here and There

REGINALD DENNY taking the Rod LaRocques and other friends for a house-party and fishing to his cabin at Big Bear Lake; Dorothy Wilson studying badminton with Jess Willard, the U. S. champion; Jimmy Butler entertaining Jackie Cooper and Junior Pichel, son of Irving Pichel, on his La Canada ranch; Jean Parker and Bob Taylor looking over the Willy Pogany art exhibit in the Hollywood print room; Mary Brian returning to town from an eastern personal appearance tour all booked up for dates with Rudy Vallee; swank cocktail lounges popping up all over town and Clara Bow at one of them looking slim and zesty with her husband, Rex Bell; Constance Talmadge and Ruth Roland stop to chat about old times. Ten years ago they would have been swamped by autograph hunters if they had stopped on the boulevard; the Sol Wurtzels shindigging at the Indian Room of the Ambassador Hotel for Claire Trevor ere she departed for sun-tan in Waikiki. While Francis Lederer goes romancing astray Steffi Duna, his former love, is nightclubbing and rhumba-ing here and there with others; Margaret Sullavan's ex, Henry Fonda, hasn't remained impervious to the charms of Alice Faye; Maxine Doyle and Gordon Westcott are more interested in each other than in the fights these days, but still going to them; Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell dropping in for tea at Dick Powell's new house, but not liking the way he had his furniture arranged, switched it around; Irene Biller having a week-end house party at the St. Catherine Hotel in Catalina. That gay Hungarian set, including Paul and Daisy Lukas and the Ernest Vadjas there; Clark Gable among the early morning riders on the beautiful Bel-Air bridle path.

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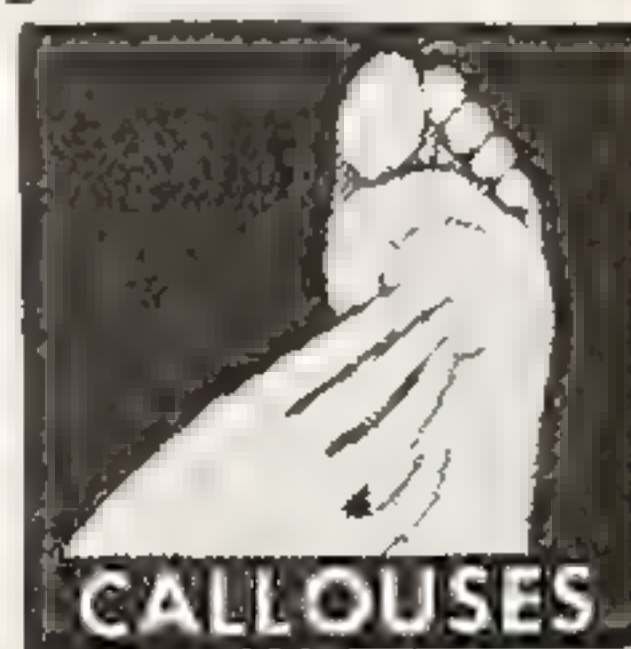
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**HOLLYWOOD**  
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# Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 29)

Freddie March goes for a mineral broth concoction that has so intrigued the Garbo company that he has had his recipe printed so the folks can make the mineral-tomato-celery broth at home.

Good for reducing that waist-line, too, says Freddie.

**B**ACK on the merry-go-round again. The biggest shock of the month is Bing Crosby's transformation from a very careless dresser to a living, breathing example of what the well-dressed man should wear!

For months we've gone jittery just watching bo-bo-bo-Bing trekking hither and yon in sloppy, unpressed trousers and a moth-eaten orange sweater. In desperation Bing's brother, Larry, and your commentator stuck fingers in the holes and ripped the orange atrocity beyond all description. Bing simply sighed huskily and went out and bought another one! On his knees Larry begged his careless brother to take more pride in his appearance. But he might as well have tried coaxing Niagara Falls to go into reverse.

And then, out of a clear sky, Bing saunters into Larry's office, utterly resplendent in an outfit that would have put Lord Chesterfield himself to shame! And, while Larry sits there, gawping, Bing says: "You really ought to get a few new suits, kid. It hurts me deeply to see a brother allowing himself to get... er, dowdy!"

It wasn't a gag, either, because Bing had actually purchased a complete wardrobe of all the latest models and, at this writing, continues to go places looking like the last word in tonsorial perfection!

Bing is a simple soul and one of the most considerate guys in the world. While working at another studio, his wife, Dixie, caught a terrific cold and Bing was fit to be tied. Not to Dixie's face, however, but every day for a week he heckled Larry into scrambling out to the Fox studio and seeing to it that the missus was all right and not over-doing. And, if Dixie reads this, Bing'll tear old man NEMO apart!

Maybe we shouldn't tell this, either, but, every Sunday morning, Bing rises early and drives to Glendale where he attends services at a little out-of-the-way church there. Nobody recognizes the famous crooner even though he bellows his head off during the community singing and, until somebody does spot him, he'll have the time of his life.

One more item on the Crosby household.

A few weeks ago we were invited out to Bing's for a cocktail or two. Clara Bow and Rex Bell were there with the comparatively new offspring; Mr. and Mrs. Larry Crosby came in with their two youngsters; and, of course, there were the three husky kids that Bing is personally responsible for.

Leaving us boys in the nursery to keep the collective progeny from getting in one another's hair, the three gals walked out to compare notes on baby raising, and, there we were... high and dry. Anyhow, high.

Oh, well—the kids were cute. And we know another place we can get a cocktail...

**G**ARBO mingles!  
Or anyway M-G-M bowled us over with the startling announcement that "quite nonchalantly the crowd-shy Garbo has mingled with throngs!"

It seems that Adrian, the fashion designer, smuggled our mysterious lady

onto the stage where they were rehearsing the big ballet scene for "Anna Karenina." Standing toe to toe (and heel to heel) with a mob of extras, Garbo watched the ballet from start to finish. And the only nervous one in the crowd was one of the dancing girls who recognized queen Garbo and messed up her Trotsky routine with an "off-to-Buffalo" shuffle!

**R**EMEMBER on Marlene Dietrich's last picture when Von Sternberg asked Joel McCrea how much salary he was getting? And, after Joel told him, how Von snorted: "Then would you be so kind as to give me two dollars worth of acting?"

So, several weeks after Joel had walked out of the production in an understandable huff, his home telephone rang.

"Hello," says Joel.

"Hello," a feminine voice replied. "This is Marlene Dietrich."

"So what?" Joel snapped, knowing practical jokers for what they are in this man's town.

"So I wondered if you would like to be my leading man in my next picture?" the feminine voice went on.

"Oh, yeah?" Enough was enough. "Well, you can peddle your papers, Toots. I've been razed by experts!" and the perturbed Joel slammed the receiver back on the hook.

Next morning, the phone rang again. This time it was the studio.

"Did Miss Dietrich get in touch with you yesterday?" a voice wanted to know. "It was about—"

But Joel didn't hear the rest. He had done as pretty a flop as you've ever seen, and it took the little woman fifteen minutes and two buckets of water to bring him around!

**A**ND was Will Rogers surprised when the Los Angeles news distributing association called him on the telephone to get either a confirmation or a denial of the story that he had died suddenly!

Just as he was about to tell the news hounds "No... No! A thousand times No!" Irvin S. Cobb interposed:

"Don't deny it—yet," he whispered. "Let the public have its fun for a while!"

**B**ABIES... babies... everywhere... With Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale the newest candidates for a little bundle from heaven!

Adolphe was in the hospital recuperating from an attack of flu when Veree whispered the good news in his ear and the excited man began running up and down the halls and leaping around so much that they decided to let him go home and climb over the furniture in his own house!

**I**T'S an ill wind, etc. but M-G-M is still looking for the advantage in the sou'wester that picked up the synthetic snow from the Garbo set and plunked it down, smack in the middle of a summer garden scene on the Joan Crawford set!

**I**T'S a tough spot, being the meanest man in the world, but... we've got to tell you that your latest heart throb, Tullio Carminati, has been going places of late with a stunning brunette, Nina Mileva.

If this keeps up, maybe NEMO will get a better break?

Tullio can have his brunette (and they do seem to be back in style) but, Jack Oakie opines that he'll stick to platinum blondes "because they look so cool in summer!"

**PAUL KELLY** is teaching his daughter, Mimi, to play polo. And right in the Kelly back yard, too!

Paul has built a practice cage that keeps the ball constantly rolling back to the mallet.

Rising in the stirrups, they knock the elusive white ball around and all Mimi has to do now is learn the same methods from the saddle of a real pony.

Incidentally, M-G-M is so pleased with Kelly's role in "Public Hero No. 1" that they added pages to the script in order to build up the role!

**W**E didn't believe it until we saw it with our own eyes, but, Dolores Del Rio has a pair of talking birds that came all the way from Asia!

The birdies look like frustrated crows, speak three languages, English, Spanish and French and sing in two voices, baritone and soprano!

What a break for Warner Brothers if we can just coax 'em to get together on a gold-digger duet?

**PAT O'BRIEN'S** fan mail gave up a letter from an English professor who bawled Pat out good and proper for the way he massacres the King's English in his picture roles!

Also, several correspondence schools offered him a right snappy course in "English as it is spoke", or something!

What they don't know is that Pat is a graduate of Marquette University and majored in English!

**ANN DVORAK** and Leslie Fenton have declared a moratorium on photographers who dash out to snap pictures of their new home. With the pictures in the local gazettes and the house number showing all too plainly, Ann and Leslie came out of the place one morning to find the front driveway cluttered with ferocious fans, intent on camping there until autographs were forthcoming. Or else!

**I**f you can imagine it, we let ourselves get talked into attending the summer style show at the Victor Hugo, last week!

The cocktails were swell, the food was excellent, and the models were the last word in divinity. But, we couldn't take our eyes off Mrs. Clark Gable, who sat directly across from us with a party that included our old favorite, Alice Joyce.

Mrs. Gable is one of the most charming women we know, and it's easy to understand Clark's preference for a woman possessed of depth and understanding, intelligence and wit, rather than the empty prettiness that is so profuse in this town of towns.

Whether you like it or not, gals, that marriage is going to last!

**JEAN HARLOW** was there, too, with her mother. But, so engrossed was she in Jimmy Townsend and the elegant fried chicken with mushroom sauce that we didn't even have a look-in. Ah, the irony of it!

Jean and Bill Powell seem to have called it a day. Which wipes another swell romance off the board. And after devoting himself exclusively to Peggy Watters for months and months, Lyle Talbot all of a sudden starts skittering places with the too sweet Maxine Doyle!

**W**E had a good laugh at Frank Morgan's expense, the other day on the set.

For hours, he practiced the nautical salute, getting it down to a perfection



that even Dewey couldn't have questioned. And then, wanting to go "below," Frank innocently remarks: "Let's go down stairs!"  
Anyhow, the salute's all there.

**H**ELEN GAHAGAN is willing to concede that it's still a man's world.

On the eve of a dinner for ten, the cook took to her bed with a bad case of flu, and, after frantically calling the agencies, to no avail, Miss Gahagan was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Just as she was about to give in and call the party off, her ingenious husband, Melvyn Douglas, donned a chef's cap, got things started and then telephoned his club and was lucky enough to contact a "second cook".

The dinner was such a success that the guests departed declaring that they had never enjoyed an evening so much in months! And, who do you think is "tops" in the Gahagan-Douglas household this minute?

**W**E don't know how long Diogenes had to scout around to find an honest man, but if he's interested in an honest woman, we're telling him to do a Greeley and "go west!"

Very candidly, Lyda Roberti told us: "I won't make more than two pictures a year because I don't want to. I don't read good books; I hate to exercise; I like to sleep late, and I'm NOT in love with my work!"

Isn't that a relief?

**M**AYBE Mae West had a yen for Paul Cavanaugh and maybe we're wrong. If we're right, then condolences are in order, on account of Paul and Paula Stone seem to be pretty much wrapped up in each other these balmy summer evenings.

**A** LOT of good it did us to stand there with our tongue hanging out when Joan Crawford ordered a tasty luncheon for three sent to her portable dressing room.

Franchot Tone we counted on, but, when Joan crooked her finger at Bob Montgomery and we innocently started for the eats—gosh! our face hasn't been so red since we backed out of our tailor's dressing-room door and into a room full of people, with our long, red flannels on!

**A**T the Gotham, during the after-theater rush, we sat in on a reconciliation that did our heart good.

In one booth sat Mrs. Leslie Carter; in another, Al Woods, the well known New York producer. Several years ago, during the production of "Shanghai Gesture," Woods and Mrs. Carter had a serious falling out and for years avoided each other meticulously.

Maybe it was Eddie, the bartender's colossal cocktails; or perhaps Spring was in the air. Anyhow, right before our startled eyes, Woods left his booth, walked a straight line to Mrs. Carter's table and, to the delight of all and sundry, took the dear old lady in his arms and pressed a resounding kiss on her cheek!

For a split second, Mrs. Carter didn't know which way to turn. But, in another split second, she reached up, pulled his face down and returned the compliment!

And believe it or don't, there weren't many dry eyes in the place!

**N**OT so long ago, Douglass Montgomery and Billie Burke visited the Children's Home Finding Society—a splendid institution here that sees to the placing of abandoned kiddies.

Recognizing Doug, the youngsters immediately started questioning him as to the type of parts he has played.

One little fellow, obviously too young to know much about it, asked Doug if he

# Dress Up your kitchen



Photograph courtesy of Lewis & Conger

## 7 diagram patterns for 15¢ bring beauty and charm to the kitchen

Just between us women, isn't a kitchen a much pleasanter place to be in when it boasts a few gay spots . . . new curtains, a pot of flowers, colored canisters! You'll enjoy making these attractive kitchen accessories below from diagram patterns, each one with complete directions.

### CURTAIN PATTERN

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It's easy to make a crocheted stool cover and a matching floor mat from heavy white and colored cotton thread! Directions tell you how.

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### LETTUCE BAGS

Unbleached muslin decorated with designs in colored cotton. Useful and good-looking.

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### OILCLOTH CASE

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Frances Cowles

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played cowboy parts. Regretfully, our hero denied the allegation.

"Well, did you play detectives?" the kid wondered.

Doug was sorry but he never had a detective role.

"Do you play in funny pitchers, then?" the lad persisted.

And again Doug shook his head. The kid looked up at him suspiciously.

"Aw, I know—" he snorted, "—LOVE STUFF!"

And Doug was obliged to bow his head in shame before the disgusted tone of voice and agree helplessly.

Miss Burke came away from the adventure with a drenched hankie because one little tike pulled at her skirt and, with big, brown eyes looking into hers, said: "Could you help 'em find me a home? Nobody wants me . . ."

**T**HE kid should take a lesson from Binnie Barnes' cat which she calls "Diamond Jim."

Binnie was sound asleep the other morning with her boudoir windows wide open. Awakening with a start, she found a strange cat curled up beside her on the pillow, and purring his furry head off!

Half a dozen times she shooed the feline off the bed. And, half a dozen times the determined animal climbed back and calmly went into her purring act.

Having a lot of it herself, Binnie appreciates determination. So now kitty has purred herself into a fine home, not to mention the "Diamond Jim" monicker!

**A** FEW years ago, George Murphy and his wife danced professionally at George Olsen's Plantation cafe, near Los Angeles.

George admits he did everything in his power to attract the attention of a certain motion picture producer who sat at a ringside table, apparently enjoying the exhibition.

Next day, imagine George's delight when he received a note from the producer, requesting an interview.

"Next day, I went to keep the appointment, arrived about half an hour early and had to kill time walking up and down in front of the place," says George.

"Mr. Blank was extremely nice and, to my surprise, seemed more embarrassed than I was! Finally, he blurted out that he admired our specialty number at the Plantation, no end.

"That was, without exception, my Big Moment! And it lasted until the producer went on to say that he was so intrigued by the routine that he had called me in to see if I wouldn't teach it to him!"

Life seems to be like that for some of us!

**P**ETER LORRE received probably the strangest fan letter on record, not so long ago. It was from a convict in a British gaol (hoosegow, to you) and the writer, a lifer, states that he is the exact double for Lorre.

"I am in the position I am through the perfidy of a woman," he writes, "and here is my proposition: Inasmuch as you and I look enough alike to be twins, would you do me the favor of visiting me, exchanging clothes and taking my place here while I go out in the world and do in the woman who betrayed me?"

Jolly idea, what? But, Mr. Lorre regrets he's unable to avail himself of the offer.

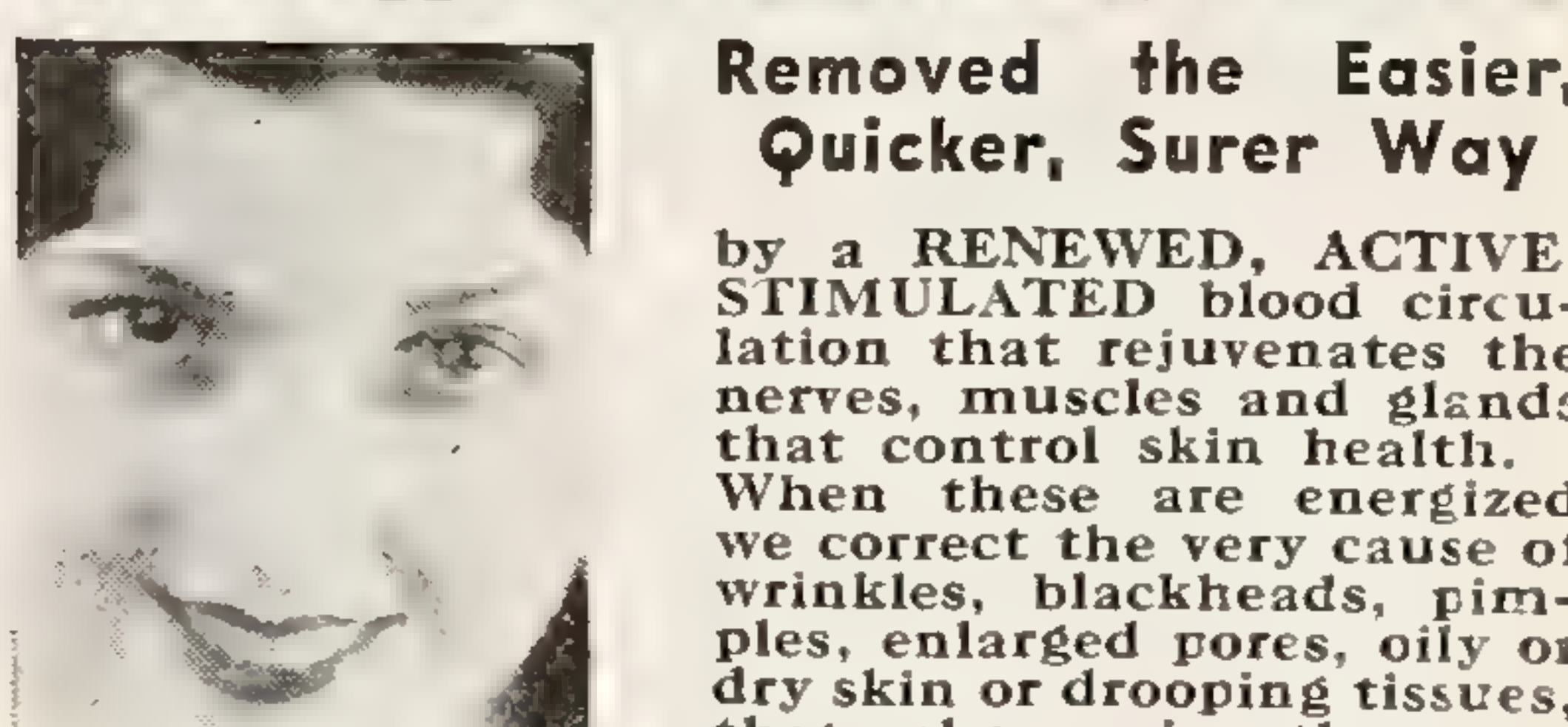
**A**ND so, until next month . . . adieu . . . ad you . . . ad especially you!



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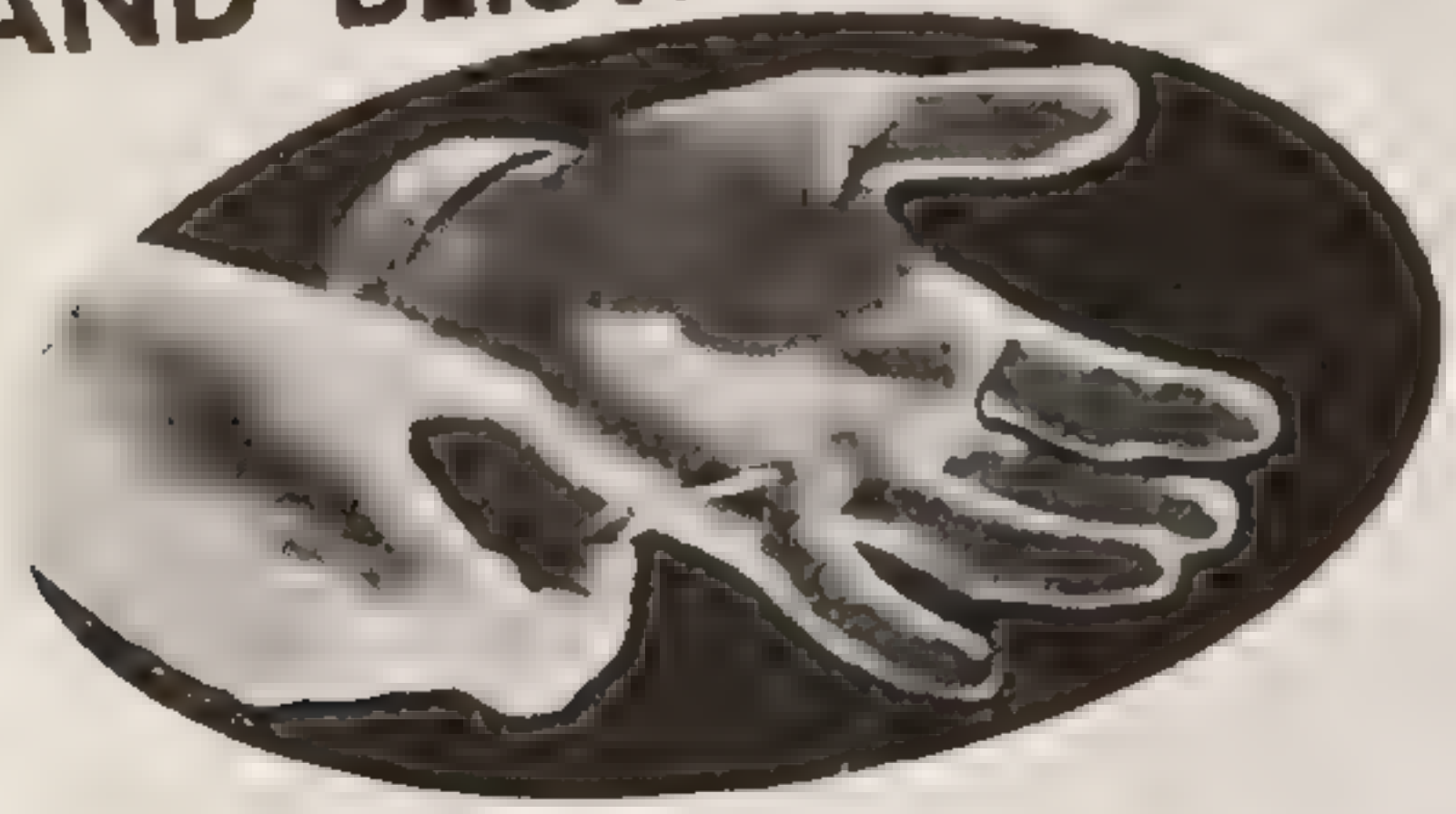
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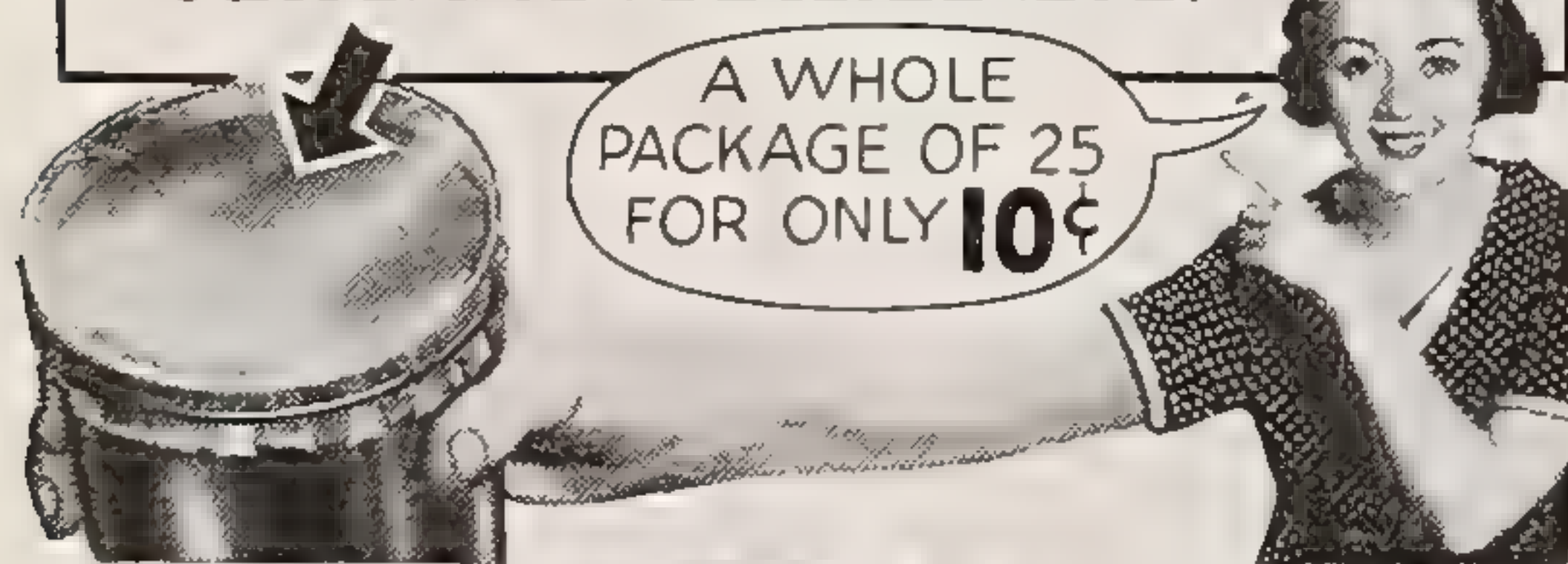
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## SAFELY • QUICKLY • SURELY

# You Tell Us

(Continued from page 48)

famous musicians, artists, authors and scientists, on the screen.

Keep it up, and the younger generation will be too well-educated and intelligent "to go to the dogs."—Kay Ericson, 300 Boston Avenue, Medford, Mass. *It does make us wish we were a few years younger, and in school these days, doesn't it?*

## Just Plain John

The write-up, "Just Plain John Boles," in the May number of New MOVIE is keen. I enjoyed it tremendously, and also the two portraits of Mr. Boles are certainly delightfully interesting. Thanks very much for both. I wish he would sing more.

Please give us another story written by Elsie Janis, very soon. It is always interesting and very refreshing to read her articles—in my opinion.

New MOVIE is really interesting from cover to cover.—Lillian Musgrave, 2700 North Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. *Elsie is with us every month, Lillian. Thank you for the kind words.*

## From Ireland

This is just a few words of appreciation from the "ould country" for the wonderful pictures Hollywood has been turning out lately. I may safely say that no city in the world has a more devoted film-going public than this Dublin of ours; but a while back we had a tremendous shortage of American films over here, owing to the vulgar nature of most of them. (We have a very sensible censor here.) However, as Hollywood has become normal again, we are having some of the finest masterpieces in talking pictures that have ever been (or ever will be) created, and we are eagerly looking forward to more. So here's hoping Hollywood will keep on with the good work.—Miss E. Ross, 13 Leinster St., East, Dublin, N. E. 6, Ireland. *You'll be delighted to know, Miss Ross, that the picture people are drawing some of their stories from famous Irish authors, too. Such an example is Liam O'Flaherty's "The Informer," which you will see soon.*

## Sensible Rules

May I recommend five rules to film-goers, which I have used with very great benefit and increased enjoyment of the cinema?

First: Never visit the cinema just to kill time. If there is no film you must see, stay away, and save your time and money for a bumper week.

Second: Go to the pictures alone, when possible. The distraction of a companion prevents you from soaking yourself in a film's atmosphere.

Third: Read as many reviews as possible, but always use your own judgment. Dig out the facts of the picture. What is bilge to the critic may be first-rate entertainment to you.

Fourth: If you can't make up your mind about a film from the reviews, study the still pictures in the cinema show-cases or the film magazines. They are a great help in estimating a film's quality.

Fifth: Above all, take film-going seriously and with restraint. Those who don't find out just what they want in pictures can look forward to disappointment.—Wiley P. Ballard, Jr., 208 North Caldwell Street, Charlotte, N. C. *And thanks for giving the English*

*language a new word, Wiley. "Film-going" is good. We'll enjoy using it.*

## Comedy Relief

No doubt the makers of pictures strive to a certain extent to introduce comedy relief that will prove appealingly amusing, but it does seem to me that they must not have a full realization of the vital importance of this angle or we would see more evidences of it in current offerings.

Many supposed-to-be funny scenes have an air of "here's a good spot to relieve the dramatic tension," and then we see a player or two very palpably making an effort to be funny. And all we get is a pain. Of course, I don't mean to imply that this is true of all pictures. Indeed, no, for in some of them the thread of comedy relief is so sparkling and truly amusing that word goes forth that So-and-So "stole" the picture or "saved" it.

My point is that many a picture has proved great box office for no other reason than that the comedy relief in it was priceless, and that on the other hand, many a great picture—from the angle of real dramatic portrayal—has been ruined by crude interpolation of comedy relief.—Mabel Kramer, 905 Lydia Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky. *Critics have long pointed this out, Mabel, and the better producers and directors are at last beginning to take heed.*

## Naturalness

Many thanks to Maude Cheatham for her clever article "Shopping with Joan." Not that Joan Crawford is a special favorite of mine, although I've always admired her very much, but because Miss Cheatham has given us an interesting glimpse into the everyday life of a very busy actress.

I think most of us movie-goers become so used to seeing the stars in elaborate settings and many changing roles that we think of them as separate beings entirely. They seem so far away from the everyday naturalness that surrounds us, that we forget they're "just folks" in spite of the glamour and publicity we associate them with.

Miss Cheatham's article shows clearly that Joan Crawford is a very real person, and most of us will enjoy her pictures all the more, after knowing she's really a kind-hearted, thoughtful young woman underneath the "screen star" exterior.—Mrs. Doris G. Nelson, 26 W. Harmony Street, Penns Grove, New Jersey. *This is the note we try to hit, Mrs. Nelson—to take you into the stars' everyday lives. You encourage us.*

## A Suggestion

If Ann Harding's new film, "Enchanted April," is taken from the novel of the same name, I hope there will also be an adaptation of "The Caravaners," a still more hilarious story by the same author.

I burn to see Frank Morgan play the amorous old cuckoo, "Baron von Ottingel," whose stilted pomposity and complacent narrowness make him the paragon of stuffed shirts and one of the funniest characters in fiction!

The whole book is charming light entertainment, and would screen perfectly.—Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancaster, England. *We hope a studio will take note of your valuable hint, Barbara.*

## Eleven

I am a girl of eleven years and I like the movies very much. When I get big I would like to be an actress. I have taken the leading parts in many of the plays that have been given in our school. Now I am working in a play called "Hansel and Gretel." I have the part of "Gretel." Many people have



mentioned that I have talent for acting.

Some of my favorite stars are Shirley Temple, Clark Gable and James Dunn. The stars I like to see together best are James Dunn and Shirley Temple, and Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

If anyone asked me where I would like best to go for a visit, I would say, "Hollywood."

I buy your NEW MOVIE magazine every month and enjoy it better than any other book or magazine.—Janice Matisse, 525 Bellwood Avenue, Philipse Manor, N. Y. *Thank you, Janice, and good luck to you.*

## Old Rum-Hound

I am a teacher and I know teachers, and I resent the sorry spectacle May Robson made of herself as the teacher in "Grand Old Girl." It was an insult to the teaching profession. Sloppy sentimentality, the nauseating "sweetness and light" attitude May displayed must have sickened her as well as the audience.

Teachers have never been adequately or truthfully presented on the screen. Almost without exception they have been unsympathetically caricatured and ridiculed. They have never been shown for what they are—capable human beings, less painted, plucked, curled and dyed than the rest of the feminine world perhaps, but with the same hopes, fears and desires as their more highly decorated sisters.

I hope that May, who has done some fine work as a rough-neck old rum-hound, was as disgusted with her namby-pamby role as I was to see her play it.—Mary Irene Woodruff, 26 Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass. *If the part was as bad as you say it was, May probably did feel just as you do about it. She's a real person.*



## The Other Side of It

I have just had the pleasure of seeing dear May Robson in the great picture titled "Grand Old Girl." I wonder when I'll see a picture again that will be half as good.

I once saw in a magazine a picture of June Knight and near it I read, "June Knight has what it takes to make a star." Perhaps she has, but May Robson can put them all in the dust. As a rule it is a star like Claudette Colbert that I long to see. As a matter of fact Miss Colbert has been my favorite actress for a long time.

I hope Miss Robson's pictures in the near future will turn out as well as this one and I wish her health and happiness—Mary Catherine Kane, 109 Jefferson Street, Woodstock, Ill. See this, Miss Woodruff?

## Opera

After the great success of "One Night of Love," why does not Hollywood think of filming operas? I believe operas would be as successful as "One Night of Love." More, if it is possible. Hollywood must not forget the lovers of good music. We are thousands, and we prefer better operas than those musical comedies that the studios have given us so often. And, why not begin with the glorious "Carmen"?—M. F. Vazquez, 675 W. Flagler Street, Miami, Florida. *Opera on the screen has long been a dream. We printed an article about it not long ago. Did you see the "Pagliacci" short with Henry Hull?*

## Scarlet Pimpernickel

Why do the movie people give their pictures such senseless titles? Some days ago a friend asked me to see a picture called the Scarlet Pimpernickel. I laughed and told him it was the Scarlet Pimpernel, but what it was all about I did not know. So, having nothing else to do, we went and—lo and behold—it was a picture of the French Revolution, and a mighty fine picture at that! With Leslie Howard, the story, the scenes and the acting were wonderful, but the house was empty. The picture was made in England but I doubt if Englishmen ever heard of this character. It seems a shame such a good picture should be so handicapped. Why not call it, "The Hero of the French Revolution"?—Harry Amsorge, 402—85th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. *You're too young, Harry, to remember the book called "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Your parents loved it, we're sure. That's why they kept the original title.*

## Fightin' Mad!

Prepare to receive the glove upon your face, for I challenge you to a duel. You've called me a silly egotist for believing others as well as myself would enjoy a few technical articles upon how the movies are made. I am willing to abide by what my co-readers think, but until the time I know their minds I shall still continue to say a few short, concise articles upon the people behind the camera's range will be appreciated. How are you certain there are twenty readers to my one, who might enjoy the verbal glimpses behind the scenes? Have you asked them if they would like to know something about the making of a movie? I ask a fair chance to recover from the friendly slur I received in the footnote which followed my letter in the May issue. Readers, write in your opinion! Am I an egotist, or am I right?

You pick ten pictures every month, selected by you as best. I find no fault with that. It's a wonderful guide, but you didn't get my point. Did you ever stop to think how much your readers would appreciate your advising them honestly on all the pictures you mention

in your magazine? Don't stop at ten. After all, most people see far more than ten shows a month. Keep faith with your readers. Be their friend and guide. If the producers found that at last a magazine was advising the people some of their products were not so hot they (the producers) would soon stop sending out some of the tripe they're getting away with now.

I enjoy a good picture, but I hate to be pulled into the theater and see something that might as well not have been made. Promising trailers, misleading advertisements, lure many into thinking they are going to see a good picture which, when they see the film, proves to be a dud. This practice should be stopped. You could help if you dared to print an honest opinion of all pictures. James Smock, 59 N. Audubon Place, Indianapolis, Indiana. *Well, James, we can only say that the preponderance of letters that come in seem to indicate that few people want technical information. We have compromised by giving it in photographs. See our candid camera studies of "No More Ladies" in the July issue. About reviews—you're probably right. We can only plead a compromise again. Read the captions on the review page carefully, this month, though, and you'll see "tripe" indicated if not specifically called by name.*

## Huston

Why do the studios spend so much money seeking ever for potential stars, when in their midst there are so many uncontracted actual stars? Men and women who have consistently proved their actual worth both to art and to the box office?

From a random dozen or so of these, I choose for example Walter Huston. Huston has consistently shown himself to be more than an adequate actor; an actor who lends the author's realism to his portrayals. Yet the hiatus between Walter Huston's last picture and the present date is an appalling discrepancy on the part of the studios.

Let us have more performances by polished and really talented actors and actresses. They who are deserving of the silver star tacked onto their dressing-room door!—J. Walter LeBon, 2029 Ursulines Avenue, New Orleans, La. *Walter went back to New York to appear in some stage plays. He wanted to. But you'll probably be seeing him again.*

## Musicals

A great big hand to those who are responsible for the NEW MOVIE magazine. "Hollywood Day by Day" and your letter department are very interesting. I also like the fine pictures and articles about the stars.

The Hollywood producers deserve a

lot of praise for the wonderful variety of pictures they gave us this season.

I hope the movie fans who think we are getting too many musical films will stop and think things over. I hope they won't forget that it was the talkies that put many good singers, dancers and chorus girls out of work, and I think if the producers continue to give these people work in musical pictures we ought to be able to take them.—Herman Benson, 7 Bernhard Place, Jamestown, N. Y.

## Another from Ireland

First of all let me thank you for the great improvement in NEW MOVIE. I have been reading your magazine for a long time past and think that its enlargement was a great improvement.

I see that in your magazine greater notice is being taken of British films. I agree that British films have been making good progress but I also say that American films have been making excellent progress. I have watched with absolute impartiality the development in "talkie" technique and actors in both countries since the coming of the "talkies" and I consider that British films have a long distance to go before they can equal American films. Britain progresses but America also progresses.

Now let us consider the films which had a good reception in your country. The first film we shall consider is "The Private Life of Henry VIII." It was an excellent film but who and what made it a hit? Charles Laughton and Alexander Korda. Who made Charles Laughton? Admittedly he is a great actor but Hollywood made him a star. Also, Alexander Korda learned most of his technique in Hollywood, the home of great films. Then came "Nell Gwynn," "Evergreen," "The Iron Duke," "Sanders of the River," with Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks and Nina Mae McKinney, promises to be another great British hit. But for these few British hits many great American triumphs could be named.

What stars has Britain made? Very few, while America has made very many. Some of them came from Britain, but America has developed them. Over here in Ireland many people, whom I know, would not go to the cinema unless an American film is being shown.

I myself prefer American films and I shall go on preferring them till Britain can produce films as good.

Hoping that your publication continues to make progress.—T. Russell, 23 Ballycarry St., Belfast, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland. *What's all this about you. Irishmen being so argumentative? If we ever saw a fairer, friendlier letter than this we don't remember when. Did you see "The Informer"? Will the censors permit its showing in Ireland?*

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